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CHARACTER OF DEMOCRACY IN THE UNITED STATES.

THERE is one thought which must have been common to all serious minds during the past few months, namely, that it is a long time since 1789, — if time is to be measured by change. Everything apprises us of the fact that we are not the same nation now that we were then. For one thing, in looking back to the time when our government was formed, the impression is inevitable that we started with sundry wrong ideas about ourselves. We thought ourselves rank democrats, whereas we were in fact only progressive Englishmen. Turn the leaves of that sage manual of constitutional interpretation and advocacy, the *Federalist*, and note the perverse tendency of its writers to refer to Greece and Rome for precedents, — that Greece and Rome which haunted all our earlier and even some of our more mature years. Recall, too, that familiar story of Daniel Webster which tells of his coming home exhausted from an interview with the first President elect Harrison, whose Secretary of State he was to be, and explaining that he had been obliged, in the course of the conference, which concerned the inaugural address about to be delivered, to kill nine Roman consuls, whom it had been the intention of the good conqueror of Tippecanoe publicly to take into office with him. The truth is that we long imagined ourselves related in some unexplained way to all ancient republicans. Strangely enough, too, at the same

time we accepted the quite incompatible theory that we were related also to the French philosophical radicals. We claimed kinship with democrats everywhere, — with all democrats. We can now scarcely realize the atmosphere of those thoughts. We are not wont to refer to the ancients or to the French for sanction of what we do. We have had abundant experience of our own by which to reckon.

“Hardly any fact in history,” says Mr. Bagehot, writing about the middle of the century, “is so incredible as that forty and a few years ago England was ruled by Mr. Perceval. It seems almost the same as being ruled by the *Record* newspaper.” (Mr. Bagehot would now probably say the *Standard* newspaper.) “He had the same poorness of thought, the same petty conservatism, the same dark and narrow superstition.” “The mere fact of such a premier being endured shows how deeply the whole national spirit and interest was absorbed in the contest with Napoleon, how little we understood the sort of man who should regulate its conduct, — ‘in the crisis of Europe,’ as Sydney Smith said, ‘he safely brought the Curates’ Salaries Improvement Bill to a hearing;’ and it still more shows the horror of all innovation which the recent events of French history had impressed on our wealthy and comfortable classes. They were afraid of catching revolution, as old women of catching cold. Sir Archibald

Alison to this day holds that revolution is an infectious disease, beginning no one knows how, and going on no one knows where. There is but one rule of escape, explains the great historian: 'Stay still; don't move; do what you have been accustomed to do; and consult your grandmother on everything.'"

Almost equally incredible to us is the ardor of revolution that then filled the world,—the fact that one of the rulers of the world's mind in that generation was Rousseau, the apostle of all that is fanciful, unreal, and misleading in politics. To be ruled by him was like taking an account of life from Mr. Rider Haggard. And yet there is still much sympathy in this timid world for the dull people who felt safe in the hands of Mr. Perceval, and, happily, much sympathy still among those who can conceive ideals for such as caught a generous elevation of spirit from the speculative enthusiasm of Rousseau.

Indeed, for us who stand in the dusty, matter-of-fact world of to-day, there is even a touch of pathos in recollections of the ardor for democratic liberty that filled the air of Europe and America a century ago with such quickening influences. We may even catch ourselves regretting that the inoculations of experience have closed our systems against the infections of hopeful revolution.

"Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very heaven! O times
In which the meagre, stale, forbidding ways
Of custom, law, and statute took at once
The attraction of a country in romance!
When Reason seemed the most to assert her
rights,
When most intent on making of herself
A prime Enchantress, to assist the work
Which then was going forward in her name!
Not favored spots alone, but the whole
earth,
The beauty wore of promise, that which
sets
(As at some moment might not be unfelt
Among the bowers of paradise itself)
The budding rose above the rose full
blown."

Such was the inspiration which not Wordsworth alone, but Coleridge also, and many another generous spirit whom we love caught in that day of hope.

It is common to say, in explanation of our regret that the dawn and youth of democracy's day are past, that our principles are cooler now and more circumspect, with the coolness and circumspection of advanced years. It seems to some that as our sinews have hardened our enthusiasms have become tamer and more decorous; that as experience has grown idealism has declined. But to speak thus is to speak with the old self-deception as to the character of our politics. If we are suffering disappointment, it is the disappointment of an awakening; we were dreaming. For we never had any business harkening to Rousseau or consorting with Europe in revolutionary sentiment. Our government, founded one hundred years ago, was no type of an experiment in advanced democracy, as we allowed Europe and even ourselves to suppose; it was simply an adaptation of English constitutional government. If we suffered Europe to study our institutions as instances in point touching experimentation in politics, she was the more deceived. If we began the first century of our national existence under a similar impression ourselves, there is the greater reason why we should start out upon a new century of national life with accurate conceptions about our place in history.

To this end it is important that the following, among other things, should be kept prominently in mind:—

(1.) That there are certain influences astir in this century which make for democracy the world over, and that these influences owe their origin in part to the radical thought of the last century; but that it was not such forces that made us democratic, nor are we responsible for them.

(2.) That, so far from owing our gov-

ernments to these general influences, we began, not by carrying out any theory, but by simply carrying out a history, — inventing nothing, only establishing a specialized species of English government; that we founded, not democracy, but constitutional government in America.

(3.) That the government which we set up thus in a quite normal manner has nevertheless changed greatly under our hands by reason both of growth and of the operation of the general democratic forces — the European, or rather world-wide democratic forces — of which I have spoken.

(4.) That the very size to which our governmental organism has attained, and more particularly this new connection of its character and destiny with the character and destiny of the common democratic forces of the age of steam and electricity, have created new problems of organization, which it behooves us to meet in the old spirit, but with new measures.

I.

First, then, for the forces which are bringing in democratic temper and method over the world over. It is matter of familiar knowledge what these forces are, but it will be profitable to our thought to pass them once more in review. They are freedom of thought and the diffusion of enlightenment among the people. Steam and electricity have coöperated with systematic popular education to accomplish this diffusion. The progress of popular education and the progress of democracy have been inseparable. The publication of their great encyclopædia by Diderot and his associates in France in the last century was the sure sign of the change that was setting in. Learning was turning its face away from the studious few to the curious many. The intellectual movement of the modern time was emerging from

the narrow courses of scholastic thought, and beginning to spread itself abroad over the extended, if shallow, levels of the common mind. The serious forces of democracy will be found, upon analysis, to reside, not in the disturbing doctrines of eloquent revolutionary writers, not in the turbulent discontent of the pauperized and oppressed, but in the educational forces of the last hundred and forty years, which have elevated the masses in many countries to a plane of understanding and of orderly, intelligent purpose more nearly on a level with the average man of the hitherto governing classes. The movements toward democracy which have mastered all the other political tendencies of our own day are not older than the middle of the last century; and that is just the age of the now ascendant movement toward systematic popular education.

Yet organized popular education is only one of the quickening influences that have been producing the general enlightenment which is everywhere becoming the promise of general liberty; or, rather, it is only part of a great whole vastly larger than itself. Schools are but separated seed-beds, in which only the staple thoughts of the steady and stay-at-home people are prepared and nursed. Not much of the world, after all, goes to school in the school-house. But through the mighty influences of commerce and the press the world itself has become a school. The air is alive with the multitudinous voices of information. Steady trade-winds of intercommunication have sprung up which carry the seeds of education and enlightenment, wheresoever planted, to every quarter of the globe. No scrap of new thought can escape being borne away from its place of birth by these all-absorbing currents. No idea can be kept exclusively at home, but is taken up by the trader, the reporter, the traveler, the missionary, the explorer, and is given to all the world, in the news-

paper, the novel, the memoir, the poem, the treatise, till every community may know, not only itself, but all the world as well, for the small price of learning to read and keeping its ears open. All the world, so far as its news and its stronger thought are concerned, is fast being made every man's neighbor.

Carlyle unquestionably touched one of the greater truths concerning modern democracy when he declared it to be the result of printing. In the newspaper press a whole population is made critic of all human affairs; democracy is "virtually extant," and "democracy virtually extant will insist on becoming palpably extant." Looked at in the large, the newspaper press is a type of democracy, bringing all men without distinction under comment made by any man without distinction; every topic is reduced to a common standard of news; everything noted and argued about by everybody. Nothing could give surer promise of popular power than the activity and alertness of thought which are made through such agencies to accompany the training of the public schools. The activity may often be misdirected or unwholesome, may sometimes be only feverish and mischievous, a grievous product of narrow information and hasty conclusion; but it is none the less a growing and potent activity. It at least marks the initial stages of effective thought. It makes men conscious of the existence and interest of affairs lying outside of the dull round of their own daily lives. It gives them nations, instead of neighborhoods, to look upon and think about. They catch glimpses of the international connections of their trades, of the universal application of law, of the endless variety of life, of diversities of race, of a world teeming with men like themselves, and yet full of strange customs, puzzled by dim omens, stained by crime, ringing with voices familiar and unfamiliar.

And all this a man can get nowadays

without stirring from home, by merely spelling out the print that covers every piece of paper about him. If men throw themselves, for any reason, into the swift and easy currents of travel, they find themselves brought daily face to face with persons native of every clime, with practices suggestive of whole histories, with a thousand things which challenge curiosity to satisfy itself with inquiries which enlarge knowledge of life and shake one imperatively loose from old preconceptions.

These are the forces which have established the drift towards democracy. When all sources of information are accessible to all men alike, when the world's thought and the world's news are scattered broadcast where the poorest may find them, the non-democratic forms of government find life a desperate venture. Exclusive privilege needs privacy, but cannot have it. Kingship of the elder patterns needs sanctity, but can find it nowhere obtainable in a world of news items and satisfied curiosity. The many will no longer receive submissively the thought of a ruling few, but insist upon having opinions of their own. The reaches of public opinion have been infinitely extended; the number of voices that must be heeded in legislation and in executive policy has been infinitely multiplied. Modern influences have inclined every man to clear his throat for a word in the world's debates. They have popularized everything they have touched.

In the newspapers, it is true, there is but little concert between the writers; little but piecemeal opinion is created by their comment and argument; there is no common voice amidst their counselings. But the aggregate voice thunders with tremendous volume; and that aggregate voice is "public opinion." Popular education and cheap printing and travel vastly thicken the ranks of thinkers everywhere that their influence is felt, and by rousing the multitude to

take knowledge of the affairs of government directly prepare the time when the multitude will, so far as possible, take charge of the affairs of government, — the time when, to repeat Carlyle's phrase, democracy will become palpably extant.

But mighty as such forces are, democratic as they are, no one can fail to perceive that they are inadequate to produce of themselves such a government as ours. There is little in them of constructive efficacy. They could not of themselves build any government at all. They are critical, analytical, questioning, quizzing forces; but not architectural, not powers that devise and build. The influences of popular education, of the press, of travel, of commerce, of the innumerable agencies which nowadays send knowledge and thought in quick pulsations through every part and member of society, do not necessarily mould men for effective endeavor. They may only confuse and paralyze the mind with their myriad stinging lashes of excitement. They may only strengthen the impression that "the world's a stage," and that no one need do more than sit and look on through his ready glass, the newspaper. They overwhelm one with impressions, but do they give stalwartness to his manhood; do they make his hand any steadier on the plough, or his purpose any clearer with reference to the duties of the moment? They stream light about him, it may be, but do they clear his vision? Is he better able to see because they give him countless things to look at? Is he better able to judge because they fill him with a delusive sense of knowing everything? Activity of mind is not necessarily strength of mind. It may manifest itself in mere dumb show; it may run into jigs as well as into strenuous work at noble tasks. A man's farm does not yield its fruit the more abundantly in its season because he reads the world's news in the papers. A merchant's shipments do not multiply because he studies history.

Banking is none the less hazardous to the banker's capital or taxing to his powers because the best writing of the best essayists is to be bought cheap.

II.

Very different were the forces behind us. Nothing establishes the republican state save trained capacity for self-government, practical aptitude for public affairs, habitual soberness and temperateness of united action. When we look back to the moderate sagacity and steadfast, self-contained habit in self-government of the men to whom we owe the establishment of our institutions in the United States, we at once are made aware that there is no communion between their democracy and the radical thought and restless spirit called by that name in Europe. There is almost nothing in common between popular outbreaks such as took place in France at her great Revolution and the establishment of a government like our own. Our memories of the year 1789 are as far as possible removed from the memories which Europe retains of that pregnant year. We manifested one hundred years ago what Europe lost, namely, self-command, self-possession. Democracy in Europe, outside of closeted Switzerland, has acted always in rebellion as a destructive force: it can scarcely be said to have had, even yet, any period of organic development. It has built such temporary governments as it has had opportunity to erect on the old foundations and out of the discredited materials of centralized rule, elevating the people's representatives for a season to the throne, but securing almost as little as ever of that every-day local self-government which lies so near to the heart of liberty. Democracy in America, on the other hand, and in the English colonies has had, almost from the first, a truly organic growth. There was noth-

ing revolutionary in its movements ; it had not to overthrow other polities ; it had only to organize itself. It had not to create, but only to expand self-government. It did not need to spread propaganda : it needed nothing but to methodize its ways of living.

In brief, we were doing nothing essentially new a century ago. Our strength and our facility alike inhered in our traditions ; those traditions made our character and shaped our institutions. Liberty is not something that can be created by a document ; neither is it something which, when created, can be laid away in a document, a completed work. It is an organic principle, — a principle of life, renewing and being renewed. Democratic institutions are never done ; they are like living tissue, always a-making. It is a strenuous thing, this of living the life of a free people ; and our success in it depends upon training, not upon clever invention.

Our democracy, plainly, was not a body of doctrine ; it was a stage of development. Our democratic state was not a piece of developed theory, but a piece of developed habit. It was not created by mere aspirations or by new faith ; it was built up by slow custom. Its process was experience, its basis old wont, its meaning national organic oneness and effective life. It came, like manhood, as the fruit of youth. An immature people could not have had it, and the maturity to which it was vouchsafed was the maturity of freedom and self-control. Such government as ours is a form of conduct, and its only stable foundation is character. A particular form of government may no more be adopted than a particular type of character may be adopted : both institutions and character must be developed by conscious effort and through transmitted aptitudes.

Governments such as ours are founded upon discussion, and government by dis-

cussion comes as late in political as scientific thought in intellectual development. It is a habit of state life created by long-established circumstance, and is possible for a nation only in the adult age of its political life. The people which successfully maintain such a government must have gone through a period of political training which shall have prepared them by gradual steps of acquired privilege for assuming the entire control of their affairs. Long and slowly widening experience in local self-direction must have prepared them for national self-direction. They must have acquired adult self-reliance, self-knowledge, and self-control, adult soberness and deliberateness of judgment, adult sagacity in self-government, adult vigilance of thought and quickness of insight. When practiced, not by small communities, but by wide nations, democracy, far from being a crude form of government, is possible only amongst peoples of the highest and steadiest political habit. It is the heritage of races purged alike of hasty barbaric passions and of patient servility to rulers, and schooled in temperate common counsel. It is an institution of political noonday, not of the half light of political dawn. It can never be made to sit easily or safely on first generations, but strengthens through long heredity. It is poison to the infant, but tonic to the man. Monarchies may be made, but democracies must grow.

It is a deeply significant fact, therefore, again and again to be called to mind, that only in the United States, in a few other governments begotten of the English race, and in Switzerland, where old Teutonic habit has had the same persistency as in England, have examples yet been furnished of successful democracy of the modern type. England herself is close upon democracy. Her backwardness in entering upon its full practice is no less instructive as to the conditions prerequisite to democracy than is the forwardness of her

offspring. She sent out to all her colonies, which escaped the luckless beginning of being made penal settlements, comparatively small, homogeneous populations of pioneers with strong instincts of self-government, and with no social materials out of which to build government otherwise than democratically. She herself, meanwhile, retained masses of population never habituated to participation in government, untaught in political principle either by the teachers of the hustings or of the school-house. She has had to approach democracy, therefore, by slow and cautious extensions of the franchise to those prepared for it; while her better colonies, born into democracy, have had to receive all comers within its pale. She has been paring down exclusive privileges and leveling classes; the colonies have from the first been asylums of civil equality. They have assimilated new, she has prepared old populations.

Erroneous as it is to represent government as only a commonplace sort of business, little elevated in method above merchandising, and to be regulated by counting-house principles, the favor easily won for such views among our own people is very significant. It means self-reliance in government. It gives voice to the eminently modern democratic feeling that government is no hidden cult, to be left to a few specially prepared individuals, but a common, every-day concern of life, even if the biggest such concern. It is this self-confidence, in many cases mistaken, which is gradually spreading among other peoples, less justified in it than are our own.

One cannot help marveling that facts so obvious as these should have escaped the perception of some of the sagest thinkers and most thorough historical scholars of our day. Yet so it is. Sir Henry Maine, even, the great interpreter to Englishmen of the historical forces operative in law and social institu-

tions, has utterly failed, in his plausible work on Popular Government, to distinguish the democracy, or rather the popular government, of the English race, which is bred by slow circumstance and founded upon habit, from the democracy of other peoples, which is bred by discontent and founded upon revolution. He has missed that most obvious teaching of events, that successful democracy differs from unsuccessful in being a product of history, — a product of forces not suddenly become operative, but slowly working upon whole peoples for generations together. The level of democracy is the level of every-day habit, the level of common national experiences, and lies far below the elevations of ecstasy to which the revolutionist climbs.

III.

While there can be no doubt about the derivation of our government from habit rather than from doctrine, from English experience rather than from European thought; that our institutions were originally but products of a long, unbroken, unperverted constitutional history; and that we shall preserve our institutions in their integrity and efficiency only so long as we keep true in our practice to the traditions from which our strength is derived, there is little doubt that the forces peculiar to the new civilization of our day, and not only these, but also the restless forces of European democratic thought and anarchic turbulence brought to us in such alarming masses by immigration, have deeply affected and may deeply modify the forms and habits of our politics.

All vital governments, — and by vital governments I mean those which have life in their outlying members as well as life in their heads, — all systems in which self-government lives and retains its self-possession, must be governments by neighbors, by peoples not

only homogeneous, but characterized within by the existence of easy neighborly knowledge of each other among their members. Not foreseeing steam and electricity or the diffusion of news and knowledge which we have witnessed, our fathers were right in thinking it impossible for the government which they had founded to spread without strain or break over the whole of the continent. Were not California now as near neighbor to the Atlantic States as Massachusetts once was to New York, national self-government on our present scale would assuredly hardly be possible, or conceivable even. Modern science, scarcely less than our pliancy and steadiness in political habit, may be said to have created the United States of to-day.

Upon some aspects of this growth it is very pleasant to dwell, and very profitable. It is significant of a strength which it is even inspiring to contemplate. The advantages of bigness accompanied by abounding life are many and invaluable. It is impossible among us to hatch in a corner any plot which will affect more than a corner. With life everywhere throughout the continent, it is impossible to seize illicit power over the whole people by seizing any central offices. To hold Washington would be as useless to a usurper as to hold Duluth. Self-government cannot be usurped.

It has been said by a French writer that the autocratic ascendancy of Andrew Jackson illustrated anew the long-credited tendency of democracies to give themselves over to one hero. The country is older now than it was when Andrew Jackson delighted in his power, and few can believe that it would again approve or applaud childish arrogance and ignorant arbitrariness like his; but even in his case, striking and ominous as it was, it must not be overlooked that he was suffered only to strain the Constitution, not to break it. He held his office by orderly election; he exercised its functions within the letter of the law; he

could silence not one word of hostile criticism; and, his second term expired, he passed into private life as harmlessly as did James Monroe. A nation that can quietly reabsorb a vast victorious army is no more safely free and healthy than is a nation that could reabsorb such a President as Andrew Jackson, sending him into seclusion at the Hermitage to live without power, and die after having been almost forgotten.

A huge, stalwart organism like our nation, with quick life in every individual limb and sinew, is apt, too, to have the strength of variety of judgment. Thoughts which in one quarter kindle enthusiasm may in another meet coolness or arouse antagonism. Events which are fuel to the passions of one section may be but as a passing wind to the minds of another section. No single moment of indiscretion, surely, can easily betray the whole country at once. There will be entire populations still cool, self-reliant, unaffected. Generous emotions sometimes sweep whole peoples, but happily, evil passions, sinister views, base purposes, do not and cannot. Sedition cannot surge through the hearts of a wakeful nation as patriotism can. In such organisms poisons diffuse themselves slowly; only healthful life has unbroken course. The sweep of agitations set afoot for purposes unfamiliar or uncongenial to the customary popular thought is broken by a thousand obstacles. It may be easy to reawaken old enthusiasms, but it must be infinitely hard to create new ones, and impossible to surprise the people into unpremeditated action.

It is well to give full weight to these great advantages of our big and strenuous and yet familiar way of conducting affairs; but it is imperative at the same time to make very plain the influences which are pointing towards impending changes in our politics, — changes which threaten loss of organic wholeness and soundness in carrying on an efficient

and honest government. The union of strength with bigness depends upon the maintenance of character, and it is just the character of the nation which is being most deeply affected and modified by the enormous immigration which, year after year, pours into the country from Europe. Our own temperate blood, schooled to self-possession and to the measured conduct of self-government, is receiving a constant infusion and yearly experiencing a partial corruption of foreign blood. Our own equable habits have been crossed with the feverish habits of the restless Old World. We are unquestionably facing an ever-increasing difficulty of self-command with ever-deteriorating materials, possibly with degenerating fibre. We have so far succeeded in retaining

"Some sense of duty, something of a faith,
Some reverence for the laws ourselves have
made,
Some patient force to change them when we
will,
Some civic manhood firm against the crowd."

But we must reckon our power to continue to do so with a people made up of "minds cast in every mould of race, — minds inheriting every bias of environment, warped by the diverse histories of a score of different nations, warmed or chilled, closed or expanded, by almost every climate on the globe."

What was true of our early circumstances is not true of our present. We are not now simply carrying out under normal conditions the principles and habits of English constitutional history. Our tasks of construction are not done. We have not simply to conduct, but also to preserve and freshly adjust our government. Europe has sent her habits to us, and she has sent also her political philosophy, — that philosophy which has never been purged by the cold bath of practical politics. The communion which we did not have at first with her heated and mistaken ambitions, with her radical, speculative habit in politics, with

her readiness to experiment in forms of government, we may possibly have to suffer now that we are receiving her populations. Not only printing and steam and electricity have gotten hold of us to expand our English civilization, but also those general, and yet to us alien, forces of democracy of which mention has already been made; and these are apt to tell disastrously upon our Saxon habits in government.

IV.

It is thus that we are brought to our fourth and last point. We have noted (1) the general forces of democracy which have been sapping old forms of government in all parts of the world; (2) the error of supposing ourselves indebted to those forces for the creation of our government, or in any way connected with them in our origins; and (3) the effect they have nevertheless had upon us as parts of the general influences of the age, as well as by reason of our vast immigration from Europe, — an immigration which brings to us European ideas and European habits. What, now, are the new problems which have been prepared for our solution by reason of our growth and of the effects of immigration? They may require as much political capacity for their proper solution as any that faced the architects of our government.

These problems are chiefly problems of organization and leadership. Were the nation homogeneous, were it composed simply of later generations of the same stock by which our institutions were planted, few adjustments of the old machinery of our politics would, perhaps, be necessary to meet the exigencies of growth. But every added element of variety, particularly every added element of foreign variety, complicates even the simpler questions of politics. The dangers attending that

variety which is heterogeneity in so vast an organism as ours are, of course, the dangers of disintegration,— nothing less; and it is unwise to think these dangers remote and merely contingent because they are not as yet pressing. We are conscious of oneness as a nation, of vitality, of strength, of progress, but are we often conscious of common thought in the concrete things of national policy? Does not our legislation wear the features of a vast conglomerate? Are we conscious of any national leadership? Are we not, rather, dimly conscious of being pulled in a score of directions by a score of crossing influences and contending forces?

This vast and miscellaneous democracy of ours must be led; its giant faculties must be schooled and directed. Leadership cannot belong to the multitude; masses of men cannot be self-directed, neither can groups of communities. We speak of the sovereignty of the people, but that sovereignty, we know very well, is of a peculiar sort; quite unlike the sovereignty of a king or of a small easily concerting group of confident men. It is judicial, merely, not creative. It passes judgment or gives sanction, but it cannot direct or suggest. It furnishes standards, not policies. Questions of government are infinitely complex questions, and no multitude can of themselves form clear-cut, comprehensive, consistent conclusions touching them. Yet without such conclusions, without single and prompt purposes, government cannot be carried on. Neither legislation nor administration can be done at the ballot-box. The people can only accept the governing act of representatives. But the size of the modern democracy necessitates the exercise of persuasive power by dominant minds in the shaping of popular judgments in a very different way from that in which it was exercised in former times. "It is said by eminent censors of the press," said Mr. Bright on one

occasion in the House of Commons, "that this debate will yield about thirty hours of talk, and will end in no result. I have observed that all great questions in this country require thirty hours of talk many times repeated before they are settled. There is much shower and much sunshine between the sowing of the seed and the reaping of the harvest, but the harvest is generally reaped after all." So it must be in all self-governing nations of to-day. They are not a single audience within sound of an orator's voice, but a thousand audiences. Their actions do not spring from a single thrill of feeling, but from slow conclusions following upon much talk. The talk must gradually percolate through the whole mass. It cannot be sent straight through them so that they are electrified as the pulse is stirred by the call of a trumpet. A score of platforms in every neighborhood must ring with the insistent voice of controversy; and for a few hundreds who hear what is said by the public speakers, many thousands must read of the matter in the newspapers, discuss it interjectionally at the breakfast-table, desultorily in the street-cars, laconically on the streets, dogmatically at dinner; all this with a certain advantage, of course. Through so many stages of consideration passion cannot possibly hold out. It gets chilled by over-exposure. It finds the modern popular state organized for giving and hearing counsel in such a way that those who give it must be careful that it is such counsel as will wear well; and those who hear it handle and examine it enough to test its wearing qualities to the utmost. All this, however, when looked at from another point of view, but illustrates an infinite difficulty of achieving energy and organization. There is a certain peril almost of disintegration attending such phenomena.

Every one now knows familiarly enough how we accomplished the wide aggrega-

tions of self-government characteristic of the modern time, how we have articulated governments as vast and yet as whole as continents like our own. The instrumentality has been representation, of which the ancient world knew nothing, and lacking which it always lacked national integration. Because of representation and the railroads to carry representatives to distant capitals, we have been able to rear colossal structures like the government of the United States as easily as the ancients gave political organization to a city, and our great building is as stout as was their little one.

But not until recently have we been able to see the full effects of thus sending men to legislate for us at capitals distant the breadth of a continent. It makes the leaders of our politics, many of them, mere names to our consciousness instead of real persons, whom we have seen and heard, and whom we know. We have to accept rumors concerning them, we have to know them through the variously colored accounts of others; we can seldom test our impressions of their sincerity by standing with them face to face. Here certainly the ancient pocket republics had much the advantage of us: in them citizens and leaders were always neighbors; they stood constantly in each other's presence. Every Athenian knew Themistocles' manner, and gait, and address, and felt directly the just influence of Aristides. No Athenian of a later period needed to be told of the vanities and fopperies of Alcibiades, any more than the elder generation needed to have described to them the personality of Pericles.

Our separation from our leaders is the greater peril because democratic government more than any other needs organization in order to escape disintegration; and it can have organization only by full knowledge of its leaders and full confidence in them. Just because it is a vast body to be persuaded, it must know its

persuaders; in order to be effective, it must always have choice of men who are impersonated policies. Just because none but the finest mental batteries, with pure metals and unadulterated acids, can send a current through so huge and yet so rare a medium as democratic opinion, it is the more necessary to look to the excellence of these instrumentalities. There is no permanent place in democratic leadership except for him who "hath clean hands and a pure heart." If other men come temporarily into power among us, it is because we cut our leadership up into so many little parts, and do not subject any one man to the purifying influences of centred responsibility. Never before was consistent leadership so necessary; never before was it necessary to concert measures over so vast areas, to adjust laws to so many interests, to make a compact and intelligible unit out of so many fractions, to maintain a central and dominant force where there are so many forces.

It is a noteworthy fact that the admiration for our institutions which has during the past few years so suddenly grown to large proportions among publicists abroad is almost all of it directed to the restraints we have effected upon the action of government. Sir Henry Maine thought our federal Constitution an admirable reservoir, in which the mighty waters of democracy are held at rest, kept back from free destructive course. Lord Rosebery has wondering praise for the security of our Senate against usurpation of its functions by the House of Representatives. Mr. Goldwin Smith supposes the saving act of organization for a democracy to be the drafting and adoption of a written constitution. Thus it is always the static, never the dynamic, forces of our government which are praised. The greater part of our foreign admirers find our success to consist in the achievement of stable safeguards against hasty

or retrogressive action: we are asked to believe that we have succeeded because we have taken Sir Archibald Allison's advice, and have resisted the infection of revolution by staying quite still.

But, after all, progress is motion, government is action. The waters of democracy are useless in their reservoirs unless they may be used to drive the wheels of policy and administration. Though we be the most law-abiding and law-directed nation in the world, law has not yet attained to such efficacy among us as to frame, or adjust, or administer itself. It may restrain, but it cannot lead us; and I believe that unless we concentrate legislative leadership, — leadership, that is, in progressive policy, — unless we give leave to our nationality and practice to it by such concentration, we shall sooner or later suffer something like national paralysis in the face of emergencies. We have no one in Congress who stands for the nation. Each man stands but for his part of the nation; and so management and combination, which may be effected in the dark, are given the place that should be held by centred and responsible leadership, which would of necessity work in the focus of the national gaze.

What is the valuable element in monarchy which causes men constantly to turn to it as to an ideal form of government, could it but be kept pure and wise? It is its cohesion, its readiness and power to act, its abounding loyalty to certain concrete things, to certain vis-

ible persons, its concerted organization, its perfect model of progressive order. Democracy abounds with vitality; but how shall it combine with its other elements of life and strength this power of the governments that know their own minds and their own aims? We have not yet reached the age when government may be made impersonal.

The only way in which we can preserve our nationality in its integrity and its old-time originative force in the face of growth and imported change is by concentrating it; by putting leaders forward, vested with abundant authority in the conception and execution of policy. There is plenty of the old vitality in our national character to tell, if we will but give it leave. Give it leave, and it will the more impress and mould those who come to us from abroad. I believe that we have not made enough of leadership.

"A people is but the attempt of many
To rise to the completer life of one;
And those who live as models for the mass
Are singly of more value than they all."

We shall not again have a true national life until we compact it by such legislative leadership as other nations have. But once thus compacted and embodied, our nationality is safe. An acute English historical scholar has said that "the Americans of the United States are a nation because they once obeyed a king;" we shall remain a nation only by obeying leaders.

"Keep but the model safe,
New men will rise to study it."

Woodrow Wilson.

THE BEGUM'S DAUGHTER.

XXII.

CASTING back one last sad look of parting upon the deserted home, Vrouw Leisler marshaled her household, and

turned to follow the groaning ox-cart. The good dame was a sight to look upon: dumb with fright, pale with fatigue and anxiety, her dress in disorder, her face streaming with tears, her whole person

begrimed with dust, hardly would her best friend have recognized in this woe-begone figure the tidy, well-appointed huysvrouw of yesterday.

Leading a younger sister by the hand, Hester walked at her mother's side, floundering ankle-deep in mire through the dark streets, still oozy from the spring thaws.

Arrived at the fort, they found, as it seemed, Bedlam let loose. The open space between the buildings was crowded with refugees, encamped on the bare ground amid tumultuous heaps of their own belongings, while in discordant chorus arose the wailing of women, the rattle of arms, the shrill crying of children, the ribald laughter of soldiers, and the muttered cursing of angry citizens groping with lanterns through the chaos, in vain search of their own gear.

More dreadful than all, huge mysterious forms from time to time loomed suddenly out of the darkness, vanishing again with frightful snortings and gruntings as some restless searcher came upon one of the drove of horses, cattle, or hogs, roaming loose in the pent inclosure.

What wonder poor Vrouw Leisler and her daughters gazed about them in dismay! Deserted by their escort, refused admission at headquarters where those within were tragically engaged making history, unheeded by the busy folks flying past on every hand, they knew not where to go or what to do, and stood for a space dazed and helpless.

The sight of the loaded ox-cart backed against the wall at last decided the question for the good dame. There, at least, were her possessions, — all that was left to her of home, — and she would stick by them.

With the help of some warm quilts which had been thrown over the load for the protection of the furniture, they were all at last snugly disposed amongst the nooks and crannies of the load; and

the honest vrouw herself, having carefully tucked in her children, soon joined the universal chorus with a nasal trump which held its own against any trooper of them all.

As for Hester, she took no note of the strangeness and discomfort of their state. From the moment the ponderous gates closed behind them she had acted like one in a stupor. Did that ominous clang first suggest to her that she had walked unconsciously into a prison? Why else did she strain her eyes so persistently through the darkness to make out the big portal, and listen with stifled heart-beat to the thud of the sentinel's halberd as he stalked back and forth on his march? Did she mayhap remember her father's threat, and realize that she was now more than ever at his mercy? — that all chance of escape was cut off, and the junker from Albany close at hand?

Unconsciously these fears and forebodings, becoming mingled with the sensuous impressions of her surroundings, renewed themselves in grotesque complications — faded little by little to vagueness — lapsed into nothingness — nature had claimed her due.

She slept, but through her sleep echoed the boom of that dreadful cannon, accompanied by visions of war, of burning homes, of blood-red skies, accompanied by frantic and futile efforts to escape some formless evil through paths blocked at every turn — oh, horror! — with the mangled and lifeless form of her beloved Steenie.

Thus, haunted by nightmare, the darkness wore away. However dreary and long-drawn, it yet passed like a tale that is told to the day that followed. That day was like a thousand years. It began with cattle lowing and children wailing for their breakfast. But there was no breakfast; the terrors of war were already realized. Catching sight of Cobus pressing through the crowd, his delighted mother made shift to seize him

by the doublet. Filled with the importance of his mission, the bustling junker angrily shook her off, with no word or look of recognition, and went his way. The poor woman broke forth into loud sobs. A rough-looking trooper near by came to her relief. He fetched from the mess-room some loaves of bread, which they were fain to wash down with a cup of water from the spring.

Meanwhile, the crowd within is reinforced by a larger one from without. The gates of the fort are besieged by a throng of citizens: men of the closet and men of affairs, soldiers, parsons, stout burghers, and horny-handed mechanics, — sober-minded men one and all, who have come to implore the commander to stop in his mad course and take counsel with his fellow-townsmen.

He answers them with another roar of the cannon.

A shudder runs through the serried mass of people gathered about the door of headquarters. There is a movement from the direction of the Stadthuys. Presently comes a whisper that the well-aimed bolt has killed two of the royal troopers. Directly a shout is heard. Rising, swelling at every turn, prolonged by myriad voices, it comes sweeping down upon the wind of human breath till all earth and heaven ring with the horrid cry of murder!

The day yet young in time is hoary in experience. Events in their swift succession tread close upon each other's heels.

While the people still await in hushed silence the result of the commander's boldness, comes a panting messenger shouldering his way up to headquarters. Those about the door listen with intent ears; Hester presses up with the foremost. There is an interminable pause, — a whole minute of silence. Then is heard a roar of rage followed by a volley of oaths.

The crowd sways to and fro in its fierce desire to force a way in. The

suspense is short. In a moment more the news comes flying out from lip to lip.

"The block-house at Smiet's Vly has surrendered to the enemy!"

Realizing from her father's outburst, and from the looks of those around, that this is in some especial way a calamity, Hester, hiding a wild throb of exultation in her heart, turns back to her mother.

On the way she came suddenly upon a well-known figure. Uttering a cry, she put out her hands in an attitude half of greeting, half of aversion, — it was Barent! He did not speak, he only stood and looked at her with that expression of mute suffering one sees in a dumb beast. Their clothes almost touched as they passed, yet they passed without a word.

Before the brood of fears and misgivings awakened by the incident had time to nest in her bosom, it was swept away by the rush of events. Her name was called from the midst of the crowd; she turned, — there was Catalina! The two leaped into each other's arms. Dr. Staats was with his daughter. Being shown to Vrouw Leisler's retreat upon the cart, he left Catalina for a time in her charge.

The two girls had whole volumes to tell; they clung to each other, chattering like magpies.

"Mother is not here — she fears not the guns — she would not come with us — she makes friends with those yonder — she sends wine and food to the Stadthuys — she bids them welcome and hopes the war will go on."

"I too — I hope and pray it may."

"Go on?"

"Yes, yes, — sh-h! Never tell! 't is my only chance. I am in prison here; that other one is come from Albany."

"Barent!"

"Within these very walls!"

"Hester!"

"Father has sworn we shall be married."

"Never! — never! — never!"

"But if the war holds out, there is hope; for" —

"Eh?"

"He has come home" —

"So!"

"And came straightway to see me."

In her preoccupation Hester failed to note the shudder with which her last words were received, the relaxed clasp of the arms, or the averted face.

"He swears, too, I shall never be sacrificed while he lives."

"What need to doubt, then? What need to fear? What need to care for anything that may come?"

For a moment Hester was aroused from her self-concentration not so much by the words as by the reckless, half-desperate note in her friend's voice.

"Why do you talk? Why do you complain? Why do you come to me? Would you have everything?"

"Eh?"

"He is here you say?"

"Yes."

"He loves you."

"More than ever."

"Go then, go away! I will hear no more of your talk; you come to me for pity for such happiness!" With a bitter laugh, "Go thank heaven for your good fortune!"

"But — but," stammered the amazed Hester, "am I not in a prison here? What help can ever reach me if" —

Turning aside, Catalina covered her face with her hands, and suppressed a sob which expended itself in a mute inward convulsion. It was only for a moment. Directly facing about, she put her arms about Hester and said gently, —

"Dear Hester — have faith! these times are not forever. You will be happy — I feel it — I know it — I" — the clear voice was clouded by a passing huskiness — "I *hope* it! I must go join my father."

"But" —

Hester made no effort to retain her

friend, or to discover the cause of changed looks and bearing. It was indeed no time to dwell on trifles. Even the momentous crisis in her own life, with all its train of fears and hopes, was speedily forgotten in the larger interests of that fateful day, that day of which each long-drawn minute came fraught with intenser interest, like the scenes of a melodrama.

This feeling of self-forgetfulness was in the air. The people — all other thought, purpose, occupation, gone — looked on in breathless interest at the two combatants. Everything, as it seemed, hung upon the issue, — home, family, earthly-havings, life. Yet ventured they not to intermeddle. The moral force of one man dominated the town.

As the day wore on, it was whispered that the commander was planning some grand stroke for the morrow. The rumor flew over the wall and abroad amongst the people. It reached the Stadthuys. Despite sneers and scoffing, it caused a sensation. There was straightway a mustering of resources, a strengthening of defenses; there was even a consultation.

Night came at last. A fog crept in from seaward. With ghostly march it stole over the city, climbing the steeples, wrapping the windmills in its spectral drapery, invading every little street and alley till the sparse lanterns looked like fireflies in a mist.

Dank and dripping, a fisherman came groping his way out of the fog up to the Stadthuys. With scant ceremony he broke in upon the sitting of a half score anxious gentlemen there gathered, and blurted out his message.

Directly there was a shout.

"It has come!"

"Eh!"

"The Archangel!"

"And the governor?"

"He is here, — yonder, anchored in the Narrows."

"Huzza!"

Amidst a wild scurrying hither and thither, a dancing about of lanterns and torches, a clashing of arms, — a joyous hurly-burly, — a committee was sent post-haste to advise his Excellency of the critical state of affairs.

Despite the fact that it was nearly midnight, the governor came directly ashore; and with clangor of bells, blazing of torches, blare of trumpets, and a hoarse babel of human voices, his commission was read and he was sworn into office, together with certain of his councilors.

These midnight jubilations failed not speedily to reach the ears of that little band of watchers at the fort. All understood what had happened, and silently fixed their eyes upon their chief. As he sat gazing at a heavy iron inkstand on the table before him, the flickering candle showed on his gaunt and bloodless face the expression of one slowly recovering from a shock.

"'T is fitting you should send him a greeting," said Milborne, the first to rally from his consternation.

The commander waved his hand in denial, with a gesture of contempt for so feeble and tardy a concession.

"Sooner or later you must recognize him. There is no escape. 'T is better do it of your own motion than upon compulsion."

The commander made no answer. A silence as of death fell upon the chamber. A small eternity elapsed, when a thunderous pounding at the gates came mercifully to break the suspense. The commander sat as if carved out of stone. There was a bustle outside swelling to a tumult, then a loud voice at the door. After a moment's parley in came striding Ensign Stoll, saying Ingoldsby was at the gate demanding the instant surrender of the fort in the name of Governor Slaughter.

The commander sat doggedly, and never raised his eyes.

"What answer shall I make?"

The commander held his peace.

"Some answer must needs be sent," suggested Milborne impatiently.

"Go ye to them, Stoll, and demand to see their authority for this under the king's sign-manual."

A murmur of protestation arose from his own friends and followers, many of whom had now crowded into the room. In contempt of all objection, Leisler waved his hand impatiently. Stoll nodded and disappeared. The faithful henchman had his cue.

Waked from sleep by the unusual bustle, Hester and her mother learned that something of moment was taking place. Following the crowd which now held its way unchallenged, they pushed on into the commander's room. With locks astray and startled eyes, the bewildered women turned this way and that, to learn from the disjointed talk what was the matter.

Pressing to the front, they caught sight of Leisler sitting in his chair. They exchanged a look. It was true, then; they both saw it, — a shocking change had taken place in him. Vrouw Leisler uttered a spasmodic sound between a gasp and a sob, and clutched Hester's hand. Both kept their eyes fixed in fascination upon the transformed figure in the chair. His face, in the candle-light, had the hue of granite; the bony outline of his jaw, his eyebrows, the flaring cartilages of his nose, wore in their hard rigidity the very texture of the stone. As the shadows fell, his eyes were lost in two cavernous pits, while his grizzled locks fell straight and heavy upon his shoulders. Deaf to the buzz of wondering comment in the room, unconscious of the public gaze riveted upon him, he sat with the brooding look of Michael Angelo's figure upon the Medicean tomb, and as motionless.

As the two women compared notes

in a whisper, a voice at Hester's elbow startled her : —

"You may finish the night in your own house if you will, Vrouw Leisler."

Both turned and saw Dr. Staats pushing his slow way to the door.

"Ei?"

"What mean ye?"

"'T is all over here."

"The war?"

"Yes; the new governor is come."

Hester's heart gave a great bound. Steenie, then, was right. The hour of deliverance was at hand. She clutched her mother and whispered hoarsely, —

"Come, let us go home."

But Vrouw Leisler only shook her head, and glared fixedly at her husband.

Hester followed suit, and again she felt a sinking at the heart. If the new governor had indeed come and the revolution was accomplished, why did her father still sit there holding the crowded room in awed subjection?

Busied with these thoughts, Hester presently became aware that the hum of conversation about her had ceased. Everybody listened. Another parley was going on at the gates. The officer of the guard came in to say it was Ingoldsby again. The man looked at Leisler and hesitated. The latter made a gesture for him to proceed.

"He demands the instant release of Bayard and Nichols."

A flash came and went in the commander's eyes, and it seemed he grew a shade paler.

"And he further orders your Excellency and them you call your councilors — they are his own words — to report yourselves forthwith at the Stadthuys."

There was a pause — a long pause — in which a pin-fall might have been heard in the room. As before, Milborne spoke first.

"You have no resource but to go."

Without changing his position, without taking his eyes from the iron ink-stand, the commander at last spoke.

"The fort cannot be handed over in the night; 't is against military law. I will not do it. I am answerable to their Majesties. You, Milborne, you, La Noy, go to them yonder and explain."

Both men began with one accord to object.

"No more talk. Go!"

Without further ado, the two envoys set forth. Silence again settled upon the room and its anxious occupants. Even the whisperings ceased, and nothing broke the stillness but the plashing of the waves without.

Scarcely fifteen minutes elapsed. It seemed a cycle. There came another pounding at the gates. The officer duly appeared to report. He told his story in few words.

"It is Ingoldsby again. Milborne and La Noy are thrown in irons. He demands the immediate surrender of the fort."

Leisler seized the table with a sudden clutch. A throe convulsed his whole frame, and big drops of sweat started out on his clammy forehead.

"What shall I tell him?" asked the officer.

"Tell him to go to hell!"

XXIII.

A murmur of consternation burst from every lip in the crowded room when the officer withdrew bearing Leisler's defiant message. This first outspoken indication of revolt awoke the commander to a sudden consciousness of the crowd.

"Away with ye!" he shouted, springing to his feet in a fury. "Coward Papists and time-servers! Go! Go, I say, and leave me alone!"

He drove them before him like a flock of sheep. At the door one dared turn and brave his wrath, — a well-known figure, a homely face lighted up with a look of love and tenderness. In this hour of trial and desertion his faithful

vrouw still loved and believed in him. He staggered forward and fell upon her neck with an outburst like the sob of a brute beast in distress.

It was but a passing weakness; directly his face chilled and hardened, and leading the weeping woman to the door he gently thrust her out.

Bewildered by the startling events of the day, by her father's audacity, by the failure of the prophecies that all would be quickly settled when the new governor arrived, Hester went back to her lodgings in the ox-cart, where a slave was watching over her sleeping sister.

One by one all her doubts and fears came back swarming. Why should her father yield to this new governor more than to the old? Who could say he would not drive him away as he had done Nicholson? Then what would become of her? What would become of Steenie? How could they ever meet again?

Busied with these thoughts, she did not notice that her mother had tarried behind, until she beheld the clumsy matron, several minutes later, climbing back, with much puffing and panting, to her place in the cart. Neither did the fact that the good dame was weeping awaken in her any surprise, such a state seemed so in keeping with their surroundings.

"'Tis not like him," sobbed the vrouw.

"Who?"

"Jacob. 'Tis like some other."

"So?"

"He is wasting away; he has grown an old man; 'tis killing him!" continued the poor dame.

"And now we cannot go home," said Hester, thought-centred at her own axis of the ellipse which circumscribed the interests of the moment. "The war is not over, and we must needs stay here."

"Look, look! See him walk yonder!" cried the anxious wife, pointing

to a dark figure striding up and down past the lighted window in the governor's house.

Hester looked without seeing.

"The man is crazy. Why goes he not to bed? 'Tis sleep he needs. Ye may see he has not slept for weeks. 'Tis past midnight, too, for the cocks are crowing. Did ye hear the cocks crow, Hester?"

Used all her life to her mother's maundering, Hester gave no heed to the question. Lying wrapped in her quilt, squeezed in between two heavy pieces of furniture, with her face upturned to the midnight sky, she watched the fog roll away like a curtain, and the stars shine forth like flecks of fire thrown hap-hazard over the black canopy, while she lay and thought, and thought, and thought.

"See, now he writes," went on the dame. "Now he tears it. At it again. Foolish man, as if there were not enough fair daylight to write in! Ei, that will do no better. 'Tis the very same with me. I must ever blot three or four before fetching forth one that will serve. What now? What now? He throws all down and stamps about. O Jacob! Jacob!"

Thus through the night the faithful heart watched that lone figure wrestling with his task, — ah, futile task! — watched quite oblivious of other things going on about her.

Yet there *were* other things going on, and things very significant; for it turned out that Vrouw Leisler and her daughter were not the only watchers in the fort that night.

Down in the soldiers' quarters dark groups were gathered, and sullen mutterings were heard, which, as the hours went by, grew to outspoken words and very positive utterance. The rats were taking council whether the moment had come to desert the sinking ship.

Presently the dame saw another tall shadow in the lighted room. She rec-

ognized at once the familiar and characteristic outline. It approached the first figure writing in the chair and seemed to speak. The words she could not hear were these:—

“Hola!”

“Go away!”

“Ei, so will I, but — but hearken to me first!”

“Go away! Ye are drunk!”

“No m-matter for that. I come to — hic — to put a flea in your ear.”

“Will ye go?” with a touch of fierceness.

“Not I.”

“Will ye not?” jumping up threateningly. “Get back to the pothouse, ye damned fool, and leave me to my work!”

“I — I — budge not — hic — a step till I tell ye.”

The incensed man seized a heavy halberd from the table; but directly, with a muttered exclamation, threw it down.

“Speak out, then. What drunken drivel have ye to say?”

“Mynheer, I am your very good friend. Ye know — hic — know that. Well, I — I say drop this and g-get ye gone from here like — hic — like the wind.”

“Ei?”

“Yonder rascals,” pointing over his shoulder, “are plo-plotting against ye.”

The commander nodded with a look of contempt.

“They — are — are going to give up the fort and — and ye — hic — along with it as soon as the day dawns.”

The listener showed no surprise.

“So true as I live!” persisted the visitor.

The commander for all answer picked up his pen and dipped it into the iron inkstand.

“Hear ye wh-what I say? Get ye out of this wh-while ’t is dark! See, — ye may put on my hat and cloak and c-copy my walk — straight and st-steady, mark ye! And who — who ’s the wiser — ei?”

The commander shook his head sadly, and said with a touch of kindness, —

“Go get ye back to the pothouse, poor devil! ’T is pity so good a heart had not a better head. Go, man! go and leave me to my work!”

“Wel zoo! the f-fools ’ll never — never — hic — all die.”

So long a vigil naturally made Vrouw Leisler and Hester drowsy in the morning. When they awoke, the sun was shining brightly in their faces and all was bustle about them.

What was going on? It was easy enough to see. The gates were thrown wide open, the rats were stealing away in a long dark line, and the hapless ship was sinking fast.

The bewildered women sat up in the cart — their caps awry, their hair disheveled, the clumsy bed-quilts still wrapped about them — and rubbed their eyes.

“Mother, mother, look there!” cried Hester, suddenly pointing to a group advancing towards them from headquarters.

“Jacob! ’T is he, Jacob! Heavenly Father, what has happened him? Jacob, where are ye going? Jacob, will ye not heed me?”

Accompanied by his late councilors, and guarded by a troop of strange soldiers, the commander passed on, nor cast so much as a look upon the bawling woman.

“Come, mother, come!” cried Hester, jumping from the cart. “See, the gates are open! Everybody is going; we may go too!”

At this amazing news, the dame, speedily tying up her hair and ordering her dress, lost no time in following in the wake of the wondering procession.

Outside the walls it seemed all the world had gone mad. The air resounded with shouts and laughter, flags were flying, bells were ringing, slaves were dancing in wild abandon, while up and

down the thronged streets women stood crowded upon the stoops, tasting the sweet spring air like prisoners just released from a dungeon.

Heeding nothing of all this, Vrouw Leisler with her two daughters, following ever in the wake of the procession, marched fast towards the Stadthuys.

By dint of running, elbowing, and pushing, they came up with the head of the line in time to press into the council chamber upon the heels of the prisoners.

There sat the new governor, stern and expectant, surrounded by his council. Turning to view the prisoners, Hester noted that Milborne and La Noy had been added to their number.

The governor straightway proceeded to subject the leading culprits to a short and sharp examination. Hester looked with awe upon the magistrate, that he dared address her father in such a tone. In breathless suspense she awaited the explosion to follow. To her amazement there was no explosion, but an answer most humble and submissive. As if doubting her own senses she cast a look at her mother. The good dame stood with eyes and mouth agape.

But already the summary examination is ended; the governor is saying something to the prisoners.

"You are committed to prison, pending your examination before a proper tribunal, on a charge of being taken in open and armed rebellion against their Majesties; clerk, make out the commitments!"

While the clerk is busy with his task and the governor is whispering apart with his council, there is heard a bustle at the door. The crowd gives way to admit two strange figures, — figures squalid, haggard, ghostly, with sunken eyes and matted hair, who blink in the blinding sunlight and totter as they walk.

At an exclamation from Milborne, Leisler looks up; a deep flush over-spreads his face, and a hangdog look of

guilt gleams in his tell-tale eyes as he quickly turns away.

A cry of execration loud and deep rises from the crowd. They too have recognized the strangers, they too understand their presence here, — understand why Mynheer Van Cortlandt hastens forward to embrace them, and why his Excellency receives the squalid wretches with such honor: —

"Colonel, your name is well known to me; Mr. Nichols, I am much honored by your acquaintance. I congratulate myself that I have been the means of delivering you both from your cruel imprisonment."

Well, too, the watchful bystanders note and understand the triumphant look with which, as he signs the warrants of the new prisoners, his Excellency says to the old: —

"And now, gentlemen, as their Majesties have appointed you to be my advisers, it were well you should be sworn in here and now of the council. Officer, here are the papers; take you the prisoners and see them committed to the dungeons in the fort, there to be kept safe and fast pending further proceedings."

The officer obeyed. Amidst the howling and jubilations of an excited mob the culprits were led back to the fort, where the shackles just dropped from the shrunk shank of Colonel Bayard had scarcely grown cold before they were hung upon the stalwart leg of his oppressor.

XXIV.

"I had fainted unless I had believed to see the goodness of God in the land of the living," — this was Dominie Selyn's text next Lord's Day morning.

The sermon which followed was an anthem of thanksgiving, a pæan of praise. It sounded the key-note of universal jubilation. The people's joy can be but feebly imagined; it had the thrill of those who awake to wholesome daylight

after a prolonged nightmare. The world was once more a place of health and comfort. The sunshine seemed again a gift from God in which they could bask without qualm; the refreshing sea breeze, a breath of heaven which they could suck in freely to their famished lungs. Again friend could greet friend without suspicion; again neighbors talk in the chimney nook in the old free, outspoken fashion. Even nature seemed in sympathy with this ecstatic mood. Just freed from the icy bonds of winter, the brooks and creeks ran frolicking to the sea; and through every pore in the earth-crust came bursting upward a wealth of verdure and fragrance.

Vrouw Leisler had boundless faith in her husband's ability to take care of himself; and although at first shocked by his arrest, she soon recovered from her alarm. Indeed, she presently plucked up spirit to inveigh sharply against this high-handed proceeding on the part of the new governor, who, as she repeatedly declared in the bosom of her own family, would very soon learn better than to meddle with her Jacob. Looking, therefore, upon his imprisonment as a temporary measure pending the trial about to take place, she gave herself up heart and soul to setting her dismantled house in order and getting all things in readiness to give her spouse a rousing welcome on his return.

This interval of work and waiting was brightened to the good wife by one blessing: since Milborne's imprisonment Mary had come home to live, and the delighted mother rejoiced again in the aid and fellowship of her favorite daughter.

Cobus, perhaps upon some hint from his father, was as busy at the shop in Winckel Street as was his mother at home. Damp and mildew, dust and cobwebs, had formed there a close and thriving corporation, so that Cobus found it no easy task to bring back the little

warehouse to its old appearance of thrift and order.

Meantime, the new governor, directed and urged on by his council, proceeded with vigor in the public business. Chief in importance and interest among the tasks awaiting the new administration was the disposition of the prisoners. A court was speedily organized, and their trial began.

Every step in the proceedings was of course watched with profound interest by the household in the Strand. A body of their friends and relatives attended every day at court, and in the evening the news was discussed, point by point, in the family circle. Their consternation at the charges of treason and murder was quickly burned away in the hot flame of their indignation at the composition of the court.

"They are all Papists!" cried Cobus.

"And his worst enemies at that," joined in his mother. "Wait till the king — wait, I say, till their Majesties hear of these doings!"

"Wait only till he himself gets out of prison!" muttered Cobus between his clenched teeth.

"So! 't will be a sorry day for these fine gentlemen, — that!" concluded the dame, wagging her head.

Or another evening it would be: —

"They are proving nothing; they can find nothing against him."

"See there now! What told I ye, Mary? What said I, Cobus, from the first?"

"All goes to show that he was in by authority of the king, and did his duty."

"Be sure of that!"

"And that the province was never so governed before."

"No, nor ever will be again; he was not sent by the Lord for nothing to this work!"

Hester heard and took part in this talk. From whatever point of view, the trial was a matter of vital and determining moment to her. But since the

result was a foregone conclusion, — as Dr. Staats, Dr. Beekman, Mr. Walters, and Cobus all agreed it was, — she dismissed it from her mind as a subject of anxiety, and busied herself with other besieging thoughts.

In the hurly-burly of the moment she failed for some time to realize that she was free. The tardy discovery was made at last without a thrill. The prospect of its short duration robbed the precious liberty of all its value. In vain she repeated over and over to herself, —

“It has come, it is here, I have it, that long-expected freedom.” Like a mocking echo a voice came back, —

“But where is the long-expected happiness it was to bring?”

As if in answer to the unknown scoff-er, Steenie came one day and boldly asked for her at the door. The slave who opened it said she was in the garden. Hurrying thither, he saw a girlish figure among the trees. He advanced with eager strides. Instead of coming to meet him, the girl marched as fast as she could go towards the gate.

The junker's surprise was but for a moment. He recognized the fugitive; the old mischievous gleam shone in his eyes, as, clearing the tulip-bed at a bound, he hastened after the retreating maiden, crying, —

“Hola there, Catalina! Catalina, are you running away from old friends?”

There was no answer.

“Hola, I say,” springing and intercepting her; “why do you run away?”

“I am not running away,” she answered, turning with an air of dignity, her cheeks meantime flushing, and her eyes looking to this side and that in the effort to avoid his.

“Let us shake hands, then; 't is a long time since we met,” extending his own huge palm.

“There is no occasion to shake hands.”

“Have you then no greeting for an old friend?”

“We are not old friends.”

“So?” with an amused look; “then surely 't is time we were. We are old friends to Hester. Hester loves us both, and we should love each other.”

“I hold not myself bound to love everything that Hester does.”

They were close to the gate by this. Catalina reached to lift the latch. He put out his heavy hand to prevent it. She turned with an indignant protest upon her lips, her eyes all the time fastened upon the ground.

“Pray you, now,” said the junker, looking as if tempted to catch up this sprig of humanity with its odd, brilliant coloring and its disdainful face, “do not go!”

“I must go,” with a tone of emphasis, but with a look of hesitation.

“Come, now,” he coaxed, as he gently, but boldly too, crowded her away from the gate. “Tell me of Hester; where is she?”

“She is here at hand to speak for herself,” turning back promptly towards the gate.

“How is she, then?”

“She is well enough.”

“I am but just come home. I want to meet all my friends; I am glad to see everybody I knew in the old days. Give my duty to your worshipful mother; tell her I heard of her kind offices in my behalf. I hope to wait upon her soon.”

By his adroit management they were again headed back towards the garden and slowly walking down the path, every step taken by the reluctant Catalina having the force of a repeated protest.

“But where is Hester hiding all this time? They told me she was in the garden.”

“Go seek her out, then, I pray!” turning suddenly and hurrying towards the gate.

“Stay! hold! say good-by, at least!” hastening after her.

“I cannot stop.”

"Come, now!"

"I will not."

"You shall not go, I swear, till you shake hands!" and with a long stride he swept past her and blocked the path.

She stopped, dumb with indignation.

"Come, now!"

She cast upward a searching look at his face. He held out his hand pleadingly.

"Let us be friends, I say."

There was a moment's pause; then like a flash she thrust out her mite of a palm, lightly touched his, and bounded away.

The junker stood gazing after her with a puzzled look, when a crunching of gravel behind drew his attention, and, turning, he saw Hester coming with a pretty blush of welcome to meet him.

It was like no other meeting they ever had. Unlike that sweet early intercourse, so free from care of anything but themselves and the moment, it was also far different from their later stolen interviews. They studied each other now with covert curiosity, while both felt the constraint of self-consciousness. What an age had elapsed since those early times! — an age which had left them ripe in experience. Meantime, there was so much to say they knew not where to begin; and what with it all, actually walked up and down several minutes in silence.

Attributing this constraint to their surroundings, Steenie suggested going to their old haunt in the Magde Paetje.

Passing through the house to get Hester's hood and cloak, they came upon Cobus, who had run up on some errand from the court. Recognizing Steenie, he cast on the two a black look, and called out bluntly, —

"You had best keep in-doors, sister, while the town is in the hands of thieves and pirates!"

Hester treated her brother's advice with silent contempt while Steenie towered serenely aloft, blind and deaf to his peevishness.

Going somewhat roundabout, they picked their way through Smiet's Vly, crossed the foaming brook, and wandered at leisure up the narrowing dell.

The season was earlier than at that other time so long ago. The air was still a little raw, the ground not yet quite freed from its winter thrall. Neither liverwort nor saxifrage was yet in bloom, and the pollards by the brook-side showed not a touch of the furry little catkins folded tight in each swelling bourgeon.

There was, however, much to remind them of their former walk together in the little valley, as they sauntered along hand in hand, stopping only to break here and there an osier switch or skirt dry-shod some marshy place in the path. But for their hand-clasp one might have thought they had quarreled, so little they talked. Even Steenie was tongue-tied. The brief speeches they made were for the most part commonplaces. Yet the low whistling with which he beguiled the way, and the odd snatches of song she hummed, were but the brimmings-over of a speechless content. For the rest, it is quite certain that no possible words could have added to the thoroughness of their communion.

Even when they climbed into a little sun-warmed niche in a ledge overlooking the town, — where tucked snugly in by themselves the world seemed shut out, — they were not garrulous. Indeed, the supreme eloquence of silence never more clearly appeared than when, later, Steenie strove to formulate the emotional significance of the moment.

"At last we are happy."

Hester stirred as if he had awaked her from a delightful dream, and answered presently with a long-drawn sigh, —

"Ah, but for so short a time!"

"Why say you that, darling?"

"Because 't is true; because as soon as *he* comes home he will put an end to all, as you know."

A strange look passed over the junker's face, yet not so much passed over as came and went in it like the opening and shutting of a lid. He made a movement to speak, but checked himself.

"T will be worse for us then than ever," went on Hester, unconscious of all this facial disturbance; "he will be so sore at the treatment he has received."

It is a sufficient proof of her own preoccupation that she found nothing noteworthy in his continued silence.

"You have not thought of this?"

"Yes, 't is no straight course we have to run; there are other stumbling-blocks in the way."

"You mean your own family," she put in quickly.

"Remember what they have suffered."

"They hate *him*, and they will hate me."

"They cannot when they come to know you."

"Which will never be."

"But it shall be, I say."

"And do you think the time will ever come," playing with a silver button on his waistcoat, "when" —

"When?"

— "when we shall be left alone and suffered to do as we choose?"

"Yes, if we have but patience to wait" —

"I could wait a thousand years," she murmured interjectively.

"And if we but hold fast to each other," he concluded dryly.

She looked up to study his face. He was gazing at her with a confident smile. Directly she saw it was a joke. And what a capital joke, too! They both laughed outright. He kissed her upturned forehead and called her a goose; and she, playfully patting his cheeks, justified the epithet by asking, —

"And do you think we *shall* hold fast to each other?"

Thereupon they both laughed again. Indeed, the joke was so good that it lasted them for the rest of the day; for when the outstretching shadows warned them to go home, a little preliminary which marked their setting-forth brought it up again. Nay, even when they had reached the house, and stood on the porch swinging back and forth by their clasped hands, Hester cried in playful warning as she swung out over the edge of the stairs, —

"If you hold me not fast now, I may get my death-fall."

"Never fear! 'T is you will let go first!"

"Indeed!" with a show of indignation.

"Else will we hold hands here forever."

"If you are never free till I let go my hold" — She stopped and listened.

"What's that?"

It was only a disturbance in the street, — several citizens hurrying in the direction of the Stadthuys.

"Hola there!" shouted Steenie, hailing from the porch. "What is it?"

"The jury."

"Ei?"

"A verdict."

"What — what!"

"Guilty!"

The junker seized Hester in his arms; his eyes shone, his face flushed, he knew not whether to shout in triumph or whisper in condolence. She looked simply stupefied.

"It may be false. I will go learn the truth and bring you word."

He embraced her hurriedly, and turned to the stairs.

Stirred by a conflict of emotions she could not analyze, Hester gasped, —

"I — I — take me! I must go too!"

"Quick, then! let us run!"

Hand in hand they hurried along, keeping to the middle of the street and clearing the puddles with flying leaps.

"Guilty of what?" panted Hester, as they went.

"Of — of — of withstanding his Excellency, Governor Sloughier," said Steenie, pushed for an answer.

Reassured by this simple statement of the case, Hester in a measure recovered her self-possession before arriving at the Stadthuys. Here they found the courtroom already packed to suffocation, and the narrow hall and stairway fast filling up. With much ado they squeezed into a niche within earshot of the door. The crowd stood with eyes and ears in strained attention. A murmur of voices was heard from within. Suddenly there came a sharp rap and a cry of "Silence!" There was a general stir in the audience; every one rose upon tip-toe and canted his head to listen.

"What is it?" whispered Hester.

"Hush! the court is addressing the prisoner."

Breathless and pulseless, the anxious girl listened; she heard a voice declaiming in solemn monotone, but not a word reached her.

Presently the voice ceased, and there was a movement among those standing near. Two men came pushing their way out. It was Dr. Gerardus Beekman and Dr. Staats, both pale and deeply agitated.

"Ei? what was it? I could not hear," said Beekman.

"He is to be taken yonder without the walls" — The speaker paused and stammered; there before him, with tragic face, stood Hester, drinking in his words.

"Well, and then?" demanded Beekman eagerly.

"The old form," muttered Staats, taking refuge in Latin. "Ibidem suspendatur per collum et vivus ad terram prosternatur. Interiora sua extra ventrem suum capiantur. Ipsaque vivente comburantur. Caput suum amputetur. Quodque corpus suum in quatuor partes dividatur. Et quod caput et quateria illa ponantur ubi dominus rex ea assignare voluerit."

Understanding nothing of all this, but filled with a vague fear, Hester frantically forced her way in through the serried crowd to the railing. Eagerly her eyes sought out the prisoner. He stood motionless within the dock, with cold beads of sweat hanging like dewdrops on his rugged forehead. In a moment all was clear. Sickened with horror, she felt the room begin to reel about her, and straightway a blessed veil of unconsciousness fell between her and all further sights and sounds.

Edwin Lassetter Bynner.

ANTEROS.

I.

My love, thou madest me to love thee first
Then thought of thee and thine, dear friend,
And cordial as the wind that whistles near
The orient verge in sad sea-vapours merged
Ere Guido's vision on the dark world burst
Thy presence was the Morning far and near
With rainbow glamour lighting every tear
The flower uplifts to slake the sear-beam's thirst.
My love, my love, thou makest me to feel
And now my soul, like some low interval

Where the cold damps of night a mist exhale,
 Before thee lies, blind all its paths and drear.
 And wilt thou more? — despise this drooping cheer,
 When thou it is hast caused my heart to fail!

II.

Thou makest me to fear, — to move in dread,
 As one who skirts a wood where every branch
 Conceals an archer swift and fain to launch
 A noiseless hest to join the unnumbered dead.
 Ah, see! Thou hast thy mordant heart so fed
 With bitter doubt of mine that, if I blanch
 At fancy I could prove to thee unstan-
 Thou deemest me by guilt disquieted!
 Thou mad'st me love, and mightst have bid me show
 With open vein how quick, how warm, how red,
 The currents leap at Life's leal fountain-head.
 Thou mak'st me fear, and therein wrongest so
 Thyself and Love, thou needs must have me foe
 Till thou thy dark ally, Distrust, have sped.

III.

If still thou love, thou knowest, — thou alone:
 But if thy purpose bindeth thee to dwell
 Intrenched within a winter citadel,
 Whence frost and brume and flawing storm are blown,
 Lo! mine ally I bring from near Love's throne, —
 His foster-brother whose great heart doth swell
 At wrongs done Love, whose instant arm doth fell
 All prideful doubt in brooding darkness grown!
 Thus sieged, it may be that thou wilt dispel
 The unnative clouds, and, morning-bright, emerge:
 But if thou wilt not, I no longer urge
 Thy laggard dawn; but, bidding thee farewell,
 I follow Love heard as a wave-swung bell
 When light is gone and wildly runs the surge.

Edith M. Thomas.

THE FRENCH-IN-CANADA.

THE Supreme Court of the United States, in the famous case of *Johnson versus McIntosh*, judicially ascertained and declared the fact to be that the Seven Years' War, as to North America, "terminated in the conquest by Great Britain of the whole country east of the

Mississippi." So far as judicial expression can go, this decision, of course, is conclusive. It lies not, indeed, in the province of courts to take cognizance of forces other than those relating to government and social economy, and yet what conduits of history run more freely

and continuously than court records and judicial decisions? The whole of human life, even to its poetry and romance, is transferred by them from the past to the future, and thus it is that this case has such significance to him who would get at the truth of our history, and learn what we really are and how we became so. For if Canada, at the time of the fall of Quebec, was little more than a mere military dependency of France; if all government issued from a citadel, and British occupation was British conquest, then this judicial decision sets the seal of truth upon the historical assertion that when Montcalm fell, the whole French power east of the great river fell with him.

Of the stubborn moral forces that transferred resistance to alien domination from the field to the cabinet, the court could take no account; and, indeed, down to the advent of the British there are few which even the keen eye of the social and political observer could recognize, for during the French occupation these forces had little chance of development. The French-Canadians could hardly be said to exist; they were the Canadian-French only, or, still more accurately, the French-in-Canada. Their social structure was slow in building; so slow, indeed, that for the greater part of the occupation their imperfect organization, their disproportionate elements, their political dependence, their indisposition to social development, and their inability to multiply scarcely permitted them the name of colonies. They were really garrisons, and they "occupied" the land.

Our Anglican notion of a colony is that of a band of men and women containing all the germs of a future state, and which, when planted in new soil, no matter how remote from the mother country, grows right on, developing all the characteristics of the original stock, modified only by the new conditions of existence. This band or swarm,

moreover, as far as its internal life is concerned, is entirely dependent on its own resources, and takes on an individuality of character which is the expression of its own forces, and of none other. It is hard for an English-speaking man to conceive of a colony that does not rely upon itself, that does not govern itself, that does not develop itself, or that does not display in all their manifold variety the same characteristics, in kind if not in degree, as those displayed by the mother race. In these respects the race-blood tolerates no shortcomings. Taking, then, this Anglican notion of a colony as the standard of estimate and comparison, we see that the French-in-Canada, from their first appearance to the fall of Quebec, a period of two centuries and a quarter, do not conform with its requirements. We need observe them only in their chief locality, the valley of the St. Lawrence; and a glance betrays the fact that, from the fort of Frontenac to the little church of Tadoussac, the constitution of society — if society it can be called, so scattered is the population — is military where it is not ecclesiastical. The other constituents necessary to social and political development are well-nigh wanting.

Throughout the vast expanse of wilderness we naturally expect to find military posts, as we do find them eventually from Quebec to Du Quesne, and from Du Quesne to the Mississippi; but when, after a century has gone by, we still find these and nothing else, unless it be a few more clearings within gunshot of their walls, we are forced to the conclusion that the constitution of society is still naught but military, and that, after all, the French colonization is nothing more than what the historians have called it, the French *occupation*. Such, in fact, is the case. Perched upon Donnacona's rock, where, in coming from the sea, the great river suddenly narrows, stands a stockade, which, expanding and strengthening with the

expansion and growth of the French, at last takes its place among the four great fortresses of the world. Even in the old French days it was impregnable to the attacks of enemies. Here French power was intrenched just as to-day British power is intrenched, and this bald and barren rock was the head, not of Canada merely, but of La Nouvelle France; and from and to this stony heart poured all the impulses of the French-in-America.

These impulses were not multiform in character, and their monotony was broken only by the irregularity of their action. The governor was a commandant; the courts were courts-martial; sentinels took the place of watchmen; enterprise found scope in "expeditions;" and trade counted its gains from the spoils of the forest and of the enemy. Every place, save the church, rung with arms; and the eye, tired of plume and glitter and color, turned for relief to the black cassocks of those soldiers of Christ who were yet to whiten with their bones the country of the Hurons. In the little town that huddled beneath the stockade were to be seen soldiers, priests, nuns, and savages; but where were the people? They made a beggarly account. A few tilled the scanty fields, the many waged war against the beasts of the forest. Society outside of the forts was thus divided into two classes: the few who dwelt in one place, and were thence called *habitans*; the many who roamed, and on this account were called *voyageurs*. We find here a social condition in which, apart from those devoted to arms or religion, the few were stable, the many unstable. A social condition where the mass of population is not producing, but is consuming and wandering, ill accords with Anglican notions of a colony, — notions which preconceive a colony as a hive, as a fixed abiding-place of producers. In fact, the French-in-Canada were a collection of hunters and soldiers: they

did not root themselves in the soil; their *possessio pedis* was maintained by the sword, and not by the sickle; they reaped where they had not sown, and they returned not to the earth what they had taken from it; they planted no institutions.

Had they no institutions? Were the descendants of those whose *Coutumes de Normandie* had infused into the common law of the Angles and Saxons qualities it never before had possessed, and whose language, infused into the objective and rugged dialect of corsairs, gave it the subjective and perspicuous character, the moral element, that makes the two characteristics, united in one tongue, the mastering language of the globe to-day, — were these destitute of social forces? In leaving their native soil had they left behind them the most precious part of their inheritance, and, discarding the moral forces which generation after generation of a vigorous and noble race had piled up for them, had they come to put their trust solely in sword and arquebus? Were writs and tenures, personal rights and liberties, and that soul of their souls, the capacity for self-development, forgotten in the hurry of departure; and had those who were to people a desert failed to bring along the seed garnered against the day of famine and the planting of new fields? Was tradition left behind? Were the patient furrows of Brittany nothing, that they should be lost to mind amid those "acres of snow"?

At first sight one would fancy that tradition, institutions, the safeguards of personal rights, the means of social development, and all the forces of civilization in which they were so rich had been deliberately discarded for the mere physical force which was to see these adventurers through a life that had no higher object than the control of the fur trade and raids upon Dutch settlements. The commandant dispensed fa-

vors at audience; the court sat at the tap of the drum; social forces stirred only at the scent of another expedition; and human energy expended itself upon the conquest of the beaver. Everything that savored of a better life was left to a handful of priests and nuns. For a century and a quarter the history of the French-in-Canada was written in the orders-of-the-day and the Relations des Jésuites, and there was little more to indicate that the life-giving, the institutional qualities of the most vivacious race of western Europe had been transmitted to these shores. If they were working at all, they were working unseen and unheard in the seclusion of the habitan's hearth. Surely, as yet, Ephraim is a cake not turned.

A comparison of the French-in-Canada with the British colonists will expose at once the apparent poverty of the former in everything that makes up the common weal. Observe the advent of the Puritans in Massachusetts, the Quakers in Pennsylvania, the Roman Catholics in Maryland. Before the Mayflower's decks are deserted, a solemn compact is entered into for the foundation and maintenance of "a *civil* body politic;" before the Quaker and the Catholic take the first step towards leaving their homes in England they have had the foresight to secure from the Crown enlarged personal rights and liberties, and a guaranty of their inviolability. Observe, too, the action of these little swarms immediately upon their landing on these shores: straightway they set about organizing polities, and before the roofs cover their heads they have taken upon themselves the character of commonwealths. So quickly do the ancient institutions appear that one may fancy they had been brought over in the luggage, and were the first things to be unpacked. Indeed, personal rights are more numerous, more varied in kind, and greater in degree here than in the country left behind, and it is obvious

that the adventurers have seized the occasion of emigration to demand and obtain from the Crown, as compensation for expatriation, greater liberty here than they had ever enjoyed at home.

Nor is this all. These institutions, these rights, these liberties, striking their roots forthwith into the new soil, grow right on until they cover the whole land. They are planted, watered, pruned, and grafted; in due time they will produce their fruit. Could any one survey these busy hives side by side, he would be struck by this fact in the appearance of the British,—the absence of the one predominating element that marked the French-in-Canada, the presence and activity of every other element of development that the French had not. There was no standing army among the British colonists, no disproportionate unproductive class, no dependence on the mother country, no lethargy of the social forces. The soldiery consisted of the settlers themselves; it was a citizen soldiery. Hunting engrossed, not the many, but the few; and what hunters there were constituted the pioneers who blocked out the paths for settlers to follow. The expeditions that occurred were not offensive operations, but, to use military parlance, offensive-defensive: they had for their object prevention of future attack or the opening of new fields to new ploughs; and where the Briton's foot went down it stayed down.

There are many anomalies in the chronicles; but, apart from the one of a race devoted to institutions in France doing without them in Canada, there is none greater than that of French field-lovers permitting the woods to stand unhewn, while Teutonic forest-lovers, as the English are, stayed not at laying the axe to the root of the tree. But so it was; for ship-building was a prosperous handicraft on the banks of the Delaware, before the meadows of Beauport had stretched to the chasm of Montmorenci.

Among the British colonies, instead of seigneuries without peasants and barren of incomes, there were farms with husbandmen and laden with crops; instead of the bugle and the clash of arms, there was the song of the laborer and the creaking of wains; instead of the drowsy indolence of the barracks, there was the wakeful activity of the workshop. To produce, to produce, to produce, was the sole end of the British colonist's existence. Were it material production merely, and the end and object of it to store up treasure for moth and rust to corrupt, this exhibition of energy would be more unwholesome and painful than salutary and pleasing. But how can this be said of a people who sowed with their grain the seeds of free institutions, self-government, and freedom of conscience, and reaped with their harvests these fruits of natural instinct and race character? Was the Jesuit of St. Mary's less eager in the cure of souls than his brother of Quebec, by reason of the Act of Toleration? Did the acquisition of wealth weaken the Quaker's zeal for freedom of conscience? Did the wrench of subsistence from the rocks of Massachusetts turn the Puritan from his steady purpose to establish self-government for his children's children? No; though the British colonist had not the one thing the Frenchman had, namely, a military-bureaucratic system, he had everything needful to the development of a state: he had personal rights, institutions, reign of law, self-government, free play of social forces, exemption from repressive classes and meddling cabinets, equable distribution of sex, diversity of interests, and, above all, no overweening sense of dependence upon the mother country, — or, for that matter, upon any power save his own.

It appears, then, that what the Briton had, the French-in-Canada either had not, or, having, was denied the use of. Of what avail are personal rights before courts-martial, or how can institutions

flourish and social forces have free play on ground which forms the terre-plein of a fort? Self-government and military government are contradictory terms; and as for home interference, cabinets that look upon colonists as so many camp followers of an occupying force whose bills they are to settle must be meddlesome. Thus the French colonists were hampered from the start in the work of civilizing America; their hands were not free for the task of sowing new ground with old institutions.

There was, too, another hindrance to Gallic advance and expansion. If the British government was not insensible to forebodings of colonial independence, neither was the French. The same spectre troubled the dreams of empire at the Louvre; and to this apprehension must be attributed, to a great degree, the cautious patronage of colonization by the government, and a policy that was not directed with a single eye to the occupation of territory and the forestalling of rivals. It seemed good to the Crown that its colonists should not become a burden to it, nor multiply beyond the limits of absolute and easy control. It was a paternal government, and in sending its children abroad there was no thought of weakening the paternal relations. This constant motive alone would suffer no relaxation of the system of blood and iron. The commandant brooked no brother near his throne; it was absolutely essential to the government which he represented that its force should be neither divided nor impaired. There were no Three Estates in his department. He drew neither taxes nor recruits from Canada, — the intendant must see to such things, — and what for him, then, the use of people? Who ever heard of "people" in an army, or what the good of them in a fortress, except to serve the garrison and be lorded over by a town major? Evidently the commandant of Quebec would have found a man after his own heart in the

honest old Counsellor of Naples, when "the watch of his wit" was striking: —

"I' the commonwealth I would by contraries
Execute all things: for no kind of traffick
Would I admit; no name of magistrate;
Letters should not be known; no use of service,
Of riches or of poverty; no contracts,
Succession; bound of land, tilth, vineyard,
none:

No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil:

No occupation; all men idle, all."

Much has been made of the few instances in which private enterprise introduced companies of colonists; but all has been made of these that can be made. Time and piety have invested with picturesqueness the erection of shrines around which cities rose long afterwards, not, however, from patriotism or devotion, but from less exalted though more efficient causes. The searching gaze of criticism has not permitted these solemnities to pass without analysis. All tell the same story, all confirm what is already known: that only two classes appear, priests and soldiers, but that of people there are none. In the century and a quarter that covered the occupation, the French-in-Canada had reached the paltry number of 60,000 in the valley of the St. Lawrence and the west, against 1,250,000 souls in the thirteen British colonies; that is, the supply had been greater than the loss by 480 souls per annum. When it is remembered that this is the outcome of four generations; that the occupation had incurred no serious interruption; that the people of France vaunted themselves on their American possessions so much that periodical spasms shook the kingdom into giving gifts for the encouragement of emigration and for drumming up recruits for La Nouvelle France, — the result is beggarly. It calls, however, for something more than wonder: explanation is required, and this a slight scrutiny will disclose.

It must not be forgotten, then, that great as the present extent of Canada is, it comprises but a part only of what

the French possessions formerly were. France claimed not only the basin of the Great Lakes, but also the valley of the Mississippi, among whose tributaries was the Ohio. In brief, she claimed all of the continent of North America except the narrow strip east of the Alleghanies, then settled by the British, and the far west and south possessed by the Spaniards. This claim embraced the best part of the continent, extending through many degrees of latitude, with every variety of climate and with soil of surpassing fertility. Here, then, if anywhere, was to be her occidental empire. But, as the strip of sea-coast occupied by the British colonies extended north and south, she was debarred from access to these vast possessions, except by the two avenues presented by the Mississippi and the St. Lawrence. These were her two gateways, one northern, the other southern; and from military and political points of view, each was as valuable as the other. Indeed, as long as she had the St. Lawrence only, which was for the greater part of the time, this valley was a priceless possession, and rendered the military occupation of Canada of the first necessity. It is natural, therefore, that the chief if not the only value that Lower Canada had in the eyes of the French was that of being the entrance to their possessions, and that the chief if not the only motive for the exertion of energy in this direction was that of military necessity.

Beyond this, however, France did not feel warranted in going. The fisheries were valuable, indeed, and the day might come when the forests would be utilized; but it was certain that the time for populating a continent was not yet at hand, nor were the resources of the mother country then equal to the task; and, moreover, when the day of emigration should dawn, population would make its way to the valley of the Mississippi, without pausing in regions so ungracious as barely to support ten

thousand aborigines. Rocks, frost, and jungle held out little inducement to colonize, yet any other would have to be at the expense of the Crown; but bounties threatened depletion of exchequer, and franchises would surely sap royal prerogative.

The apathy of the government towards the colonization of Canada is thus explained; nor need it be wondered at that statecraft eyed askance the collecting together of *bourgeois*, who in time might possibly entertain the same aspirations for independence which, as the courtiers were wont complacently to fancy, infected their British neighbors. Next to the capture of the gate by the British, the greatest calamity would be its capture by the French-in-Canada; in either event the loss was irreparable. Hence the restriction of population to the bare necessities of military occupation became a subject of no little importance to the government. This restriction was best effected by a *laissez-faire* policy, inasmuch as the natural repugnance to emigration characteristic of the French people, and the uninviting character of the country, would of themselves effect the end desired, — a policy in no wise thwarted by the lukewarm patronage of the sovereign, by the contributions of gold and silver, or by the enthusiasm of devotees for the propagation of the faith in Canadian wilds. Indeed, this religious enthusiasm played directly into the hands of a government that had nothing to fear from a church which, first in possession, would prevent the country from becoming a harbor for Huguenots, which inculcated the virtues of loyalty and self-subjection, and whose rites and endeared traditions bound together as with hooks of steel the children of St. Louis. Though Richelieu himself might be indifferent, Richelieu's niece might found as many convents as she pleased.

Such are the military and political causes of the retardation of immigra-

tion into Canada. There are two others, of a totally different nature, that cannot be passed over. The first of these is that grants of land were made to associations such as the Company of Merchants, the Company of One Hundred Associates, and the like, which engaged to supply the country with a certain number of settlers within stated periods, and, after their arrival, to furnish them with all that was needful until they could support themselves. In return for these services, the sovereign gave the companies control of the fur trade and the monopoly of the trade with the settlements along the St. Lawrence and the sea-coast. The companies, however, once in possession, confined their exertions to the enjoyment of the privileges; and, shirking the services, turned the cold shoulder to that part of the contract which returned them no immediate profit, and which might end in burdening them with a population that would not hesitate at encroaching upon these franchises. The machinery for supplying colonists failing to act, the colonists themselves failed to come, and thus ended the only attempts made by the government to avoid the imputation of indifference to Canadian colonization.

The remaining reason for retardation of emigration lies in the immense grants of lands to individuals, old officers and the like, who were the seigneurs, — the settlers being tenants, and not freeholders, — and the consequent introduction of seigneurial tenures. Now, the law of seigneurial tenure was in itself adverse to immigration, inasmuch as the settler under it found himself no better off in Canada than he had been in France. He was no more of a freeholder here than he had been there: he was still not his own man, but had over him a lord who required and enforced services; so that, instead of leaving behind him the burdens of the old country, he found that he had brought them with him. He was not bettering his condition,

then, by removing from France to Canada; and it is apparent that, without an inducement that would overcome the natural indisposition to leave comfort for discomfort and certainty for uncertainty, he would stay where he was. Yet instead of inducement he met repulsion; for where he was his burdens were lightened by the comfort and security of civilization, but where he was asked to go they would be aggravated by the discomfort and insecurity of barbarism. In a word, the Frenchman was confronted in America with the feudal system, — a system which was on its last legs in the Old World, and than which nothing could be more out of place in the New. Unlike the British colonist, enlarged franchises, titles in fee-simple, and unrestricted trade were not held out to him as compensation for turning his back on civilization, and as incentives to the exercise of his own powers; and thus it is that, setting aside climatic and all physical causes, when the Queen Anne's War broke out Canada could muster but 4500 men, while the British colonies could outnumber her by ten to one.

Here it may be observed, in connection with this subject of tenures, that the agriculturists who did come were ill-fitted for the rough work of institutional development. The habit of dependence engendered by a system in which every one below the highest looked for security to the one above him, and in which avarice augmented the services in proportion to the enhancement of value created by the extraordinary exertions of the tenant, was paralyzing and deadening.

Hence it is that the French-in-Canada increased in numbers so slowly, and that for so long a time the events of their history disclose such remarkable paucity of people. Hence, too, the cause of the marvelous activity of the Jesuits, since their own people did not offer them a field ample enough for their energy. This activity had political results, by at

taching the aborigines to the French, and thus making friends and allies of those who otherwise would have been enemies.

It must be borne in mind, moreover, that the French have never occupied a conspicuous place among the colonizing nationalities. They are, rather, more often classified as non-colonizing than as colonizing. This form of social expansion, which seems so natural to the Greeks and English, never appears natural to the French, but sits upon them somewhat like an ill-fitting garment. All their attempts at colonization have not yet produced a single self-reliant, self-developing, self-governing colony: they have a constrained, artificial look; they impress one as being bad imitations of Old France, and seem frenchy rather than French. This results from the qualities necessary for colonization not being in the French blood. A Frenchman looks upon voluntary expatriation as exile; his opinion of a new country is that which a Sybarite might have entertained of Scythia, and, so far from eagerly rooting himself in the soil, he joyfully avails himself of the first opportunity to extricate himself from its entanglement.

Even when his interest is sufficiently strong to make a colonist of him, he does not carry with him the notions of government adapted to a colony. How can he do so? How can he bestow upon a growing community what it needs most, but what he has never had to give, — fixity of governmental principles? Of all people known to the history of western Europe, none have shown themselves so destitute of practical ideas concerning government, none have proved so wanting in fixity of political purpose, as the French. Not that they lack ideas, but that they have too many of them, with no two alike and all conflicting. From the days of the Encyclopedists to the time of Guizot, Hugo, and Paul Bert, few have been the conceptions of government that have not, at

one time or another, thrown the state into the perils of childbirth brought on by their premature efforts at delivery. Such a thing as philosophical analysis, of calm, ruminative deliberation upon the principles of government, for the purpose, not of airing theories, but of making practical application of these principles, seems unknown to them. The French have never been remarkable for taking counsel of time or for making probation in matters of politics. Their main notions of the state are of an arena where the diverse schemes contend until the survival of the fittest puts an end to the fray. Without counting the rule of mobs and of those ephemeral bodies whose existence has been limited by the suggestive word "days," but enumerating those only which have represented some principle, and which have kept their place long enough to be classed as historical, it is to be observed that, since the Peace of Versailles, France has had eleven governments; that is to say, she has changed her form of government once in every nine and one quarter years. Surely, the assertion that such a people have no fixed principles of government cannot be denied; and as they are to-day, such they have always been; it is not principle that has ever given them governmental stability, but the rule of the strongest.

The history of French colonization, as far as it relates to self-development, self-dependence, and self-government, is a history of failure,—of that failure which results inevitably from running counter to race characteristics. In the days of the French occupation, France was under Bourbon rule, and she had nothing wherewith to fit out her departing children but the husks and shriveled kernels and tares of old despotisms. Of life-giving seed she had none to bestow, and her sons might well reproach her with the bitter taunt of Antonio:—

"Gonzalo. Had I plantation of this isle, my lord—

Antonio. He 'd sow it with nettle seed."

If, after all the philosophizings, revolutions, and Anglo-manias of the past century, Algiers and Guiana have nothing further to show to-day than the inevitable garrison accompanied by a bureaucracy or a penal colony, or both, then the French-in-Canada were, after all, not so very far behind the times. The only difference discernible between the Richelieu and the Louis Napoleon notions of a colony is, that the former's conception was a garrison beyond seas, with a church but no people; and the latter's, a garrison beyond seas, with a bureau or a penal settlement but no people.

One can hardly be accused of unbecoming haste in at once expressing the conviction that, of the two "systems," the one with the church is preferable to the one that offers nothing but a bureau or a penitentiary. Nevertheless, it must not be overlooked that in neither is there to be seen what the political observer would call a people; the scattered, unorganized, and institutionless habitans and voyageurs being no more a people in the eyes of social science than are the clerks of the bureau or the members of the penal settlement. Each constitutes population, but neither a people.

Thus climate, soil, remoteness, indisposition to emigrate, inclination to return home, lack of earnest governmental encouragement, race aversion, faithlessness of monopolies, antiquated system of tenures, want of material and political inducements, and the disproportion of sex in a community chiefly made up of soldiers and hunters account for the paucity of population at the outset and the persistent retardation of natural increase and immigration for a long time thereafter. The military constitution of society, and the fact that the disproportionately large class of hunters and

trappers led a life incompatible with civilization in its highest forms, account, too, for the sluggish development of the social forces. An organization so weak, so incomplete, so lacking in resources, so destitute of strengthening institutions, and so wanting in harmonious distribu-

tion of constitutional elements depended for its existence on the stability of the bayonets that upheld it. When these were withdrawn, the structure fell to the ground; and thus, when Montcalm fell, the whole French power east of the great river fell with him.

Eben Greenough Scott.

THE FIRST MAYOR.

It is a large city now, where electric lights blaze all night, and factory chimneys stain the sky by day, and the beautiful undulating river shore is scarred with railway lines, and the architecture has felt the touch of Richardson and the American renaissance. But when Tom and I first saw Atherton, looking from the deck of the ferry-boat across the myriad sparkles of the Mississippi, the time was 1858, and the town numbered barely fifteen thousand inhabitants.

Here and there, only, was the battlemented line of flat-roofed shops and warehouses broken by a structure higher than three stories. The hotel loomed up with its multitude of windows; and higher yet towered two enormous brick buildings, flour-mill and store, from each of which a red flag flaunted, bearing the inscription *Atherton and Temple*. I had my reasons for inspecting these edifices, — the same reasons which sent my eyes searching among the smart villas on the bluffs, until they rested on a great white mansion with the lofty Corinthian columns and decorated pediment of our fathers' architectural pomp, and stately gardens and terraces stepping downward to the glitter below. They also permitted a tolerably honorable young woman to listen eagerly to the conversation going on at my elbow. The interlocutors were two men, René de McCarthy, whom I knew, and an elderly stranger. I paid little attention

to René's light figure or handsome French-Irish face, but I looked with all my eyes at the stranger. He was of insignificant presence, short and thin, wiry, however, having broad shoulders and long arms. His head appeared disproportionately large, perhaps because it was so thickly covered with iron-gray locks which he wore brushed in a high wave over his forehead. He had pushed his shining black beaver hat obliquely backward over his ears. His nose was of the eagle type, and his deep-sunken eyes were amazingly bright. They flashed in unison with his strong white teeth when he smiled, giving an effect of brilliancy to his rugged and tanned face. In the same way, when he frowned, his shaggy eyebrows helped the savage strength which was carved in his jaw and mouth. His dress was of the best material, — a satin waistcoat, and the black broadcloth then esteemed the only habit of dignity; nevertheless, it was so carelessly worn and so dusty that he almost appeared shabby. He wore no gloves, and was paring his finger-nails in the most artless manner. Satisfied with their appearance, he waved his hand at the prospect.

"Don't look much like our rival now, hey?" said he.

The point on the shore which he indicated was a mere hamlet; but once, as he had been telling René, it was the county seat, a distinction which had been

wrested from it by the town of Atherton, fifteen years before, and mainly through the speaker's own efforts.

"I tell folks that town made me first mayor of Atherton," said he jocosely; "they elected me then, and they've elected me every year since. I come high, but they must have me."

I could not understand René's smiling attention and deference; to my mind, the first mayor of Atherton was a vain-glorious, vulgar little man.

"They named the town after you, later, did n't they," said René, "when your store was burned?"

Mr. Atherton flashed his brilliant smile on him. "The store was n't burned, my son, — not exactly. It happened this way. The mill did burn down. It was one of the coldest days in the year, — mercury 'way down to thirty below, and only reason it did n't get lower was we had n't any longer thermometer. I was out on the farm, and I came in on the jump. There stood Billy Temple covered with icicles, and swearing like only an ex-Methodist brother can swear. I sized up the situation in a minute. Blizzard blowing, and water all froze up, and the houses like tinder. I told Billy the only chance to save the town was to make a hole big enough to stop the fire. We had got to blow up our store. He begun about the stock. 'Look a here,' says I, 'do you think I'm going to see this town burned to save our stock? D—— the stock!' says I. Billy's *white*. He looked at the wind and he looked at the store. 'All right, J. D.,' says he, 'd—— the stock!' We lit the match to our own gunpowder — Hullo, what's your hurry, friend?"

He addressed a stalwart farmer-looking man who ran across the deck, stumbling in his haste and a sort of fury which was upon him. The man shook his fist in Atherton's face.

"Oh, you d—— swindler, do you know I've failed?" cried he. He was

choking with passion, but Atherton did not change countenance.

"That's too bad," he said placidly.

"*You* failed me!" screamed the farmer. "You overbid me with the farmers and underbid me in the market. You make your brags you'll run the produce business of this town, do you? You said you'd run me out of business, and you've done it. But I'll give you reason to remember Jim Ripley!"

In an access of rage, he flung his great bulk upon the mayor, who leaped nimbly aside. Another onslaught, but more disastrous, since, this time, the big fellow lost his balance and plunged headlong against the frail guards with a force that shattered them. Into the water he crashed. I shrieked for Tom. My husband is a magnificent swimmer. But he was already overboard. Nor he alone; there was a second splash, and just behind Tom's sleek brown head I saw a rift of iron-gray locks and a flash of shirt-sleeves forging through the waves (all the while a shout ringing in my ears, "Heave the rope after us!"), and off in the boat's wake a wild white face tossed like an egg-shell and two black arms threshing the foam. I flew to the coil of rope, to find René's hands readier than mine. It was all over in a moment; and they were dripping on the lower deck, and every one was cheering, and pocket flasks of whiskey were waving in all directions. René escorted me downstairs. Then I realized that Tom's helper and the man who was vigorously rubbing and warming poor, limp, crestfallen Ripley was no other than Mr. Mayor Atherton himself. His loud tones filled the air: —

"Well, Mr. Ransome, this is a funny kind of introduction, ain't it?"

But he was very cordial, and sent us to our hotel in his carriage. How vividly that carriage appears out of the past, — one of the four then in Atherton, — the horses so shining, the gold-plated harness so showy, the cushions so luxurious, the

black coachman so majestic ! Livery in those days was not common, even in cities ; I admired Cato's blue and brass and gold-banded beaver.

Mr. Atherton smiled, well pleased at our surprise. " Don't look much like your notions of the West, young lady, does it ? " he chuckled. " I can tell you it ain't much like my first carriage, either. That was a prairie schooner."

I recoiled from the man with his heavy voice and free manner : it was a relief when he went away.

" He is very good-natured," said Tom.

We had been guided through the marble halls of the hotel, and now stared at our own apartment, — a dazzling vision, all mirrors, and gleaming white paint, and white marble, and red velvet upholstery, partaking in its magnificence of the splendors of a palace and a saloon, with an impressive hint of the cemetery. Tom would not join in my mockery. He kept to his mayor.

" He is the great man of the town ; in fact he made it. He has shown some fine qualities," said he ; " so much the better, since our future depends on him." Alas, it was true to the bone : on this blustering provincial magnate our future did depend.

It does not concern my story how the ancient amity of our fathers (Tom and I were betrothed while we both wore petticoats) was distorted into suspicion and resentment. Whose the fault matters least of all, since the old foes and older friends are reconciled now, in that dim land to which they departed content with each other. But for a time the feud was bitter. The elders dissolved our betrothal. We were young, hot-headed ; we loved each other, and my mother was dead. One can imagine such a pair's way out of the tangle. We ran away and were married, presently finding ourselves as poor as we were happy. Therefore, when René de McCarthy, Tom's classmate at Harvard, invited Tom to become assistant editor of the Ath-

erton Citizen at a fair salary, the offer was promptly accepted. René was a young Louisianian, whose father was more plentifully blessed with children than with money ; and he had gone up the river to seek his fortune. He was editor-in-chief of the Citizen, which he explained to Tom was the sole property of Mr. Jared D. Atherton, mayor of the town, and its most zealous and vigilant promoter ; a man of wealth, also, vast for those times ; the owner of mills and farms, and houses and stores. He had lavished his own money on the town and drawn Eastern capital to it, spreading its advantages far and wide, in a fashion very common now, but unusual enough to be original then. The Citizen was merely another agent in the work. He cared far less that it should be profitable financially than that it should successfully advertise the town. Tom had seen the office and was favorably impressed. " Everything is on a liberal scale, — no stinting. Even our editorial sanctum has gilt paper and Brussels carpet. Colors scream at each other, of course, and no end of them. René calls it the Rainbow. Atherton is liberal in other ways ; no interference with the political articles except that I am never to abuse a good citizen and maker of Atherton. That sounds well. I am to be as decent as I please in my language, too : another distinct advantage. Oh, he is not a bad fellow, Katy."

Thus far Tom talked on, happy and hopeful, and I shared his mood. But the next day he had gone to the office, and the exile's homesickness was twitching at my nerves. I was glad to receive the cards of Mrs. J. D. Atherton and Miss Bainbridge. " Very correct cards," I thought, " but no doubt they are pompous, purse-proud, horrid things who have come to patronize me." So lonesome was I, however, that patronage itself was acceptable ; it might give me something to laugh over with Tom, later.

Two ladies were by themselves in the

vast, gaudily furnished parlors; yet I hesitated to address them, unable to believe that either of them could belong to Mr. Atherton. The elder was a slender, dark-eyed, softly smiling, languid gentlewoman, whose head swayed a little to one side, and whose tiny foot peeped out far enough to discover a gleam of white silk stocking above the low-cut and rosetted shoe. She was dressed in one of the bright-hued and ample-skirted silk frocks of the period. What we called a mantilla of silk and black lace slipped gracefully from her shoulders. Her black hair was smoothly banded under a creamy Leghorn bonnet trimmed with white ribbon. Every detail of her costume pleased me, being daintily fresh and fine, like her embroidered collar and undersleeves of Indian muslin, which were works of art. For brooch, she wore a miniature set in diamonds; and there were diamonds and emeralds on her beautiful hands, sparkling through the meshes of her black silk mitts.

Such was the costume of a woman of fashion in the days of my youth.

No sooner did my eyes fall on the wearer than I recognized her right to the description, and my admiration of her elegant figure and her toilet was increased by the quickly following discovery that she was a Southerner; for in those ante-bellum days the planter aristocracy furnished our social ideals.

The younger lady could hardly have owned more than twenty years. Between the two there was a plain resemblance, although the girl was taller, with rounder outlines and a hint of vigorous muscles in her movements,—she was lifting a window. Her dress also was simpler, as became her years, but equally tasteful. She had wine-brown eyes, which shone with a gentle, steady radiance; but her bright color came and went uncertainly, contradicting the repose of her manner and her still eyes.

The elder woman, rising very gracefully, introduced herself as Mrs. Atherton,

and presented her daughter, Miss Bainbridge. Miss Bainbridge merely bowed and smiled. It soon appeared that she was a silent person. Mrs. Atherton, however, talked fluently, in her languid Southern fashion. She had a good deal to say about the place. Service was the sore trial of the Atherton housekeepers, and I afterward found it an universal topic of conversation, whatever the time, or place, or social rank; then, I remember, I was bewildered to have Mrs. Atherton give it so much time. She admitted that she herself had little cause for complaint. They had kept their old slaves; that is, some of the house servants. Mam' Chloe really was a right good cook,—she cooked to please gentlemen; she herself preferred lighter dishes; but she hoped we would dine with them on the morrow, and judge for ourselves.

I was won by her cordial manner and her sweet voice. More and more it puzzled me that she could have married Atherton. She enlightened me directly, in the most unembarrassed way. I had asked her if she were an old resident of Atherton.

"Oh, yes, ma'am," she answered, smiling, "old for Atherton. People never stay here long. They are always coming and going. That is why Mr. Atherton is trying to induce the Germans to come here. He says they all will stay and make a kind of anchor for the town. We have been here ten years. We all simply came on a visit to sister Elsa Cunningham, who lived here then. They have moved away since. It was that awful cholera year, and Colonel Bainbridge was taken ill and died. So did Tempe, my maid; and Rose was terribly sick, and sister Elsa's three children. And only me to wait on them,—you can't imagine the horrors of that time."

"We all should have died but for Mr. Atherton," said Miss Bainbridge. It was absolutely her first sentence.

"Yes, he was extremely kind," said Mrs. Atherton.

I fancied myself, in case Tom had saved my life, assuring a stranger that he was "extremely kind"! I stole a glance at Mrs. Atherton's white throat. The face on the miniature was young and handsome; it was not Atherton's harsh features which she treasured.

"Colonel Bainbridge's affairs had been shamefully neglected, and worse, by his overseer," she continued in her plaintive, melodious tones. "After his death we found ourselves almost penniless. Why, Mr. Atherton had to buy our slaves for us; he had indeed. We stayed here with sister Elsa. Pa had lost so much by our troubles I could n't bear to return to Charleston. So a year and a month after Colonel Bainbridge died I married Mr. Atherton. He took everything off pa's hands, and somehow—I'm sure I don't know how—he has made money enough to pay pa back. He always does make money," she added carelessly.

I could see that Miss Bainbridge was wincing under her good manners, though she said not a word. The whole history was clear enough now. The helpless Southern woman had accepted the strong arm tendered her simply because it was strong. She did not love her husband. I made a nervous effort to divert the conversation into safer channels, saying something about Mr. Atherton doing so much good with his money, giving so much to the town.

"I tell Mr. Atherton he is crazy over this town," said Mrs. Atherton, opening an elaborate sandal-wood fan and softly waving it. "Pray don't encourage his mania, Mrs. Ransome. He has given a park, and a hospital, and a cemetery, besides subscribing to everything. He gives to every church. He nearly built the Episcopal church. We all are members, you know,—not he himself; oh, no, ma'am, he *never* goes to church; stays home and looks over

accounts, and plays on the jew's-harp by himself."

I must have stared, in spite of my will to keep my eyes out of the window, for I saw Miss Bainbridge's color rise. Naturally I made the situation worse by an imbecile murmur of not knowing that Mr. Atherton was musical.

"I should n't call him musical," answered Mrs. Atherton dryly. "He likes nigger songs and hymns. There he is now, Rose, with Mr. Temple. Mr. Temple has all the virtues, Mrs. Ransome. Have you ever observed how uninteresting all the virtues are in a man?"

If Mr. Temple had all the virtues, he had none of the graces. I found him a large, faintly colored, taciturn man, whose only spark of animation was struck out by his partner's sallies; but my heart warmed to his bashfulness, after Mr. Atherton's bravado. This is ungrateful, since the latter, on this occasion, bragged not at all, and very shortly retired with Temple to the outskirts of the conversation.

We soon grew familiar with the town. It was like hundreds of other Western towns in its stage of growth,—crude, inharmonious ("a tawdry sort of civilization," Tom called it), yet with a sound core of Puritan conscience, and groping towards splendid possibilities. Half the streets were unpaved, in spite of the mayor's efforts, but they were picturesque with "prairie schooners," and resounded with a din of traffic and building. Some of the dwelling-houses were well planned and ample mansions, set back in shady grounds, but the business architecture was mean. One single exception do I recall,—Thorne and Quincy's bank, which had a marble façade, with acanthus leaves carved on the cornices, and imposing marble steps curving outward into the street. Neither Mr. Atherton's mill nor store could vie with this; both being simply huge iron-and-brick structures, bare and ugly to

the last degree. The mill was the largest flour-mill west of the Mississippi. The store was a vast bazaar, where everything from millinery to drugs made a grotesque panorama for the buyer. René de McCarthy introduced me to the store. He was in high favor with Mr. Atherton; in fact, it was understood that he was to marry Miss Bainbridge. I had occasion to buy a few small articles, and I was surprised to be handed, in change, two bits of yellow and blue pasteboard: the yellow bit authorizing me to receive twenty-five cents' worth of Israel Finch's "excelsior bread" at the Atherton Bakery, and the blue bit good for "one dish of pure ice-cream at the Palace Restaurant." My amazement pleased René, who explained that, silver coin being scarce at the West, the shopkeepers' wits had fallen upon this device. While he spoke, a man in a floury coat walked up to a high desk near us, demanding "the old man." He looked so good-humored that I was a moment or so in recognizing our tragic friend of the ferry-boat, Mr. Ripley. Truly, I was not sure of his identity until Mr. Atherton's head peered over the desk-rail, and he called cheerfully:—

"Hello, Ripley! come for the money? I'll get it. That you, Renny? And Mrs. Ransome? Well we are favored this morning; sun shines and you come to see us. Don't you two want a peep at my private bank?"

I felt rather dazed, but René, as a matter of course, ushered me up two flights of stairs into a bare room that had been partitioned off from the carpet ware-room. It was not only plainly furnished; the furniture was *bizarre*: there were a couple of shabby rocking-chairs clad in black hair-cloth, a marble-topped centre-table, and a rickety desk. The walls were plastered and whitened, and against this dead whiteness two daguerreotypes, framed in black, had a sickly yellow aspect. The other decorations were a map of Atherton and a

pencil-drawing of a tomb. This latter was a florid design representing a very stiff angel playing a harp with her left hand to a group of children, all disposed about the conventional broken shaft. One of the daguerreotypes was the picture of three plain and solemn children; the other, of one plain and solemn woman; and, as in a flash, it was clear to me that the children of the daguerreotype and the children of the monument were model and copy, while the woman's high forehead and long nose were faithfully repeated in the angel's face. But the angel essayed a smile.

During my frivolous criticisms Atherton was unlocking his desk. He pulled out a great package of crisp, new bank-notes, cutting them apart with a pair of shears, after which he dated and signed half a dozen notes, and pushed them over to Ripley, who departed with them.

"Guess a thief would n't make much breaking into my bank," was Atherton's comment. "Like to see the bills, Mrs. Ransome? Here's a gold check, too."

The first engraving had all the outward semblance and texture of a bank-note, save that the legend thereon was different, reading as follows: "*Six months from date, Atherton and Temple will pay the Bearer, on demand, TEN DOLLARS in current funds.*" The other note specified a longer time, and the payment was to be in gold.

Atherton went on to tell René about the gold checks: how his clerks were instructed to offer the other checks first, and only give gold checks when they were demanded. "Then we can work Florence on them," said he slyly. "Fact is, our checks are good as any money,—banks take 'em, railroad and ferry take 'em, stores all take 'em; but sometimes they ain't satisfied; come in and want money. We hand them over Florence, and like as not they go to Thorne and Quincy with that, and want them to cash it, and get our checks. Current

funds, you know. We call it swapping oats."

"Where is Florence, anyhow?" asked René. "I know the Florence money is Thorne and Quincy's issue, but it is redeemable at the bank of Florence, it says on the bills. Where is the town?"

"Nebraska," answered Atherton, with a grin.

"I thought the Territory of Nebraska was all a wilderness," said I innocently.

"So they say," said Atherton. "I ain't never been there, so I can't tell you."

"You hardly will go there with your Florence, will you?" asked René.

"I guess not," acquiesced Mr. Atherton. "Do you know, though, that Billy, last year, sorted out all the Indiana bills we found in our safe, — twenty odd thousand dollars, — take them by and around, worth eighty cents on the dollar; and I assure you he put them in his carpet-sack, and went all through Indiana to the different banks that issued them and got ninety-five cents on the dollar. Pretty good for wild-cat money, hey? But Nebraska is too far away."

"Mr. Temple got more out of them then than he would now, I reckon," said René.

Atherton nodded. "Billy's cautious. But he's got plenty of pluck, too. Never knew him to be fazed but once: that was just before the Crimean war, when I wanted to buy up the wheat crop."

"He did feel shaky then?"

Atherton showed his brilliant smile. "Well, you see there was a thundering big wheat crop that year, and prices were 'way down, and nobody believed there was going to be a war but me. When I saw how Billy took it, 'All right,' says I. 'You stay out. I'll go in on my own hook.' But Billy says, 'No, sir; it has been Atherton and Temple too long for that; we'll see the circus together.' That's Billy. Well, Mrs. Ransome, he went in and worked like

a beaver. We did n't do so badly, neither. Wheat we paid fifty cents for sold in New York for two fifty. Mighty interesting while it lasted."

He smiled again, and we went downstairs together. But when I told Tom about it all, and how nice it looked to see Mr. Atherton tearing off money like postage-stamps, he did not smile. Indeed, I had already noticed that while Mr. Atherton grew on my imagination, Tom's admiration seemed rather to wane. I described the visit, sitting at ease in the Rainbow, where I was often admitted to the privileges of the symposium. Ah me, what innocent little revels we had there, when René would bring the beer foaming in the water-jug, and I supplied the reversion of our best dinners! I often think, recalling those kind men's plaudits of my cookery, that the hopes of youth are only equaled by its digestion. To-day, however, Tom seemed in a desponding mood. "Confound all this wild-cat money!" he burst forth. "Atherton ought to know better than to encourage such a craze. He wants me to write an editorial in the Citizen about the money here, showing how solid the security is. What do I know about the security? I won't do it!"

"Oh, hush thee, my baby!" sang René mockingly. "Don't fly off the handle, Tommy; I'll write the unprincipled financial articles, because I don't know enough about finance to have any principles; and I believe in Jared D. Atherton of Atherton. He made this town, and I don't reckon," said René, slipping into the vernacular, "he 'lows to ruin it."

Mr. Atherton was a favorite theme with us. He towered above the other local personages. There were half a dozen lawyers and doctors, the owner of a steamboat line, and, notably, Thorne and Quincy, the bankers. General Quincy kept a hospitable house. His table, his carriage, his handsome wife's jewels, were the town's admiration. His

partner, the Honorable Rufus Thorne, was a dignified old gentleman, who clung to his shirt-ruffles and walked with a gold-headed cane. Though a bachelor, he gave splendid entertainments in his great house, and his wine cellar was famous. Every week, also, General Quincy, Mr. Temple, and Mr. Atherton met in Mr. Thorne's parlor and played whist with all "the rigor of the game." But neither General Quincy nor Mr. Thorne could vie with Atherton in the popular affection. They were both proud men, hugging all their Eastern prejudices of birth and breeding, holding the society of the frontier at arm's-length, even while they feasted and amused it. René ironically compared them with the Roman emperors lavishing corn and pageants on their subjects. Atherton, richer than any of the other rich men, had not an atom of *hauteur* about him; if he bragged, it was in the most sociable way in the world. He may have been a bit of a charlatan; he certainly was not squeamish; he could be cruel; but he was open-handed as the day, gay, good-humored, magnificent in his schemes, and devoted to the interests of the town. As a citizen, William Temple alone had any comparable qualities, and he was content to be Atherton's echo.

"He is Atherton's first citizen because he deserves to be!" declaimed René.

"I don't question his devotion," said Tom,—this was on a later occasion; indeed, the speech was one of many which our friend was wont to pour on us,— "the end is very laudable; but I do question his means. I don't believe he is going to advance the interests of this town by lying about it; those circulars"—

"I admit they are not true, just at this present," laughed René, flinging back his black curls, "but Atherton argues that they are bound to be true very shortly. He is only anticipating." Tom gave an impatient sigh.

"You are all anticipating. That is the mischief of it. Your banks issue money that they can no more redeem than they can fly. Your farmers are paying twenty and thirty and forty per cent. on borrowed money. Your merchants are in the same box. Why, man, I was in the county clerk's office, the other day, to look up some titles. The whole county is mortgaged! It is awful! What do you expect will be the end of it all?"

"Riches and prosperity," answered René gravely; "that is what I expect. And Atherton also. You don't consider our resources. When Atherton came here, there was only a little 'huddle of houses. To him more than to anybody else the change is due. He saw the possibilities. He bought land steadily; and he sold it seasonably, too. He saw that if this country was to be opened up the farmers must have a market for their produce, and he bought the first wagon-load of grain hauled to town,—bought it without knowing what he should do with it. That's the way he got into business. It was the same with pork-packing. Nobody else ventured, so he went in. I know now he makes an end of the small dealers very summarily"—

"Take Mr. Ripley for example," said I.

René, as his custom was, walked the floor while he talked; he stopped short to face me. "Yes, Mrs. Ransome, why not?" he cried. "He ran Ripley out of the business. No doubt about it. Then—I don't say a word about the saving his life, because that's irrelevant—then he takes him into his own employ, pays him more salary than he could make money out of his old business, and lends him money to lift the mortgage on his house. Ripley never would have succeeded in business for himself,—he knows it as well as anybody; but he makes a first-rate man under some one else. And I can tell you Atherton

has n't a warmer or more loyal partisan in this town than he."

"I'm not denying he is a leader," said Tom.

"Well, I should say so!" cried René. "Just let me tell you something. At one time, early in his mayoralty, there was a lawless organization in this county; robbery and murder and all sorts of wickedness kept honest men in terror. Well, he, more than any one man, put it down. He planned a foray against them, starting out apparently alone, with a heap of gold in an old raw-hide trunk. Every year he did go to St. Louis for gold (he ran a sort of bank until he got Thorne and Quincy to start one), and there was no suspicion. He bagged half the gang: killed one man with his own hand in the skirmish, and brought the others back to town, where he had the court sitting, and the jury ready, and a man hired to hang them; and hanged they were, every mother's son of them, the next day. There was no more difficulty with outlaws in this county."

"He killed a man, himself!" I could not restrain the exclamation. "Does n't it make him miserable?"

"Not him," replied René; "he is n't sensitive; he has lived too adventurous a life. He started as an Indian trader, you know. Every year he would load his boat with supplies and go up the river and barter with the Indians. Then he made money enough to start a general store, and was married. His first wife was a school-teacher; plain as they make them, but a very intelligent woman. You know Atherton has always been an enthusiast about public schools; gave the land for the first school himself. That is partially due to her. They say that she taught him to read. I don't believe that story; but I reckon she did teach him almost everything else. He has the greatest opinion of her. Did you notice that office furniture, the day we were there, Mrs. Ransome? Queer

furniture for an office, was n't it? Well, it used to be the furniture of their parlor before he built Overlook. Those daguerreotypes are the pictures of his first wife and his three children, — all dead. That pencil-sketch shows the monument he built to them in the cemetery which he gave the town. He thinks the poor woman was a beauty, and he insisted on the sculptor making the angel at the tomb a statue of her. She was left-handed, so you will observe that the angel plays with the left hand. It is funny, but I think it is pathetic too. The poor soul loved him devotedly, and slaved herself to death in those hard frontier days for him. I always felt sorry that she must die before Overlook was finished."

"Did Mr. Atherton feel badly?"

"He was quite broken up, at first. But he rallied, and went on with the house for the children. He is a man of phenomenal vitality. Blows that would kill another man hardly maim him. Take the case of those children. They all three died in the cholera time. He took care of them himself; and Temple used to come over every day, stand under the window and get directions about the mill and store. He had the city clerk do the same. One day, he came to the window as usual, told Temple how he had better secure a certain contract, and was going away, when Temple asked how the children were. 'Jay's dead and Bella's dying!' said Atherton, and burst out crying. But, great heavens! think of the iron nerve of the man! He did cave in when the last child, the baby, died. He seemed sunk in a kind of stupor; they could n't rouse him. Temple tried the house and business, — not a sign. Finally, in sheer despair he blubbered something about the cholera being awful bad in town. 'And they're just crazy with fright, and you can't help them,' sobbed he, 'and they have n't any hospital' — Atherton popped his head out like a flash.

‘Why in blank don’t the fools take this house?’ he growled. Sure enough, the town had roused him. He went out and took charge of everything. Even Tom admits his sanitary measures were wise.”

“You know quite well I am only too glad to praise him when I can,” said Tom.

René wore an air of raillery. “I must tell you, Tom, that he admires madame; she reminds him of his first wife.”

“Who was particularly plain,” I observed.

“And madame is particularly the reverse,” replied René, making me a very fine bow; “but you will remember that he considers his Nellie the fairest of her sex. Madame is tall and slender, and has dark eyes and long lashes, and, he says, the same kind, sweet smile.”

I laughed at René, but I confess that I was softened. Indeed, I had been most ungrateful were this not the case. The Athertons were kind in a hundred ways. How often we had reason to praise Mam’ Chloe’s admirable dinners! How familiar the luxurious rooms of Overlook grew to us! In how many ways we poverty-stricken exiles were made free of their best! There comes a choking feeling in my throat, sometimes, recalling it all. I had grown well acquainted with both ladies, especially Rose Bainbridge; and when she told me, in the summer, that her mother and she were going away for some months, my dismay was so great that the silly tears rushed to my eyes. Miss Bainbridge surveyed me with her still face and wistful eyes. Presently, she said: “I like you to be sorry; I don’t want to go. I know how you feel about being here. When I was first here, I used to cry myself to sleep, every night, I was so lonesome. I hated the people here, and I detested Mr. Atherton” — She hesitated, but her unwonted tide of confidence bore her onward as if in spite of herself: “What do you think? I tried to stab him with a penknife, the

day he married mamma.” She laughed, but with reddening cheeks.

“Oh, you poor little passionate thing!” cried I, and before I knew it I had kissed her.

“Thank you,” said she quietly, and laid her hand a second on mine.

“What did he do?” I could not restrain my curiosity.

“He was very good to me indeed. He held me out with both arms and looked at me. My heart beat so hard I reckon he could hear it, but I would not struggle, only I could n’t help trembling. ‘Poor little fluttering birdie,’ said he, in a very gentle, kind voice, ‘you won’t mind my marrying your mamma by and by. We’re going to be great friends, you and I.’” She laughed. “We are now,” said she.

She said no more, being interrupted; but many times did I ponder her words.

They were gone a long time: it was summer when I bade Rose good-by, and the February snows were melting before they returned. René was gloomy; and I know Mr. Atherton missed them, though he never complained. Whatever his feelings for his wife (I admit candidly that I never decided whether ambition, or pity, or affection had most to do with that marriage), he indisputably loved his step-daughter. Poor fellow! he used to brag about her exactly as he bragged about Atherton. He needed her, too, for in December a great blow fell on him: his partner, Temple, died after a brief illness. Before men’s eyes Atherton bore the blow like a man of iron. During the funeral services not a quiver disturbed his rigid features. Afterwards, he never of his own accord mentioned his partner’s name, and he knew how to check any talk about him from others. But it was observed that he no longer went to the Thorne whist parties; and he was more than generous to Temple’s widow. René grew warm over the matter. “Mrs. Temple always was a goose, but she was

an amiable, decent sort of goose" — so ran René's version — "until her brother East got hold of her. He does n't believe in Western security, and he is going to get every cent, almost, out of the business; and Atherton won't say a word because she is Temple's wife."

"I am afraid it will cripple him to pay," said Tom.

René replied gayly that Atherton always fell on his feet. Had n't he lost two hundred thousand dollars at a blow, from the decline of prices consequent on the Czar's death, and never cared? "Temple looked awfully blue," said René. "I was dining with Atherton when he came and told him. 'That's bad, Billy,' says Atherton, 'but as there's nothing we can do about it, you may as well sit down and take a glass of '49 port.' It was n't put on, either; because that night I stayed at the house, and I was reading that confounded Uncle Tom's Cabin book, and I was up late, when I heard the funniest little drumming, rasping sound, — I could n't make out what it was. So suspecting it might be a burglar, I stole down-stairs and peeped into the library. What do you suppose I saw? Mr. Atherton, if you please, playing Old Folks at Home on the jew's-harp. I give you my word, Tom, I thought I could n't get up-stairs before I should have to laugh. There he sat as solemn and happy, strumming away, — the funniest sight! But when I did get up-stairs, somehow I did n't want to laugh. He had lost two hundred thousand dollars, and he took it as lightly as that. The sight was something else besides funny."

But Tom answered that Mr. Atherton's losses were not entirely past, that he was still crippled by them. Prices had continued low, there had been three years of bad crops. "I don't see the end of it," said Tom. But he kept these forebodings from me, because, in those days, life was bitterly hard to me: my first little son was born in the winter,

and lived only a month. Strange to say, one of my greatest comforts was Mr. Atherton's utterly silent sympathy. In February, the Athertons returned. I remember what a brilliant day it was when I saw Mrs. Atherton's languid, smiling face and her beautiful furs whirling by in her new sleigh. Hardly an hour later, her maddened horses flung the sleigh against the railway track; and they lifted her, never again to be glad or sorry or vain in this world. She had been kind to me, and I mourned for her. I must think, whatever the chill of their relations, that her husband mourned her, also. He looked years older, though he kept a stout front; and he complained of physical ailments, — an unprecedented thing with him, — consulted a doctor, and gave up his daily walk to town. But it was now no secret that he was harassed by business anxieties. That year the crops failed again. Up to July there was promise of a bountiful harvest. Then came weeks of rain. The soaked grain was beaten over the fields. The blight, the mildew, the rust, ill-omened names that became so wofully familiar, — what misery they wrought! Some of the farmers did not even try to gather their crop. Wiser they than their neighbors who could not sell their ruined sheaves. The potatoes and the onions fared better, but prices were very low. To increase the disorder of the time, no one any longer had confidence in our money. Banks were suspending everywhere. A bank-note worth a dollar in the morning might be worthless by night. One note which Tom gave me he said was worth eighty cents; they called it fifty at the first store where it was offered, but it was valued only at twenty cents before I came home in the afternoon.

The following day I saw a strange spectacle on the levee. A farmer deliberately backed his wagon loaded with potatoes into the river; then, swearing frantically, he kicked out the tail-board

and dumped the whole load of potatoes into the current. This seemed so unaccountable a proceeding to me that I described it to Tom.

"Poor beggar," said he. "I suppose he could n't sell his potatoes at any price. I myself saw three loads left on the street. Katy, it looks bad, bad."

Times did not mend with colder weather. More than once was the Citizen's rhetoric demanded by "currency riots," and once Atherton dispersed a dangerous mob with the fire department, turning the hose on a few truculent spirits. His influence was still potent, and he was nominated as usual for mayor. Late in the autumn, he went East to raise money. During his absence misfortunes thickened about him. Some of his heaviest debtors failed; a cyclone blew down one of his mills in an adjoining town; and the very day of his return home, Temple's nephew, a young man well liked and trusted by him, ran away with several thousand dollars in gold, hoarded to pay the gold checks. Tom said then that further fight was useless. Even René looked haggard and dejected. "Thorne and Quincy are in the hole, too," he muttered. "They can't help. They're looking to Atherton to help them."

Little sleep did any of us have that night. Morning broke wan and chill, a true dawn of calamity. Tom went to the office. I went out into the streets, and was impressed by the unwonted throng on the sidewalks,—like a holiday, only the crowd wore no holiday air. Women hustled the men. The faces of all were sullen and anxious, while some of the women's faces looked bloated with weeping. I observed, moreover, that the motion on every side was towards one central point: the mass of human beings pressed, struggled, and fought onward to the white marble steps of Thorne and Quincy's bank. Near noon a neighbor ran to my house crying that there was a run on the bank, and that

she should lose everything. I counseled her to withdraw her savings at once, since they were deposited in her name. She said that she would only run home to take her bread out of the oven, and then go. But when she reached the street she found herself caught in the crowd as in a wedge, and before she could push forward she heard the roar of rage and misery which told her that the bank doors were shut. Thorne and Quincy had suspended.

The woman esteemed herself ruined. Really her fortune was made, for the bank eventually paid their depositors in full, giving Western lands; and the farm which she thus secured is now in the heart of a city. Thanks to that "broken bank," she became rich. But who was to prophesy such mitigation of disaster? The business of the whole town turned on the pivot of Thorne and Quincy's bank and Atherton's mill. At half past one o'clock the bank suspended. By three o'clock it was bruited about that Atherton and Temple refused to cash their gold checks. Tom did not come to eat my carefully prepared chicken pie. Incessantly people passed, always in one direction, always with haste. I saw Mr. Shiras High, the sheriff, drive by in a buggy with two men, galloping his horse through the half-frozen mud. I could endure the tension of waiting no longer. Faster and faster I saw women flying down the streets, bare-headed in the bitter December air, wringing their hands and shrieking questions which the wind took away. The contagion of fright and excitement seized me; I too ran out on the street.

My first thought was to get to Tom. I found the street in front of the Citizen office black with people, a sight very strange and frightful to me. But my heart stood still when Tom came out and addressed the crowd. They would have hissed him, but his first words quieted them. He said that the office and all Mr. Atherton's other property

were in the hands of the sheriff; any damage done thereto would only injure the creditors. Meanwhile, the Atherton Citizen would be issued as usual. "An Extra containing all the facts of the late failures," said Tom, "is now for sale in our counting-room. Price ten cents." With that he withdrew, and René, in his shirt-sleeves, appeared and displayed a placard with flaming head-lines:—

THE CITY SHAKEN!

THORNE AND QUINCY SUSPEND! ATH-
ERTON GOES UNDER!

CLAIM THAT THE ASSETS WILL COVER
EVERYTHING!

There was more below the shoulders which I could not see. Apparently, either the Extra or the editor's coolness appeased the crowd, although they had gathered to mob the editors as confederates of Atherton; for now there arose a rough laugh, and like magic the black mass of hats scattered, while those who remained walked peacefully into the office to buy their Extras.

I now found little difficulty in reaching the building. Tom was for reproaching me at first, but he ended by devouring his pie. But René was past eating. "The game's up, madame," said he, with a miserable smile.

"How does he bear it?" said I.

For a little I did not consider the catastrophe to our own hopes. I only saw one figure outlined against the stormy western sky. He was the provincial lord that Cæsar would have been rather than be the second in Rome. Behold, his lordship was wrested from him, and his house left unto him desolate!

"He bears it like a gentleman!" cried René. "He mortgaged his farms, Overlook, everything, and he brought seventy thousand dollars home with him, and planked every dollar of it down to save the bank. And it was no use. I tell you it's mighty hard. Poor Thorne cried like a baby when it was all over. 'I wish to God we had n't touched a

cent of your money!' says he to Atherton. 'Oh, quit that!' says Atherton. 'I was on your paper enough to ruin me. We'd both pulled through if it had n't been for that young Temple.' That is what I call high-toned."

"It was," said Tom. "But, René, what's the feeling outside?"

"Damnable. The town's ruined. The poor devils of farmers have nothing to pay their interest with, and have got to lose their farms, and they all are raving at Atherton. The Democratic committee want him to come off the ticket. He said he did n't propose to resign under fire. I'm sorry too. *C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre.*"

"If the election only were n't to-morrow," said Tom.

"But it is," replied René. "He'll be beaten awfully. You don't know the monstrous lies afloat. They say he's kept the money he raised East, and that he's in with Temple. They are wild, Tom. Oh, it's hideous," René groaned, dropping his flimsy mask of levity, "the stories I've heard, the sights I've seen to-day! Poor women,—widows who thought their narrow incomes safe,—laboring people who brought their savings to Atherton, thinking he was safe, anyhow—My God, what a load for one man to carry! And we can do nothing."

"Nothing but write the morning editorial," said Tom. And the New Englander went doggedly to work, while the Southerner paced the floor, aflame with rage and grief.

The next day I shall remember all my life. Writ after writ poured in on Atherton. He sat up-stairs, in his office, and rocked in the worn arm-chair, and tried to explain the great pile of ledgers before him, while outside a mob of desperate men and women howled their curses at the man whom they had loved and trusted to their own undoing. One Irish washerwoman who had a crippled son to keep, and who had loaned all her

savings to Atherton, clambered through a locked window and ran up-stairs, all bleeding from the broken glass, to grovel at his feet, shrieking for her money. They had to take her away by force.

"It will be all right, Mrs. Kelly, — it will be all right," he kept repeating, while the struggling, frantic creature was dragged down the stairs, cursing him. "Now, gentlemen," said he calmly, "where were we?" But Tom, who was there to explain the Citizen's books, could see that he furtively wiped his face with his hand, yet the men were wearing overcoats in the room because of the chill. He betrayed no other sign of distress. Only when the winter day had waned, and lamps were brought, and he rose to find another ledger, he fumbled a bit over the leaves, saying, "I don't know as I can go straight to the place, gentlemen. Temple used to take these accounts. I — I miss Temple a good deal."

On the streets the tumult waxed more furious every hour. Half a dozen firms had failed. Men whose credit a week before had been unquestionable were pleading as if for their lives with the stanch little bank that weathered the storm. In fine, the town believed itself ruined by Atherton and his friends. One weapon to strike the arch-traitor lay ready in every voter's hand. Long before dark the Republican candidate for mayor was elected by an overwhelming majority. Poor Ripley, whose loyalty was not discreet, was beaten into a pitiable object at the polls. Atherton heard of the fray. His comment was bitter: "Rats are wiser than men: they skip out of a sinking ship."

Rose and I called for him with the carriage after dusk. Tom jumped up on the box, and René appeared at the same time and jumped in after Mr. Atherton. "*Quick!*" cried Tom, in a sharp undertone. Instantly I knew why he spoke; then it was too late. The street at right

angles to the little dark street where we waited was all at once luridly gay with the flare of torches, and penetrated with the tramp of feet, shouts, yells, the clangor of brass, the throbbing roll of drums. The light blazed on a great white banner, dancing aloft so near that the hateful black sentences jumped at our eyes: —

HONEST JOHN HARTER THE NEXT
MAYOR OF ATHERTON!

HONEST MONEY AND AN HONEST
MAYOR!

NAME OF THE TOWN TO BE CHANGED!

We were turned, the next instant, and splashing through the mud, our backs to the procession.

Atherton spoke first, to René: "Is Harter elected?"

"Yes, sir," said René.

"What are the figures?"

René lied unhesitatingly: "I don't know, sir."

There fell a heavy silence before Mr. Atherton spoke again: "Do they think of changing the name of the town?"

"Oh, that's only some fool talk of the rabble," said René.

Mr. Atherton did not make any comment. The rest of us kept up a feeble chatter at first, among ourselves; but we were sensible that it availed nothing. Soon, therefore, mute as he, we looked out on the dwindling line of lights, the sombre hillsides with their fret of black boughs against a leaden sky, and at last the dark oaks of Overlook and the stately white columns and pediment, unsubstantial and faintly drawn in that waning light. Mr. Atherton pushed the window slides down and gazed long and steadily. God knows what his thoughts were. The lamps along the drive were unlighted. Only the glimmer of a candle met us at the great door, which Mam' Chloe unbarred with doleful grunts of exertion. She told us that the other servants had hidden in the cellar on an alarm that a mob were coming to tar and feather Mr. Atherton.

"But," said Mam' Chloe piously, "I does know I cotch my deff, fo' sho', in dat cole; so I done putt my trus' in de Lawd, an' hide up sta's in de shoe closet!"

She had prepared hot coffee for us, and a meal of some sort which we were too excited to eat. Mr. Atherton refused everything, peevishly, and strode off to his library. Tom followed him, because we could hear sinister noises and shouts borne on the breeze. He found him seated at his writing-table. A sheet of paper, scrawled all over with figures, had been pushed away, and his head was sunk on his arms. Unconscious of any auditor, he muttered to himself, "So many poor people — to lose all — no use — no use!" Tom must rouse him, no matter how he recoiled from the task. He spoke to him. Mr. Atherton unsteadily lifted his face, which was flushed a dark crimson. He stared at Tom with glazed eyes. Tom tried to say something about a sure reaction to the injustice of the present feeling.

"Why d—— it all," cried Atherton hoarsely, "do you think I mind their turning on me? Good Lord, they're right, — I've ruined the town!"

He put out his hand to draw his papers nearer to him; instead, his fingers scattered a pack of cards. He looked at them with a strange smile. "Billy's cards," he muttered. "Ain't it a good thing old Billy's out of all this? I think of that when I miss him. We were together twenty years, Renny, and never a word. See if you can match that with your wife." He did not seem to know that it was Tom, not René, who was before him. All at once, the vacant look slipped out of his eyes; he sprang to his feet, alert and composed, lifting his hand.

"They've come," he said calmly.

We all heard the noise which had roused him, the thud of feet on the soft earth, the stifled cries and commands. Tom and René would have persuaded

him to escape to the yard, where the horses were ready; but he pushed them both aside. "I've talked to the boys before," said he.

"Never mind," whispered René in my ear; "we are both armed, and the sheriff and a lot of his friends are coming."

The crash of breaking glass and a hubbub of screams from below stopped Tom's words. René and he, pistol in hand, ran out on the porch.

"Stop!" thundered Atherton. "You boys sha'n't do any fooling with pistols!"

He pursued them as lightly as a boy. Rose and I flew after. Outside, the mob seemed to press up to the very floor of the portico. The lawn was only a surging black torrent of heads. As we appeared, a sheet of flame shot up from the brush-heap which they had lighted; and a shower of stones, dirt, eggs, and dead cats was shot into the air as if it were the foam of this horrible sea. "Atherton!" "Atherton!" "Tar him!" "Feather him!" "Kill him!" bellowed the crowd.

He had been the admired leader of these men, veritably a petty god; their rancor now had the venom distilled out of faith betrayed. A yell of rage and hatred tore their throats, as they saw him, standing there before them, with his arms folded across his breast. They flung his own name back at him coupled with hideous epithets and threats. They pelted him with their noisome missiles. An egg struck him full in the face, and they shrieked with savage laughter. Tom's pistol flashed in front. But neither pistols nor Rose's white arms could have quelled that uproar of hate; what did quell it was the patient composure of the hated man. Calmly, slowly, he wiped his stained cheek with his handkerchief. There was blood on it now from a gash made by a well-aimed piece of glass. Then he lifted his hand — and they listened.

"You know very well," said he in his

loud, unmodulated tones, "that I could have run away from this. I refused to have the sheriff come out with me. I don't want protection from the men of Atherton. I've worked for the interests of this town ever since I was twenty years old, — done my best for it."

"You've ruined it!" a woman's voice screamed, and some boy threw a stone. It must have hit him, but he stood firm.

"Another stone and I'll fire!" shouted René.

"*Never!*" called Atherton. "It's all a mistake — a mistake" — He stopped, passed his hand in a bewildered way over his face; his voice shook. "I know that I appear to have — to have ruined" —

But his strength was gone. Rose and René caught him as he swayed forward. They laid him on his back: he lay inert and flaccid; his eyes rolled, then they closed. Rose wailed that he was dead. René, a planter's son, had a tincture of medical knowledge. "No," said he, "he is n't dead, but he has had a stroke of apoplexy."

To me it was marvelous to witness the change in the temper of the crowd; they stood silent and awestruck. It was as if the passion of man were spent before a vision of the judgment of God. Most of the people quietly turned their backs and went home. Those who remained were vehement in their efforts to help. Ripley and the sheriff found nothing to do. Thus, very peacefully, we carried the first mayor of Atherton over his threshold; wondering, some of us, if it were not a merciful fate should he never need to cross it, living, again. Weeks, indeed, did pass before such a thing seemed possible; then the desperately tenacious vitality of the man's physical powers gave his body force to crawl out of the wreckage of broken heart and blunted brain. The doctor pronounced the patient out of danger.

Shortly after this, while Mr. Atherton was yet unable to transact any business,

Tom received a telegram summoning us to his mother's death-bed. We left Atherton, not to see it again for ten years. For a while we heard frequently from our Western friends: that René and Rose were happily married; that Mr. Atherton could not use his mind long at a time, but was growing stronger; that many farmers had lost their farms; that business was dull and houses were empty; that the name of the town had been changed. Then the war came, and Tom volunteered. Some letters must have gone astray about this time; for our letters addressed to René were returned with merely a curt official "Not Found," on the envelope. We surmised that René had carried out his often-expressed intention of throwing in his fortunes with his own section. Such indeed was the case, as we know, for we have renewed the old friendship; and I am glad to say the good fellow has prospered since the war, and his wife is a happy matron. But for years we lost sight of them entirely. Five years after the war, we passed through Atherton, — Atherton no longer. Having an hour to wait, we drove to the spot because of which the city was set apart in our hearts. With a strange, familiar ache, in spite of the laughing baby faces waiting for me by the Atlantic, I looked at the winding river shore and the rich foliage of the hills above. Overlook, with its stately terraces and groves, was so precisely the picture of the years gone by that a wild notion came to me that Atherton might have retrieved its fortunes, and now was its owner and the provincial lord again. But there was a forlorn change on the other side of vision. Instead of the wide acres, shaded by fair trees or neatly shaven, with brilliant spots of color, — all the brighter for the white flashes among the green, — mills and factories crowded close to a little plot of graves. The rank grass waved a yellow-gray mist of hay-flowers over the sunken mounds; all the paths were effaced by

a squalid greenery of dock and plantain and jimson weeds; while the cracked and weather-stained gravestones leaned at every angle. The hackman, carelessly flicking his boots with his whip, at the carriage door, explained that the city had sold all the vacant lots; no one had been buried in the cemetery since 1859.

We asked the man if he knew anything about Mr. Atherton. He thought that he had heard the name, but was not sure.

“‘Are we so soon forgotten when we are gone?’” quoted Tom sadly.

We ascertained that the care-taker whom we trusted had not been negligent, and laid our flowers on the little mound. It was natural that we should linger a moment before the monument

which once had attracted every visitor's eyes. Though the suns and frosts had dealt hardly with it, the sculpture had won a touch of dignity out of its misfortunes: the coarse workmanship, the florid design, were softened by the lichens and climbing vines; and I fancied a novel sweetness in the angel's smile.

“Poor Mr. Atherton!” I exclaimed. “Tom, do you suppose he has been fortunate again?”

“Yes,” Tom answered quietly; “I think that he has been fortunate. At least, I am sure he is content now.”

His voice rather than his words made me go to the stone whence his hand had brushed aside the mask of thistles. Then I saw that he was right, for we were standing by the first mayor's grave.

Octave Thanet.

SOME ROMANCES OF THE REVOLUTION.

THE interest of the first half of the Revolution centres in the North, that of the last half in the South; and it is sometimes difficult to say which is the more picturesque group of heroes, — Putnam, Stark, and Ethan Allen, or Sumter, Marion, and Pickens. At least, one who began his novel-reading with the popular favorites of a quarter of a century ago will hardly approach the latter group without thinking of William Gilmore Simms. He has put life and reality into the events which tried men's souls along the Ashley, Cooper, and Salluda rivers, and those companion streams whose names terminate so musically in a double *e*; painting for us with a vividness which makes them seem almost like familiar friends those partisan outcasts who had taken the law into their own hands, and were destined to become the founders of a new though somewhat ragged order of knighthood. Den-

izens of the Cypress, always upon the alert, fording the rivers and threading the thickets, and dashing down in unexpected assault upon their Tory enemies along the highways of that devoted section, they emerge from their fastnesses, to melt away again like shadows when their fell purpose is accomplished, — to the perennial satisfaction of the reader.

In no other way could we have made the personal acquaintance of the wily Goose-Creeker, with his almost superhuman acuteness in the bush and on the road; the Santee woodsman; the Edisto raftsmen; or the boatman of the Congaree. We know that, in the end, this warfare, with its mixture of civilized skill and Indian cunning, proved too much for the conventional tactics of their British antagonists; but nothing better helps us to realize just how this result was brought about than the half

dozen novels beginning with *The Partisan* and ending with *Woodcraft*.

The first of the double trilogy, containing *The Partisan*, *Mellichampe*, and *Katherine Walton*, — I purposely omit *The Scout*, as contributing nothing to the progressive movement of the series, and being distinctly inferior both in quality and in interest to the other six — opens at the tavern of Richard Humphries, “Sly Dick of the Royal George,” and is for the most part confined to the seaboard and the region about Charleston and Old Dorchester. The second three, *The Forayers*, *Eutaw*, and *Woodcraft*, continue some of the characters of the first, and take the reader into the interior, to the country bordering the “High Hills” and broken by the Santee and Congaree rivers. No mere chronicle could show, as do these stirring stories, the intricate play of motives which entered into the life of the period; the reaching out in both directions and balancing of chances, the covering of retreat under the timid effort to advance, which brought some men into doubtful and nearly all men into subtle and obscure relations with their neighbors. Patriotism and selfishness were in constant conflict, and every man was felt to be concealing more or less of his real thought and feeling from even those who were nearest to him. It was diamond cut diamond, and the most innocent expressions of friendliness or allegiance were scrutinized with reference to some sinister purpose. A whistle in the woods, and the recognized loyalist sipping his Madeira or Monongahela on his piazza, might be off to a meeting with Marion’s men, who knew well enough where to find their friends even among the avowed servants of the king.

There is a distinct gain in the background of reality against which Simms was able to project the purely fictitious elements in his novels. His intimate and loving knowledge of the region of which he wrote, his command of local

tradition, as well as his perfect familiarity with the history of the war in the South, help to create in the reader a sense of moving among veritable scenes and people. These fortunes we are following seem to belong to the larger life of the nation, and this also helps us to give the author a larger measure of our confidence than happens ordinarily with brethren of his craft. He is at no small pains to recall for our benefit that brilliant circle of belles who made the social life of Charleston so distracting at this period; nor does he forget in *Katherine Walton* that bevy of beautiful widows who did so much to confuse the heads of the royalist garrison in that gay capital.

In fact, here is the good old-fashioned novel, with its plot, its villain, its outraged innocence, its virtue triumphing over adverse circumstance, and all. I say “good” advisedly, because its merits as an at least occasional relief from the modern inconclusiveness under which we suffer seem to be undoubted. The graceful inanities of recent fiction have certainly given an edge to our relish for a more robust and varied characterization of life. Simms is decidedly a novelist of action, especially the action of men who live out of doors, and express themselves in off-hand, unsophisticated ways. No one could enter with more admirable readiness into the spirit of the times he is depicting, or more completely command the resources which it called into play.

There are many instances of this in the series of novels under consideration: such as the ride of Major Singleton and Lance Frampton from *The Oaks*, in *The Partisan*, — an adventure well calculated to show the address and courage required by that peculiar warfare; or the scene in *Mellichampe*, where Bill Humphries wakens Thumbscrew in the swamp to tell him that the revengeful Blonay is on his track, together with the incidents which immediately follow:

or perhaps better yet, that wonderfully realistic description of a Southern thunder-storm, in the fifteenth chapter of *The Partisan*, where, as Singleton and Humphries are making their way back to the encampment in the Cypress, in one of the lurid after-flashes of the tempest the former catches a glimpse of the deserter Blonay on the ridge above them. What takes place later at Dame Blonay's hut in the woods is a still further illustration of the author's dramatic force and intensity.

This wild, uncanny, witch-like woman Simms paints with a vigor hardly surpassed by Scott himself; and indeed there is much in his breadth of canvas and masterly grouping of figures and details in a landscape to remind one of that prince of novelists. It is, however, in his portraiture of women that Simms commonly fails. As a rule, his heroines are tame and colorless creations, with very little to lift them above the conventional standard of the eighteenth-century novel; and the reader, who is almost certain to be a man in search of the distinct flavor of an open-air experience, justly feels at liberty to turn them a deaf ear at even their moment of most apparent charm. Simms errs, too, in a frequent straining for effect, an over-drawing in the delineation of the intenser emotions, which is due perhaps as much to the outgrown literary fashion of his day as to any artistic defect in the author. Melodrama had not yet gone out of date, and exaggerations from which the very instincts of a modern carpet novelist would protect him were as unconscious with Simms as they were inevitable. Haste in composition, a limitation which he frankly confesses in his prefaces, had also much to do with this, although it came still more from the literary conditions of his times. Even Cooper does not escape the same criticism, and often offends more grievously in this direction.

Katherine Walton is a notable excep-

tion among the women whom Simms has painted, a character moulded upon a truly admirable pattern and consistently carried out. In spite of her somewhat statuesque proportions, there is an engaging quality, a thorough womanliness about her, which holds her as a gracious personality in the reader's regard throughout the two romances in which she figures. This is all the more enjoyable because, embodying as she does the best motives and feelings of the times, she seems to affect us as in some sort a representative of what is most distinctively American.

Although the earnestness and sincerity of Simms's work appear in the patriotic emotions which he loved to bring into play, it was also incidental to the task he had undertaken that there should be more of the unpleasant side of human nature in it than is altogether consistent with later taste. Even at the time of its publication there were those to insist that crime and the shedding of blood disfigured his pages. The nature of the case made this more or less inevitable; nor were craft, confession, and revenge the worn-out subterfuges of the artist they have since become. And yet the fact remains that no writer gains more by a judicious discrimination on the part of his readers than he; and in general, while it is always safe to follow him when he is out of doors, his step is never quite assured when he crosses the threshold and attempts to deal with the subtler relations of men and women, and the more artificial atmosphere which they create and require. His sphere is the manipulation of a plot in those large, active conditions from which women are generally excluded. He is really inspired by what is vigorous in movement and poetic in scenery, and when he is on his own ground no one has better command of the arts of the practiced story-teller than he. Perhaps no one phrase could more aptly describe his characteristic as a man and writer

than that which his favorite Lieutenant Porgy selected for his own epitaph. Replying to his companion's remark that he would have his joke though he died for it, Porgy declared, "To be sure, old fellow, and why not? God help me when I cease to laugh. When that day comes, Humphries, look for an aching shoulder. I'm no trifle to carry, and I take it for granted, Bill, for old acquaintance' sake, you'll lend a hand to lift a leg and thigh of one who was once your friend. See me well buried, my boy; and if you have time to write a line or raise a head-board, you may congratulate Death on making the acquaintance of one who was remarkably intimate with Life."

Despite occasional blemishes, Simms's pages throb with life. They are full of human feeling and the flesh-and-blood likeness of things as we know them. A certain homely heartiness, by no means easy of creation, is the natural outcome of this genius of his for life. The blare of bugles sounds through his books; and the stir of men in motion — men, too, in dead earnest and with mighty issues at stake — carries the reader along with a sense of being himself very much alive. Once created in his imagination, Simms's grasp of a personality is unerringly firm, especially if it be that of a man of strong native qualities for good or bad; and no one need suffer any doubt as to the identity of friend or foe to whom he has been properly introduced by the author. From a historical point of view, also, one can avail himself in Simms of a painter of unsurpassed opportunity and most painstaking research. These novels contain essential reference to the careers of Marion, Moultrie, Sumter, and Pickens, while nowhere else can be found more vivid portraiture of Governor Rutledge, of South Carolina, Baron De Kalb, and General Gates on the side of the Colonies, or of Tarleton, Balfour, and Rawdon on that of the Crown. Marion, in particular, fairly lives in the

pages of Simms; and so completely acquainted do we become with his slightest mental and personal peculiarities as to acquire almost the feeling of knowing the man in veritable presence. Above all does he communicate his own love and reverence for the partisan leader in such a way as to touch our imagination and rouse our sympathetic regard.

By way of illustration, as well as to show what were the distinctive elements of his power as a local painter, let us penetrate the Cypress with one of his heroes, and after hours of hard riding through thicket and morass, perhaps splashed with water and torn by the undergrowth, we shall find ourselves admitted to the famous camp of Marion. From the time of our entrance into the swamp, scouts and sentries have been safely passed at intervals along the way, the guide elected of our fancy answering sundry hootings of owls and familiar whistlings with satisfactory repetitions of the same. "Owls abroad?" has been the challenge of some coon-skin-covered head thrust out at us from the bushes, to which the responsive "Owls at home!" has been promptly given. And when, on nearer approach, the demand is made in still more emphatic phrase, "What owl hoots?" the due and proper answer has been forthcoming; until at last, on the edge of a mighty tuft or hillock, formed like an island out of the surrounding ooze, as if for some such patriotic purpose, and called in local speech a bay, we are permitted to dismount.

At once we become conscious of a little world out here in the woods by itself. In a hollow, the better to hide the flames, the party has built its fires; about which, in varying degrees of activity or repose, are grouped the hunted followers of the "Swamp Fox." Here a trooper is mending his bridle beneath a gigantic oak, or ash, or hickory, while a little farther away another of less strenuous make-up is stretched at length, with feet to the fire, and half-closed

eyes peering dreamily up through the branches into the starlit sky. Yonder, a knot of younger men are busy fashioning arrows from a great pile of canes or reeds such as abound in the lowlands of this region, while a basket stands near by crowded with feathers of the eagle, crane, hawk, and common turkey, to be fitted to the shafts when ready, and a collection of nails and sharpened bits of wire with which to tip them. In the hollow trunk of some neighboring tree, white-oak or ash bows and sheaves of these arrows will be stored against the possible failure to capture more of King George's baggage-wagons laden with British arms and ammunition. Still others of the camp, bent upon play rather than work or sleep, are absorbed in a game of "old sledge," or a pitch at quoits or coppers, while one solitary individual is grooming his horse upon the outer edge of the swamp. The trees are a veritable depository for bridles, blankets, coats, and cloaks, and a dozen saddles lie scattered at their feet.

Here in his element is the typical ranger, or forester, of the period, with his scanty though picturesque costume, consisting of a mixture of Indian undress and military uniform, with his nonchalance, his drawl, and his almost uncanny cleverness in woodcraft, or the fence which is capable of deluding an enemy into the feeling that he is a friend. Even the names by which he is familiarly known among his fellows bespeak the haunts and habits to which his peculiar warfare has driven him; for, in the frank and unconventional phrase of the camp, we shall be sure to meet Hard-Riding Dick, Dusky Sam, Clip-the-Can, Prickly Ash, and Black Fox. Here, too, we shall find those who are destined to become still better known to us, — Porgy, with his sable attendant Tom, Lance Frampton, Bill Humphries, and Jim Ballou: "a merry crew, cool, careless, good-natured, looking for all the world like a gypsy en-

campment. Their costume, weapons, and occupations; the wild and not ungraceful ease with which they throw their huge frames about the fire; the fire, with its great drowsy smokes slowly ascending, and with capricious jets of wind sweeping it to and fro among the circle; and the silent dogs, three in number, grouped at the feet of their masters, their great bright eyes wistfully turned upward in momentary expectation of the fragment, — all contributed to a picture as unique as any one might have seen once in merry old England, or, to this day, among the Zincali of Iberia."

One group in particular, gathered about the carcass of a fine buck recently brought in from the chase, is worthy of our attention. Over the slain animal stands the portly person of Lieutenant Porgy, bare of arms to the elbow, and flourishing a monstrous *couteau de chasse*. The nimble motions of so weighty a man become very diverting to a looker-on, as does his philosophy to the listener; and after watching him for a while, we are prepared to share in the emphasis of the author's exclamation: "How he measured the brisket! How he felt for the fat! With what an air of satisfaction he heaved up the huge haunches of the beast! And how his little gray eyes twinkled through the voluminous and rosy masses of his own great cheeks!"

"I can live in almost any situation in which a man can live at all," declares this woodland epicurean a little later on, as he takes another smoking morsel from the hissing coals, "and do not object to the feminine luxuries of city life in lieu of a better; but there is no meat like this, fresh from the coals, the owner of which hugged it to his living heart three hours ago. One feels free in the open air; and at midnight, under the trees, a venison steak is something more than meat. It is food for the thought. It provokes philosophy."

The reader of these romances very soon comes to love Porgy, and to look to him for the creation of a good many pleasant surprises. Indeed, for a fleshy man, "as subject to heat as butter; a man of continual dissolution and thaw," like Shakespeare's fat knight of Eastcheap, whom in so many harmless respects he resembles, his quickness of mind is no less remarkable than his agility of body. He is equally at home in the seriousness of some bit of worldly wisdom, or the humor of half-satirical sally or ponderous practical joke. Porgy loves to play the gourmand, but we speedily learn to see through his assumption of a part suggested by his size of person rather than his size of appetite. In truth, he is but an indifferent eater as to quantity, but makes up for it by the strenuousness of his demand as to quality. And when he boasts himself upon the distinction of having the best cook in the army, in the person of his colored man Tom, it is quite as much with a view to hospitality as it is in the interests of private indulgence. Nor do his gustatory propensities ever lead him to forget his higher function as a reformer of dietetics to the rest of the world; for long before the others at his mess have finished eating, he is looking about him in the pleased fancy that he is elevating the taste of his fellows in what he loves to consider the most important act of life. Thought and feeding go closely together, in his estimate; and perhaps no reader of the gentler sex can quite afford to ignore his summing up of what goes to the making of a good wife, "one who knows the difference between hash and haggis, and can convert a terrapin into a turtle by sheer dexterity in shaking the spice-box." There may still be bachelors to echo his somewhat despairing conclusion, "I feel that I could be happy with such a woman." Nor could anything well be more novel and convincing than his arguments in favor of widows as wives, especially in

cases where a knowledge of the first husband's tastes has made one feel sure of their proper education.

Altogether, Porgy is perhaps the best illustration of the *gourmet*, the intellectual feeder, in our literature: a man, as he himself puts it, "refined in soups and sublime in sauces;" whose abdomen and brains, we are told, seemed to work together, and who "thought of eating perpetually, and while he ate still thought." "I perceive," remarks one of his companions, "that you are always sentimental after supper, lieutenant." "And properly so," is the reply. "The beast is then pacified. Then there is no conflict between the animal and the god. Thought is then supreme, and summons all the nobler energies to her communion." And again, as he finishes his repast: "So much of life is secure. I am satisfied, — I have lived to-day, and nothing can deprive me of the 22d of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and eighty, enjoyed in the Cypress Swamp. The day is completed: it should always close with the dinner hour. It is then secure, — we cannot be deprived of it: it is recorded in the history of hopes realized and of feelings properly felt."

Patriot and epicurean at the same time, Porgy can serve his country even while occasionally grumbling at the scantiness of fare with which in turn she often served her defenders. But so admirable a philosopher is he that he suffers neither protest nor anticipation to disturb his equanimity. "Never do you hurry," runs his tutoring of the impatient Lance Frampton, as they once neared the home of the latter's sweetheart, "even if it be on the road to happiness. No man enjoys life who gallops through it. Take it slowly; stop frequently by the way, and look about you. He who goes ahead ever, passes a treasure on both sides which he never finds coming back. . . . Many a man, through sheer impatience, has swam for the

shore, and sunk just when it rose in sight. Had the fool turned on his back and floated for an hour, the whole journey would have been safe and easy. If you please, Master Lance, we'll turn upon our backs for an hour. I have an appetite just now. If I fail to satisfy it, I lose it till to-morrow, and the loss is irretrievable. There is some jerked beef in your wallet, I think, and a few biscuit. We will turn up this branch, the water of which is cool and clear, put ourselves in a close, quiet place in the woods, and pacify the domestic tiger."

But one must have an all-round knowledge of Porgy really to appreciate him; and although a volume might be made of his pithy sayings, his apt criticisms of life, his playful thrusts at sentiment and by no means serious appeals to the "inner man," it would necessarily fail to do justice to his character as a whole. Perhaps the chief source of its charm lies in the fact of his being such an amiable compound of contradictory qualities. A moralist as well as man of humor, his convivial tendencies are often only the cover for a disposition to take life more seriously than he cares to do; while his bodily habit and capacity for sensuous enjoyment do not unfit him for nature's simplicity and the hardships of a trooper's existence. Truculent, yet good-humored, he has that large tolerance which is supposed to belong to the favored in flesh; and so he remains the friend even of those whom his logic confounds. A wag and an unsparing joker, no one sacrificed more personal comfort than he—for few had so much of possible comfort to sacrifice—for the sake of country or companions. Listen to him as he placidly discourses in the shadow of the swamp thickets, his great body at rest, but his small eyes twinkling upon the scene with a gaze that omits nothing; and after the labors and excitements of such a day as he has participated in, you will declare with him,

"Ah, this is life!" although perhaps the full gusto of the original exclamation might be lost in the feebler responsiveness of our generation. With his figure, "made for state occasions and great ceremonials only," "his great beard, long and well sprinkled with gray, his expanse of abdominal territory well belted with leather and girthed with crimson sash," Porgy lives for us with a sort of Falstaffian grotesqueness, a big, unwieldy playfulness of temper which is not without its other side of agile resource. Indeed, we shall have to go far in fiction to find a character more original and unique; and one can easily credit the statement of the author that he is a portraiture from real life.

Not to go too far for a specimen of those amusing situations in which from time to time throughout this series of novels Porgy discovers himself to our acquaintance, take the account of his hunt for terrapin, in the thirtieth chapter of *The Partisan*. Some of us may be as ignorant as was the Goose-Creeker, John Davis, who witnessed the feat, of the succulent qualities of alligator terrapin when reduced to the form of stew. Nor could we be expected to know better than he that the true manner of stalking the game is to find him asleep in the starlight upon some log hung across a lagoon, and then to draw near on all fours, imitating as best one may the grunts of his swamp neighbor, the hog. To have seen the ponderous lieutenant "cooning the log" with a skill and patience worthy of self-abnegation in a higher cause than that of soups would be an enjoyment second only to that produced by the author's description. The philosophy with which he fortifies himself against his own reflections, in this descent of the gentleman to the level of the swine, is inimitable. Truly, the "pleasures of a dinner are not to be lost for a grunt;" and it only needed Porgy's idealization of that important ceremonial to inspire him with "as

good a grunt as ever echoed in West-phalian forests."

But Porgy's mission to a dull and unobservant world does not end with the mysteries of mock-turtle soup and terrapin pie. What a flavor does it leave in the mouth just to read of that sylvan feast which our partisan epicure spread for the captains, in the concluding pages of *The Forayers*. In a recent brush with the enemy, Porgy had managed to secure some delicacies intended for the table of the Tory officers, and he further proposes a raid upon the unoffending denizens of Caw Caw Swamp, — "green jackets of the pond," our author calls them. Blissfully ignorant of what they may be eating, the guests are to be initiated into the merit of frog as an article of diet, and the result fully justifies the happy anticipations of the host. Soup, ball, and steak, — his skill in woodland catering is acknowledged by all; but something like consternation follows the announcement of the secret, and the consciousness that they have actually partaken of a morsel hitherto tabooed by their uncultured tastes.

And what a company it was! — consisting of the then puissant Rhode Islander, General Greene, majestic alike in person and professional dignity; noble Governor Rutledge, the veritable father of the people who had chosen him to guide their troubled fortunes; the Swamp Fox himself, that famous guerrilla of Carolina, with his modest person and demeanor, even while he remained the sleepless master of every situation; the Game Cock, Sumter, with his dash and his sensitive pride, — the one impelling him against the enemy, the other sometimes driving him against his friends; together with William Washington, the nephew of the commander-in-chief, and Lee and Horry and the rest.

One feels glad, also, that the poet was not left out, Geordie Dennison, the partisan troubadour, whom his companions-in-arms were so foud of heralding as

the Homer of a new epic. Porgy and Dennison go well together, as ought always to be the case with philosopher and poet; and when the latter brews a Jamaica punch, his friend and admirer declares, smacking his lips with unctuous commendation, "The proportions are good: the acid has yielded to the embrace of the sugar with the recognition of a perfect faith, and both succumb to the spirit as with the recognition of a perfect deity. Next to poetry, Geordie, you are an adept at punch." Perhaps we cannot do better than to transcribe in part one of his ringing martial lyrics: —

"We follow where the Swamp Fox guides,
His friends and merry men are we;
And when the troop of Tarleton rides,
We burrow in the cypress-tree.
The turfy hammock is our bed,
Our home is in the red-deer's den,
Our roof, the tree-top overhead,
For we are wild and hunted men.

"Free bridle bit, good gallant steed,
That will not ask a kind caress,
To swim the Santee at our need,
When on our heels the foemen press —
The true heart and the ready hand,
The spirit, stubborn to be free —
The twisted bore, the smiting brand —
And we are Marion's men, you see.

"Now light the fire, and cook the meal —
The last, perhaps, that we shall taste.
I hear the Swamp Fox round us steal,
And that 's a sign we move in haste.
He whistles to the scouts, and hark!
You hear his order calm and low —
Come, wave your torch across the dark,
And let us see the boys that go.

"Now stir the fire, and lie at ease;
The scouts are gone, and on the brush
I see the colonel bend his knees,
To take his slumbers too — but hush!
He 's praying, comrades: 't is not strange;
The man that 's fighting day by day
May well, when night comes, take a change,
And down upon his knees to pray.

"Now pile the brush and roll the log:
Hard pillow, but a soldier's head,
That 's half the time in brake and bog,
Must never think of softer bed.

The owl is hooting to the night,
The cooter crawling o'er the bank,
And in that pond the plashing light
Tells where the alligator sank.

"What — 't is the signal! start so soon,
And through the Santee swamp so deep,
Without the aid of friendly moon,
And we, Heaven help us, half asleep!
But courage, comrades! Marion leads,
The Swamp Fox takes us out to-night;
So clear your swords and spur your steeds,
There's goodly chance, I think, of fight."

There must have been something in the nature of Simms akin to that genius for woodcraft, horsemanship, and Indian cunning which he was able to work so successfully into the character of his favorite woodsmen, — men whom he delighted in quite as much for the simple, unaffected manliness which went with these accomplishments. Next to a philosopher disguised as a *bon vivant*, he loves a scout. Jack Witherspoon, or Thumbscrew, as his friends preferred to call him, is the real hero of Melli-champe, and not the "Airnest" for whom he so willingly dies at its close. A more genuinely affecting and dramatic scene can hardly be found than that in which the faithful woodsman faces his end with only patriotic feelings in his heart: —

"That's the gineral — the old 'fox,'" he murmured as the approaching Marion spoke to the negro at his head.

"Stand out of the moonlight, nigger — I wants to see the gineral."

"I am here, 'Thumbscrew,' said Marion, kneeling down beside him. 'How is it with you, my friend?'"

"Bad enough, gineral. You'll have to put me in the odd leaf of the orderly's book. I've got my certificate."

"I hope not, Thumbby. We must see what can be done for you. We can't spare any of our men," said Marion, encouragingly. The dying man smiled feebly as he spoke again: —

"I know you can't, and that makes me more sorry. But you know me,

gineral. Was n't I a Whig from the first?'"

"I believe it — I know it. You have done your duty always."

"Put that down in the orderly book — I was a Whig from the first."

"I will," said Marion.

"And after that, put down agen — he was a Whig to the last."

"I will."

"Put down — he never believed in the Tories, and" — (here he paused, chokingly, from a fit of coughing) "and he always made them believe in him."

"You have done nobly in the good cause, John Witherspoon," said the general, while his eyes were filled with tears, "and you may well believe that Francis Marion, who honors you, will protect your memory. Here is my hand."

"The woodsman pressed it to his lips.

"Airnest" —

"The youth bent over him. . . .

"Airnest!" he exclaimed once more, and then his grasp relaxed. He lay cold and lifeless."

It is Bannister, or "Supple Jack," who saves for us The Scout. He, at least, is always interesting in the book. One almost seems to hear the whistle of his old boat-horn tune, "the long wailing note such as soothes the heart with sweet melancholy, untwisted from the core of the long, rude wooden bugle of the Congaree boatman," as he winds his way up and down the waters of that rapid stream. In The Forayers, Jim Ballou divides the interest with its military hero; and even black 'Bram, whose fat sides sometimes tempt him by too loud breathing to expose the trail he is on, comes in for a high place among his wily brethren. These are the kind of men who have served their time and taken all the six degrees necessary to a scout's full education, "foxing, snaking, moling, cooning, possuming, and, if need be, wolfing;" who, riding at a canter through the woods, will stop their horse

and show you the track of deer or turkey among the leaves, and tell you just how many hours have elapsed since the creature who made it went that way. So familiar do they become to us that we feel acquainted with even their belongings; we know Mossfoot and Button whom they ride to battle, and Polly Longlips, the rifle which the Scout apostrophizes in terms reserved by other men for their sweethearts. “‘Yes, yes — Polly Longlips was always a famous talker,’ murmured the landlord flatteringly, and moving to take in his hand the object of his eulogium. But Supple Jack evidently recoiled at so doubtful a liberty in such dangerous times, and drew the instrument more completely within the control of his own arm.

“‘She’s a good critter, Muggs, but is sort o’ bashful among strangers; and when she puts up her mouth, it ain’t to be kissed or to kiss, I tell you. She’s not like other gals in that pertic’lar. Now, don’t think I mistrust you, Muggs, for ’t would be mighty timorsome was I to be afeared of anything you could do with a rifle like her, having but one arm to go upon. It’s only a jealous way I have, that makes me like to keep my Polly out of the arms of any other man. It’s nateral enough, you know, to a person that loves his gal.’”

It is of such simple, out-of-the-way materials as this that Simms has constructed the series of novels which so vividly help us to realize the cost of our liberties. To freshly commend their charm is not to overlook their crudities, nor is it unduly to apologize for them. The kind of impression which he produces is sufficiently rare to include a good deal of incidental tolerance; and he who has once come to know the straightforward, manly qualities of his

art will not allow himself to be too much disturbed by its frequent want of proportion and finish.

Of Simms himself it would be interesting to know more than we do. We are told that he was born in Charleston, South Carolina, in 1806; that he attempted several rôles besides that of author, and in authorship itself did not confine his attention to less than half a dozen distinct fields of writing. A lawyer, journalist, politician, and planter, he yet found time to write nearly sixty volumes, the best of which have been republished many times, and are still being freshly issued in our own day. Several have been translated into the French and German. These include fifteen volumes of more or less respectable verse; a history and geography of his native State; biographies of Marion, Captain John Smith, Chevalier Bayard, and Nathanael Greene; together with lectures, pamphlets, and a considerable amount of Shakespearean criticism and general literary work. The three series of romances — *Border*, *Colonial*, and *Revolutionary* — embody a picture in orderly sequence of American life up to the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, with the careers of most of the heroes who have made themselves famous during that time upon Southern soil. It is principally by the last series, however, that Simms will in future be known, not only because the nature of the subject will call attention to his work, but also because it was peculiarly fitted to display his best powers. For it is the honorable distinction of both the man and the writer that he identified himself with the annals and spirit of American life at its most critical period, and thus became in a graphic and delightful way an exponent of its history.

Edward F. Hayward.

ALLSTON AND HIS UNFINISHED PICTURE.

PASSAGES FROM THE JOURNALS OF R. H. DANA.

[WASHINGTON ALLSTON married (1830) a sister of the elder Dana; his first wife, Ann Channing, a sister of William Ellery Channing, having died in London in 1815. Connected with him by both marriages, the family relations between him and the Danas were naturally close, and the younger Richard often visited the artist's studio. After one of these visits, on the 22d of April, 1843, he thus recorded his impressions: —]

Mr. Allston had been reading the *Quarterly's* review of Dickens' *American Notes*, and the *Aberdeen Correspondence*. He is less of a Republican than ever, and says that if things go on as they promise now, "in eighty years there will not be a gentleman left in the country." He says that the manners of gentility, its courtesies, deferences and graces are passing away from among us. Whether they pass away or no, he is a good specimen of them. Born of a distinguished family in Carolina, and educated into the feelings and habits of a gentleman, with a noble nature, a beautiful countenance and graceful person, what else could he be?

No picture is more pleasing to my heart and fancy than to see Mr. Allston, seated at his parlor fire in the evening, after a day spent in his studio, his eyes resting meditatively upon the fire, his beautiful countenance marked with taste and thought, the smoke from his cigar going up in little clouds and mingling among the gray curls of his hair and then rising, to etherealize the whole, with the social glass of wine on the table which he has placed before his visitor, — the whole is painted in warm colors in my mind.

[About two o'clock on the morning of

Sunday, July 9 of the same year, Dana was awakened by a loud ringing of the door-bell of the house in West Cedar Street, Boston, where he then lived, and in answer to his inquiry a man below informed him that he was needed at Cambridgeport immediately, — that Mr. Allston was dead.]

It went to my heart like a clap of thunder. For the first time in my life I was confused upon an alarm. I could hardly breathe. In time I was dressed and in the street. The night air was chilly, and the streets were as still as death. The man had been to call up Ned at Chestnut Street, and we waited for him. In a moment we heard the fall of footsteps, and Ned came up to us. We got into the chaise and rode out, with hardly a word spoken. Ned said, "I left him at nine, sitting at his tea-table. Almost the last thing I heard him do was to ask a blessing at his table."

We reached the house. I saw a light in his back parlor, where he always sat, but none up-stairs. Where can he be? Where did he die? We opened the door. Aunt Betsey met us in the entry. She said a few words. He was in the back room. I went to the door and just saw his body lying along the rug in front of the fire, and Aunt S. and Ned by his side. I could not, for my life, have gone up to the body. I went to the other end of the room and looked out of the window. I moved to the other window, but could not go up to it. Never did I force myself more than when I moved gradually and fearfully up to it. And there he lay. The men who were called in had placed him upon the rug in front of his fire-place. Excepting that his neckerchief had been re-

moved, he was dressed as usual, his gray and white curls lay about his forehead and shoulders, and his sublime countenance with closed eyes was turned upward. His candles were burning upon the table; by the side of them lay his spectacles; the remnant of his last cigar was upon the corner of the mantel-piece where he always placed it, another untouched which he had taken out to use next lay near it; a small plate as usual held the ashes of his cigar, and a few books, none of them, however, open, lay upon the table and mantel-piece. Mrs. Allston had been taken up-stairs. . . .

July 10. The funeral services began at half past seven in the evening, being put late that we might have a veil of evening to keep the mourners from the common gaze. . . . The service at the house was performed by Aunt Martha's [Mrs. Allston] clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Albro, while the church service was to be read at the tomb by Dr. Vinton of St. Paul's Church, Boston, at which church Mr. Allston had been confirmed, and of which he had never ceased to be a member. . . . The procession passed by Mr. Albro's church and the old Trowbridge house, in Mr. Allston's road to church, and thence by the Brighton bridge street to the grave-yard. When we reached the ground it was about half past eight. There were a great many assembled in the yard about the tomb, and the sexton stood with his lantern. The moon was struggling through the clouds and making deep shadows from the grave-stones and monuments. The whole was a most impressive scene. The coffin was placed at the grave's mouth, the mourners gathered about it, the men stood uncovered, and the solemn service of the church was read. The preacher's voice, which is unusually good, sounded like a voice of promise from above, uttering words of hope and consolation.

¹ Now preserved in an unfinished condition in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. The picture was in the studio when Allston died,

At the words "earth to earth, dust to dust, ashes to ashes," some earth was dropped upon the coffin, and sounded fearfully and ominously to our ears. Yet the admirable church service seems to sanctify every portion of what attends the burial, even the throwing the earth upon the coffin. At the "Amen," the bearers raised the coffin and entered the tomb, and we left the yard. The moon was shining brightly when we reached home. . . .

July 11. A letter from Mr. Dexter saying that he did not hear of the death until after the funeral and expressing his regret. Sumner called with reference to a monument to Mr. Allston. Judge Story had been quite urgent about it. Judge S., Mr. Dexter, Hillard and Sumner are to control it. Colonel Perkins will head it. Brackett says he has made a very good cast, and seems quite encouraged. Father and I called upon Uncle Edmund [T. Dana] with reference to the picture [*Belshazzar's Feast*].¹ We agreed to meet at the painting-room to-morrow at four P. M., with Mr. John Greenough to assist us.

July 12. At four P. M. we assembled to enter the painting-room and "break the seal" of the great picture. An awe had been upon my mind as though I were about to enter a sacred and mysterious place. I could hardly bring my mind to turn the key. We tried to prepare for the worst, so that nothing could disappoint us. But to enter this solemn place, so long and so lately filled with his presence and the home of his glorious thoughts and his painful emotions, the scene of his distresses when no human eye saw and few human spirits can comprehend! I turned the key and opened the outer door. We stood an instant in the porch; but Greenough, whose enthusiasm and interest far surpassed any awe he might feel, rushed in.

though no mortal eye but his own would seem for years to have looked upon it.

There before us was spread out the great sheet of painted canvas, — but dimmed, almost obscured by dust and marks and lines of chalk. The eye ran across the picture for the main figures. Daniel stood erect. The queen was there. But where the king should have been, where Daniel's eyes were fixed, was a shroud, a thickly painted coat, effectually blotting out the whole figure. We stood for some minutes in silence. "How could he have done it?" said Uncle E. "He told me once he had finished the king and was satisfied with it." "Oh, in some moment of darkness, he swept it all off." Father looked at it and said, "That is his shroud." It was indeed a most solemn tragedy that this revealed. We felt that this had killed him. Over this he had worn out his enfeebled frame and his paralyzed spirit, until he had sunk under it. The agonies he had endured here no tongue can tell! There in the left of the picture the large figures of three Chaldean soothsayers had been chalked over for alteration, the head of Daniel had been chalked, and there were marks for alteration upon the face of the queen. Some of the pillars at the left of the picture had also chalk marks upon them. The steps upon which he painted were placed so as to bring him against the faces of the magicians, and by looking carefully we saw marks of fresh paint recently laid on upon the face of the magician nearest Daniel. There then had been his last work. To the latest moment he had labored upon this great work. He had almost died with his pencil upon it. Six hours before his death his pencil was on this picture. The right hand of Daniel was incomplete. He had told both me and my father that this hand was painted open; that Stuart, to whom he had shown the

picture, had told him to paint Daniel's right hand clenched, to express more intensity of feeling, and that he had altered it to please Stuart, or in deference to his judgment. But no sooner had he done so than he felt, what he had anticipated at the time, that it destroyed that idea. Daniel was not to be impassioned or intensely excited. His attitude was to be that of calm sublimity, and in contrast with the varieties of excitement portrayed about him. . . . The handwriting upon the wall was not finished.¹

We found ourselves delicately situated. The picture had been partly paid for, and had been conveyed by a legal instrument to the subscribers. It was, perhaps, then, partly theirs; or, at least, they had a contingent interest in it. We could not well proceed without reference to them. Yet, covered as the picture was with dirt and chalk marks, and with the king painted out, without cleaning, varnish, or frame, the proprietors, nor artists, would not understand or value the picture, and it would be vain and an injustice to Mr. Allston's reputation to subject it to such a test. Would it not be wiser to call in one or two persons on whose judgment we could rely, and in whom the proprietors would also place confidence, and let them give their advice? We thought it would. Having determined this point, we had no difficulty in deciding who those persons should be. Mr. Allston had always relied more upon the judgment and was more willing to trust his work and his relations to the public and to the proprietors of his pictures to the good taste and discretion of Mr. Warren Dutton and Mr. Franklin Dexter than to any other persons. We felt that in selecting them we should follow the wishes of the deceased better than by

direction of all eyes, indicated the place, out of sight, where the mysterious writing was. [Note in Diary by R. H. D.]

¹ Afterwards we saw that Allston had a grander conception. The writing was not to be visible to the spectator. A flood of supernatural light from between the columns, and the

any other course. We agreed accordingly that they should be invited immediately to see the picture.

July 13. Called upon Mr. Dexter. He had a design for engraving all of Allston's sketches and unfinished pictures in a volume, as outlines, to be called Allston's Compositions. I told him of our determination to consult him and Mr. Dutton about the picture. He seemed much gratified, and agreed to meet us at the room at any time Mr. Dutton should say. . . . Going up the Street, I passed a tall, intellectual-looking man, with such a face and manner as one does not see every day. I thought it might be he, but passed on. I next met Mr. Dexter, with a green bag under his arm, at the corner of Summer Street. He proposed returning. I told him I had met such and such a man. "Oh, that's he! overhanging gray brows, and a stern expression, — looks like a dragon. That's the man." We went back and found Mr. Dutton. After some conversation it was agreed to meet at the room at four P. M. of the next day. Both the gentlemen showed a great interest in the subject and a very ready zeal.

July 14. Friday. Went out to the Port. Spied Uncle Edmund and Mr. Greenough going towards the room. There we found Mr. Dutton, waiting. Mr. Dexter soon arrived, and we went in together. By the use of a sponge with tepid water the picture had been brought out a great deal, and looked like quite another thing. After nearly two hours spent in its examination, we made efforts with spirits of turpentine to remove the shroud from the king. The spirits had a little effect upon the extremes, but none in the centre. It was then agreed among us all to make an attempt the next day with the proper materials and solvents, under the care of Mr. Greenough, Mr. Dexter being present. Mr. Dutton of one part of the picture said, "I have seen nothing in

Titian equal to that, for color." And speaking of the group of females between Daniel and the soothsayers, he said, "I have never seen a group equal to that except in Rubens' Descent from the Cross; and this is better than Rubens' for drawing, and not inferior to it in color." All agreed that that group was a wonderful composition and wonderfully colored. They said that for color it had not been surpassed by anything in art.

On going away Mr. Dexter said, "I can say that my expectations have been fully equaled." "Mine have been more than equaled," said the enthusiastic Greenough. To this Dexter answered, "It would be difficult for me to say that anything could have surpassed my expectation of this work." Mr. Dexter having agreed to meet Mr. Greenough at the room the next morning at twelve, we separated.

July 15. Called upon Doggett, the picture-frame maker, to know if he had seen the picture. He told me that about fifteen years ago, when the picture was in Pearl Street, he called and measured it for its frame. That then the principal figures were finished. I questioned as to the dress of each. He said the king seemed to be finished, and was dressed in a cloth of gold. This corresponded exactly with John Greenough's description. In the evening Ned came in and said they had been through many alternations of feelings at the room. Greenough tried his solvent, and it had some effect, but seemed to bring out the glazing of the form beneath, and he was obliged to stop. Mr. Dexter, after considering it attentively for some time, sent for some spirits of wine, mixed them with turpentine and applied a little with his finger, carefully. This evidently produced some effect, but Mr. Dexter declined doing anything further, and suggested that the proprietors of the picture should be got together, and their authority should be obtained before any

further experiments should be tried with the picture.

July 17. Another interview with Dexter. He is oppressed by the unfinished state of the picture and the confusion arising from the evident change of plan. Yet he says it is a great picture, that the figures have haunted him ever since, that he cannot get them from his mind, and that there is nothing in the art superior to some parts of this picture.

July 19. This afternoon, by agreement, Mr. Dexter and Mr. Dutton came out to see the sketches, which they had not seen before, and to look again at the picture, in order to form an opinion as to whether the paint can be removed from the king, and whether, if removed, the king will correspond with the rest of the picture as it now is. . . . We spent some time in the room. Dexter sees great signs of change in the light and point of sight which he fears will involve the perspective in confusion. He seems almost in despair. Dutton is more confident, and thinks that if the king can be brought out, the picture ought to be exhibited. They both feel most sensibly the power of the picture. Mr. Dutton said he had dreamed of it, and had it before him nearly all his waking hours.

July 25. Tuesday. Mr. Dexter shows a letter from S. F. B. Morse in which he consents to come and see the picture, at the request of Mr. D. and ourselves, and that he shall be here Wednesday or Thursday.

July 26. Morse says it is a grand work. It grows upon him. . . . Morse and Dexter and Uncle Edmund discussed the perspective very fully. There has been a change in the point of sight, and a partial change of design, the alterations necessarily consequent upon which have not been fully carried out. Therefore, there is an apparent confusion and evident want of completeness. Morse says that every line and every chalk mark must be preserved, in order to show the intentions of Allston. . . . As

to the king, Morse says that he saw the picture about two years ago, and that then the king's head was finished and open. That the figure was painted over. Both he and Mr. D. say that the king must have been painted over, not from dissatisfaction with the conception, but in order to enlarge the figure, to do which had become necessary from altering the point of sight. He had begun to raise the Chaldeans in the extreme right, and would then have raised the king in the left. The right hand of the king, lately painted but unfinished, is for the larger figure. It would not probably correspond with the figure under the *embrorio*. The queen's figure, about the waist, is not finished. Daniel's shoulder is incomplete. The Chaldeans are quite chaotic, and the style of the capitals of the front columns had been changed from the sketch and from that of back columns, in the rear of the hall. Morse agrees that he last painted on the head of that soothsayer who has his front face toward the spectator.

July 28. Set off this morning at seven o'clock in the Western cars, for Hartford and Wethersfield. . . . At Springfield went to Warrenner's to dine. There found Mr. Ticknor and his wife and daughter and Mr. William Gardiner. Mr. Ticknor took me one side, and asked with great interest after the picture and Mr. Allston's matters. He had been absent ever since the death. He had known, as a secret, from Allston, two years ago, that the king had been painted over, and he said Mr. Allston told him within a year (I think it was) that he had at last fixed upon his final design with which he was satisfied, and that he should never change it. Mr. Ticknor asked him if he might not alter his plan in some parts which would make labor for him; to which Mr. Allston replied that it was impossible. Told Mr. Ticknor that I should call upon him in Boston as soon as I returned.

[The strong impression which All-

ston's individuality had made upon Dana did not diminish with the lapse of time. On the contrary, in 1852, nine years after the artist's death, a house in Cambridgeport in which he had lived many years was destroyed by fire. The incident revived Dana's reminiscences, and he thus referred to Allston in his diary: —]

1852. *August 20.* During the three years and a half I was a student at Cambridge, after my return from sea, my Senior year and my two and one half years in the Law School, it was my habit to spend there one evening every week. I walked down about dusk, for his dinner hour was after dark: he had closed his painting-room after a day of exquisite or tormenting, lacerating or soothing labor; the candles in their silver sticks were shining over his table covered with a pure white cloth, decked with a few dishes, his never failing decanter of Madeira, and after a warm salutation we sat down at table. His dress was a blue coat with gilt buttons, drab pantaloons, a rich brown or buff waistcoat, and a white cravat; while his hair, beautiful even in age with various tints

of gray and waving curls, crowned the exquisite beauty of his regular but animated features. His day's work, be it fortunate or unfortunate, is over. There is nothing more for him to do but to enjoy ease and pleasant society. The meal is protracted, and no claim of helping or being helped is permitted to interfere with anecdote or criticism.

When the dinner is removed, the glasses remain, and a small plate containing his evening cigar. When this was lighted and he had leaned back in his chair, and the wreathed smoke arose like a halo about his curling hair, so close to it in color and form and lightness that you hardly knew which was ascending into the air, — then the beauty and the dream of life seemed truly to have begun.

Take him for all in all, I ne'er shall look upon his like again! The exquisite moral sense, the true spirituality, the kindness and courtesy of heart as well as of manner, the corresponding external elegance, the elevation above the world and the men and things of it, — where have these ever been so combined before? The wine of life is drawn.

Charles Francis Adams.

THE NIECES OF MAZARIN.

I.

SAINTE-BEUVE has said: "There are two 'ages' of Louis XIV.: the one, noble, majestic, magnificent, respectable, conventional to stiffness, decorous to solemnity, represented by the king in person, by his official orators and poets, by Bossuet, Racine, Despréaux; another there is, that, so to speak, flows beneath this, as a river flows under a great bridge, and forms the communication between the two regencies, — that of the queen-mother and that of Philippe d'Or-

léans. The beautiful and brilliant nieces of Mazarin had a great share in this transmission of character from one regency to the other, the Duchesses of Mazarin and of Bouillon and all their world," — a world which included, or at least was in sympathy with, that of Saint-Evremond, the familiar friend of the Duchess of Mazarin (during the last half of her life), and the lovers of pleasure of his kind, and those who belonged to the intellectual circle of the remarkable Ninon de l'Enclos.

It is not only from this point of view

that the characters of these women become of interest, but also because from them descended the last Stuarts, the last Vendômes, the last Contis, the last legitimate prince of the house of Este, Dukes of Modena, and members of other great families of France and of Italy.¹ This gives to them an added importance, while a singular personal attraction clings to the memory of many of them. "The Mazarin blood," as Ninon herself generously declared, "is the very wellspring of charm."

These seven charming women were sisters and cousins of one another: there were five of the Mancini family and two of the Martinozzi; and the ages of the oldest and the youngest differed by ten years only. From the incidents of their respective lives, it may be inferred that the Mancini blood was hotter than the Martinozzi, and the Princesse de Conti, Anne Marie Martinozzi, stands apart from the group, shining with pure sweetness. Her sister, too, and also Laure Mancini, the eldest of the Mancini, seem not to have had the terrible instincts of audacity of the younger troop; but Laure died young, and her short life was checkered by the reverses of fortune of her paternal cardinal-uncle.

It was in 1647 that Mazarin imported from Rome Laure and Olympe Mancini, the one eleven, the other ten, years of age, and Anne Marie Martinozzi, also ten. These three first-comers of the band came when their uncle was in his most triumphant glory. He affected to be himself little interested in the matter, and put the business of receiving them into the hands of an undistinguished courtier, the Comte de Nogent. But it was remarked that in selecting him for this office he had chosen a man who carried flattery to an extreme, and who would be eager to pay the little girls

all possible honor, while the crafty cardinal could always make light of it by saying, "C'est l'humeur du personnage," and could turn his doings into ridicule with the queen (Anne of Austria), if he thought best. Such is the shrewd Madame de Motteville's view of the situation.

The children, by the queen's desire, were brought to her the evening they arrived; and Madame de Motteville says:—

"When this uncle, so revered, so fortunate, and so powerful, saw his nieces arrive, he quitted the queen as soon as they entered her cabinet, and went home to go to bed. After they had seen the queen, they were taken to him; but he had not the air of caring much about them; on the contrary, he jested at those who were foolish enough to pay attention to them: yet, notwithstanding this seeming disregard, it is certain that he had great designs about these little girls. All his indifference on the subject was but pure acting, and we may judge by this that it is not always at the theatre that the best pieces are played."

The next morning they were seen by the court in general, and every effort was made by the spectators to consider them charming and beautiful,—"that they were clever was inferred from their faces" (*on leur donna de l'esprit par les yeux*),—and everything of the nature of praise was freely distributed to them in this liberal mood. "While the courtiers were eagerly talking about them," continues Madame de Motteville, "the Duc d'Orléans [Gaston] approached the Abbé de la Rivière and me, who were conversing in a window, and said to us in a low tone, 'There are so many people around these little girls that I doubt whether their lives are safe, and whether they will not be

¹ It is a strange fact that within a hundred years after the death of the last survivor among these seven mothers all the families

into which they had married were extinct, or had so dropped out of history as to be no longer traceable.

smothered by being stared at.' The Maréchal de Villeroi drew near at the same time, and with his ministerial seriousness said to the duke, 'There we see some little ladies, who now are not rich, but who very soon will have fine castles and large incomes, beautiful jewels and splendid services of silver, and perhaps great positions.'" The prophecy came true, as we know; but not without an intervening period when it would scarcely have been uttered.

The cardinal gave the charge of his nieces to Madame de Senecy, who had been the *gouvernante* of the little king. It was said at first that she was more proud of this honor than the other; but the insecurity of her dignity was set before her when, in the early days of the troubles of the first Fronde, the cardinal said to her one evening (June 30, 1648), before all the court, affecting humility, that he begged her to treat them as simple *demoiselles*; that he knew not what the future held, either for himself or for them. In fact, it was only a year and a day precisely from the reception at court of the little girls that the king, and the queen-mother, and the cardinal left Paris in haste and retired to Saint-Germain, retreating before the advancing and daily-strengthening Fronde. The three little girls were at this time sent out of the way to the Sisters of Val-de-Grâce. But when, in 1651, the cardinal found himself obliged to leave France, his nieces also were expelled by decree of Parliament. They had by this time become of consequence, both in the eyes of the political leaders who had already been scheming for and against them, and also in the eyes of the common people; and one of the versified chronicles of the day narrates the search made for them by the populace in houses where it was suspected they might be hidden. The *canaille* found nothing,

"Mais jura de mettre en cent pièces
Tous qui logeroient les nièces."

Mazarin, accompanied by *les nièces*,

finally established himself at Bruhl, near Cologne, and there, within a few months, took place the marriage of the eldest niece, Laure Mancini, only fifteen years of age, to the Duc de Mercœur, the eldest son of the Duc de Vendôme, grandson of Henri IV. and Gabrielle d'Estries, and brother of the Duc de Beaufort (the so-called *Roi des Halles*). The young people had been affianced before the flight from France, and the duke bravely placed himself by the side of the cardinal in his downfall, to whom the satisfaction of this adherence must have been great. But the excitement this conduct occasioned among the cardinal's enemies in France was greater still. The chief of them, Condé, to whom, it is said, the cardinal had pledged himself to form no alliance without his consent, denounced the marriage to the Parliament, and forced the poor duke, on his return to France, to give explanations before that body. Mademoiselle (la grande Mademoiselle) in her Memoirs says that "M. de Mercœur declared one day in full Parliament his marriage with Mademoiselle de Mancini. . . . All that can be said of his marriage is that it was not one of self-interest, for it took place at the height of the ill-fortune of M. le Cardinal." It seems indeed to have been one of sincere and enduring and mutual affection.

But in another twelvemonth the return to power of the cardinal, with all its consequences, indemnified the duke and his family for the trials they had undergone. The king showed warm personal friendship for his former playmate, Laure, only two years older than himself, and she was loved by the queen-mother; but she lived much of the time at Anet, the home of the Vendôme family, devoted to good works, in the company of her excellent mother-in-law. She became the mother of two sons, the eldest of whom was the celebrated Vendôme, who fought the battle of Luzzara, in 1702, against his cousin,

Prince Eugene ; the second is known as the Great Prior. After the birth of a third son, the duchess, not yet twenty-one years old, died, "deeply regretted," says Madame de Motteville, "by her kindred and by all the court ; for virtue and beauty attract the good-will of men."

It was believed that her death was partly due to grief for the loss of her mother, who four years previously, in 1653, two years after the duchess's marriage, had come to Paris, at the cardinal's bidding, accompanied by Signora Martinozzi, — both pronounced to be "virtuous women" by the virtuous woman just quoted.¹ They brought with them Laure Martinozzi and Marie and Hortense Mancini, the two eldest fourteen years of age, and Hortense ten. Two years later still, in 1655, came Marianne Mancini, when nine years old, three years younger than Hortense. About the time of the arrival of the two mothers, so high had mounted the cardinal's fortunes, and so depressed were those of his principal enemies, that the Prince de Conti, younger brother of the great Condé (at this moment withdrawn, like a wounded lion, into Flanders), asked in marriage — by way, as he confessed, of "marrying the cardinal" — Anne Marie Martinozzi. He would equally have welcomed for his wife Olympe Mancini, but chance decided for her cousin ; and as Madame de Motteville says, "the Prince de Conti found many advantages in the choice he made of Mademoiselle de Martinozzi ; for with beauty she had much sweetness of disposition, much intelligence and reasonableness. These qualities, so agreeable to a husband, were later perfected by her piety, which was so great that she had the honor of following him in the austere path of the strictest religious devotion ; but she had this supe-

riority to him, that she gave to God a perfectly pure soul, whose innocence was the foundation of her virtue."

Sainte-Beuve has pleased himself in carefully portraying more than once the gracious figure of this princess, a benefactress and friend of Port Royal, and has well described the successive changes that transmuted her from "*une honnête païenne*" (in her own phrase) to a sweet saint. Her earliest ambition for worldly splendor was more than satisfied by her brilliant marriage, when she was only seventeen. But her husband, though always sincerely attached to her, was a weak, debauched man, whose handsome face and humpbacked figure formed an appropriate vesture for his vehement but capricious intelligence. He was ever at the mercy of the fancy of the moment, always in extremes ; and in his later and pious years after his marriage he was as completely controlled by the influence of his religious director as he had been during his youthful and worldly days by that of his sister, Madame de Longueville.

It was not long before the young princess was eagerly desiring something higher yet than the grandeur and magnificence of her state. Her instinct at this moment was to shut out from her soul the glimmerings of Christian light which seemed only to awaken her discontent, and she affected indifference to religion. But secret maladies warned her that even in youth the hour of eternity may strike at any moment, and her already converted husband lost no occasion to turn her heavenward. Within two or three years after her marriage a change in her feelings regarding religion took place suddenly, and from that moment she walked undeviatingly in the paths of practical piety and charity. "Naturally proud," says Sainte-Beuve, "somewhat inclined

¹ They made the voyage to France in a magnificent galley, put at their service by the republic of Genoa as if they were queens.

They remained in Provence (at Aix, in the palace of the governor) for eight months after their arrival in the country.

to avarice, she mastered her inclinations, cared for the poor and the sick, gave alms largely with discretion and intelligence, not forgetting justice even in charity."

During the terrible winter of 1662 she sold her jewels, and gave their value (amounting to sixty thousand crowns) to the poor. In a letter of the *Mère Agnès* of Port Royal, dated May 14, 1662, we read: "Their destitution is so extreme throughout this kingdom that the hardest hearts are appalled and subdued by it. There is great almsgiving at Paris. Three days ago, *Madame la Princesse de Conti* sent to the ladies who have charge of the poor her pearl necklace worth forty thousand francs; and this is besides what she is giving in the province where she is." Another authority, speaking of her parting with this (or perhaps a second) pearl necklace, a very beautiful one, says: "It is true that as she gave it away and looked at it for the last time she breathed a little sigh." That "little sigh" adds an indescribable charm to the incident.

The epitaph on the monument raised to her by her sons, brilliant and dissolute men, the sons of their father, presents the chief incidents of her life, and, as *Sainte-Beuve* has remarked, contains nothing but truth:—

"To the glory of God, and to the lasting memory of *Anne Marie Martinozzi*, who, seeing at the age of nineteen years the deceivingness of the world, sold all her jewels to feed, during the famine of 1662, the poor of *Berri*, *Champagne*, and *Picardie*; who practiced all the austerities her health could endure; who, a widow at the age of twenty-nine, consecrated the rest of her life to bring up as Christian princes the princes her sons, and to maintain throughout her possessions the temporal and ecclesiastical laws; who reduced her expenditure to a very modest sum, and made restitution of all property whose mode of acquisition seemed to her suspicious, to the amount of eight

hundred thousand livres; who distributed all her spare money to the poor on her own estates and in all parts of the world; and who passed suddenly into eternity, after sixteen years of perseverance, the 4th of February, 1672, aged thirty-five years."

"Consider," observes *Sainte-Beuve*,—"consider all the thoughtfulness and depth of feeling, the enlightenment in the Christian sense, in this piety that felt the need of expiation and payment on behalf of others: for her husband, the *Prince de Conti*, the fomenter of civil wars, and the cause of disasters in so many villages and huts; for her uncle the cardinal, the eager and unscrupulous acquirer of not-to-be-estimated wealth. From whatever side we look at it, we find ourselves in the presence of an inspiration of the rarest kind, of an admirable spirit of sacrifice, and are impressed with sovereign respect."

The year after the marriage of the *Princesse de Conti*, the marriage of her sister to the *Duke of Modena* took place (1655). It was the beginning of a career the details of which, so far as are known, possessed little or no personal interest. She was left a widow young; conducted her own life with dignity, and the affairs of the duchy with success during her son's minority; married her daughter, *Beatrice d'Este* (known in English history as *Mary of Modena*), to the *Duke of York*, afterward *James II.*; and spent her last years at *Rome*, beloved for her good works there as she had been at *Modena*.

Madame de Martinozzi, after the marriages of her daughters, returned to Italy, leaving her sister in France, "esteemed by all the court," says our trustworthy *Madame de Motteville*. But it was only the next year that *Madame de Mancini* died, still young. When dying, she recommended to her brother the cardinal her children, and especially begged him to place in a convent her third daughter, *Marie*, "because she had always seemed

to her to have a bad nature, and her late husband, who was a great astrologer, had told her that she would be the cause of many ills."

Poor Marie! The course of her tragic fate will be more intelligible if we follow out first the fortunes of her elder sister, Olympe. She was the nearest in age to the king, and in their childish companionship was closest to him. She was not beautiful. Madame de Motteville says that when she first came to France she had little even of the natural beauty of youth, save brilliant eyes. But at eighteen her figure became round and her complexion clear; "her face was less long, her cheeks had dimples that gave her a great charm, and her mouth was smaller, and she had beautiful hands and arms;" but more than all, *la faveur avec le grand ajustement*, social success with fine attire, gave brilliancy to her commonplace prettiness. "In fine, she appeared charming in the eyes of the king, and rather pretty to all indifferent persons." Her intelligence, Madame de la Fayette says, was not remarkable, nor was it much polished, but it was natural and sprightly with persons with whom she was familiar. The king's admiration for her caused the fear to arise that he might wish "to do her more honor than she deserved." Nothing definite, however, came to pass, or at least was known to take place, and Mademoiselle de Mancini *songeoit à ses affaires*, and would have been glad to pick up a prince or a duke, like her cousins and sister. But the years went on, the king continuing to be more or less in love with her, and making her always the centre of the court balls and other brilliant gayeties and festivities, till at last, turning her back (perhaps not altogether) on the flattering hopes these royal attentions must have kept alive, she married in 1657 (three weeks after the death of her sister, the Duchesse de Mercœur) Prince Eugene of Savoy, the Comte de Soissons, "*un assez honnête*

homme, et surtout un bon mari," according to Madame de Motteville; but whose astonishment on being told that he talked prose was later to become a jest ready for the use of Molière. Her marriage did not take her from court, and the relations between her and the king became more rather than less intimate.

But the cardinal, carefully playing his cards, drew forth now from the convent in which they had been educated Marie and Hortense, and produced them at court, at the ages of eighteen and fourteen, for the express, almost the avowed, purpose of their becoming in their turn the king's companions. Hortense, the younger, was very beautiful; Marie was ugly. She was tall and straight, but thin and sallow, and in person wholly unattractive. Her eyes were large, but so lacking in lustre that they were uncouth; "*ils paroisoient rudes*;" in fact, she had not a single beauty save fine teeth. In spite of this, it was not long before the king began to take pleasure in her conversation. She was full of audacity and of vigorous intelligence, though her mind was unpolished, as were her manners also. Her desire to please the king soon, however, corrected her roughnesses, and the vehemence of her nature quickly aroused responsive passion in him. It was she who first awoke the stronger qualities of the character of Louis; who inspired him with will, with the desire to rule, to govern affairs himself; who pointed out to him the path he later trod with so royal a step. It was she, too, who first sincerely loved him, and whom it is almost certain he loved with more sincerity and heartfelt passion than he did any woman afterward. Her purity or her pride, or perhaps merely her ambition, saved her from any degradation. She unquestionably hoped to become his wife, and she never became his mistress. The queen-mother saw the relations between them with extreme displeasure. She

had a personal aversion to Mademoiselle de Mancini, and suspected her, not without reason, of alienating her son from her.

At the moment when the court went to Lyons, in 1658, to consider the marriage of Louis with his cousin (his father's niece), the Princess Margaret of Savoy, the combined and alternating success and failure of the ardent wishes of Marie was an extraordinary spectacle. Her jealousy of the princess, who visibly attracted the king on their first meeting; her power over her royal lover, which she found to be sufficiently great to make him cold to the princess afterward; their now almost unbroken companionship, often for four or five hours at a time,¹ — all these things "caused her to love still more him whom she already loved only too much," to use Madame de Motteville's phrase.

At this time Olympe was out of favor. During the first days of the journey, "the king," Mademoiselle reports, "did not say a word to the Comtesse de Soissons, and at Dijon it was the same thing;" and her sister scarcely spoke to her, and lost no occasion "*de la picoter*." The great eyes of Marie, during these days, it is said, were "full of fire," and she flamed with sudden and momentary beauty.

The negotiations with Savoy came to an end in consequence of the commencement of negotiations for the marriage of Louis with his cousin (his mother's niece), Marie Thérèse of Spain. In the midst of all these formal demands on the part of statesmen, the king threw himself at Mazarin's feet, and implored him to permit his marriage to Marie. The conduct of the cardinal at this moment is not easy of interpretation.

¹ She, sometimes with and sometimes without la grande Mademoiselle and some of the queen's ladies, made a great part of the journey on horseback, the king always at her side, "*à lui parler le plus galamment du monde*," says Mademoiselle.

² It is unquestionable that Racine, ten years

Whether he was afraid to break off the Spanish marriage, which the queen-mother had greatly at heart; whether he honorably desired the advantages to France that would accrue from this marriage; whether, in his profound ambition, he distrusted the advantages to himself from such an extraordinary elevation of his family as his niece's becoming queen; whether, as seems on the whole most probable, he had perceived a personal animosity of tone and inimicalness of attitude, an unconcealed hostility, on the part of Marie towards himself, and feared that the pupillage in which he had kept the king would be thwarted by her influence; whether each and all of these motives affected him in turn, the result was that he unhesitatingly and absolutely refused the king's prayer. He declared to the king that he would never consent to his making so unequal an alliance, one so derogatory to his glory; and if he insisted on doing it of his own supreme authority, he himself should on the instant ask permission to leave France; adding, with a burst of Italian passion, that he was the master of his niece, and that he would stab her rather than see her rise to so treacherous a height.

He did not assassinate her, but he sent her away from Paris. The king, on parting with her, was in tears, and a world of bitterness, of indignant disappointment, was uttered in her farewell to him: "*Je pars; vous êtes roi, et vous pleurez!*"² The previous evening he passed with his mother, overwhelmed with sadness; and on his leaving her the queen said to Madame de Motteville: "The king excites my compassion; he is both full of feeling and reasonable; and I have just told him that I am later, derived his tragedy of Bérénice from "*la tristesse majestueuse*" of this situation. He has in two instances made use of the very words reported to have been uttered by Marie. See the fifth scene of the fourth act, and the fifth scene of the fifth act.

sure he will thank me some day for the pain I am giving him." Not long after, the court went to Bordeaux to sign the Spanish peace that was to lead on to the Spanish marriage. On his way thither the king obtained an interview with Mademoiselle de Mancini at Saint-Jean-d'Angely. He appeared more deeply in love than ever, and renewed all his vows of fidelity. During their subsequent separation he wrote her for a time, "not letters, but volumes daily," as we learn by a letter of remonstrance to him from the cardinal.

But the conclusion of this romance was approaching. As Madame de la Fayette has said, "time, absence, and reflection led him to break his promises."¹ Ten months after his second parting from Marie the Spanish treaty was concluded; he signed it, and received the infanta of Spain from the hands of her father to make her queen of France the next day. The court returned to Paris, and the cardinal, quite at ease, brought back there his niece.

It would seem that he had reconciled himself with her some months previously. The "*honnête rendezvous*" of Marie and Louis took place in the beginning of August, 1659. In September Mazarin wrote to the gouvernante of Marie in these terms:—

"I confess that I have not had for a long time so great a pleasure as I received in reading the letter my niece wrote me, and in hearing the news you give me of the present state of her mind since she has known that the king's marriage was wholly settled. I have never questioned her intelligence, but I have distrusted her judgment, and especially during a conjuncture in which a violent passion, accompanied by so many circumstances that made it un-

governable, allowed no room for reason to act. I repeat that I am most joyful to have such a niece, since of herself she has taken so generous a resolution, and one so adapted for her own honor and my satisfaction. I am communicating to the king what she and you wrote me she has done. I am sure his majesty will esteem her the more, and France, if she knew of her conduct in this conjuncture, would wish for her every sort of happiness, and would bestow on her a thousand benedictions; but I am sufficiently in a position to make her perceive the effects of my friendship and of the attachment I have always felt for her, which has only been interrupted in consequence of her appearing to have none for me, and to pay no regard to my counsels, though they had for their object her good and the repose of her mind."

It does not appear what, precisely, was the step she had taken, — *l'action qu'elle vient de faire*, — but her uncle's last words on this occasion are that he shall be in despair if she at all changes her purpose, and thus loses "the merit of the noblest action she can perform in all her life." None the less her voluntary submission to her fate does not seem to have been long-lived. She became wild with rage and despair in soon perceiving that she had lost her lover as well as her crown. The king's passion for her expired in the arms of his wife. Olympe, too, was again in the ascendant, and became *surintendante* of the queen's household, the highest position at court. She lived in the greatest splendor; she was styled "Madame la Comtesse," and was treated as a quasi-princess of the blood from the claims of birth of her mother-in-law, the Princesse de Carignan. She was, as Saint-Simon of Marie as *insensés*; thus unrolling the whole story of Bérénice before a Christian audience under the arches of Saint-Denis. A situation depicted by both Bossuet and Racine is secure of a long immortality.

¹ It was from a more flattering point of view for the royal protagonist that Bossuet regarded this tragedy. In his funeral oration for Marie Thérèse (fifteen years after these events) the great orator returned to the past to eulogize the king, and stigmatized the hopes

says, "the mistress of the court, of all gayeties and all favors." The sisters, reconciled and united, attracted the most brilliant society to the Hôtel de Soissons, including the king himself. He was always there; "he did not budge from there," in the old phrase.

But Madame la Comtesse fell into the power of a lover, the Marquis de Vardes (a personage often mentioned, with surprising tolerance, by Madame de Sévigné), and entered with him into a thousand court intrigues, in which finally "Madame" (Henriette d'Angleterre) became entangled, and which caused the temporary exile of Madame la Comtesse. From that moment her days of splendor were at an end. Her husband, whose protection availed her much, died; and somewhat later (in 1680), she was overwhelmed by the accusation of dealings with La Voisin, a famous sorceress. Similar accusations, which threw Paris and the court into the utmost excitement, involved some dozen persons of high rank; and when the great Duc de Luxembourg suffered imprisonment in consequence, Madame la Comtesse may well have been terrified about her own possible fate. She fled from France and went to Flanders, where she was treated with the utmost dishonor. She had made Louvois her enemy by refusing to his son the hand of her daughter, and he, the Abbé de Choisy says, "pursued her to the gates of hell. In all the cities and towns she passed through, the great hosteleries refused to receive her; she often had to sleep on straw, and to submit to the insults of an insolent people who called her a poisoning sorceress. M. de Louvois sent to Brussels a captain of the reformed religion, who by giving money to the populace caused abusive language to be shouted at her. She was once obliged to sleep in a convent where she had gone to buy lace, because there had assembled before the door more than three thousand people who were ready to tear her to pieces. The Comte

de Monterey, governor of the Low Countries, found it necessary to take her under his protection."

Madame de Sévigné reports the same, or another scene. "M. de la Rochefoucauld," she says, "told us yesterday that at Brussels the Comtesse de Soissons had been obliged to go out of the church privately, and that there had been a dance of cats tied together, or, more truly, a malicious yelling, and such a terrifying hubbub that, the cry being raised at the same time that it was the doing of devils and sorcerers who were about her, she was forced, as I tell you, to leave the place, that this madness might pass, which proceeds from not too good will in the people."

Imagine the contrast between the hostess of the Hôtel de Soissons and the fugitive in the Brussels convent and church; between the crowds that thronged round her in the one place and the other; between the gay jests of the former days and the insults of the latter days. She never returned to France, but ended her life in foreign lands, living in the Low Countries and Germany, Italy and Spain, for the thirty years before her death in 1708; separated from her children, one of whom was the famous Prince Eugene of Savoy, the great general. Whether, in 1689, she was concerned in the death of the young queen of Spain (the daughter of Henriette d'Angleterre), believed to be occasioned by poison, is an "historic doubt."

It was in 1661 that Cardinal Mazarin died. Among his last acts were the arrangements for the marriages of his three yet unmarried nieces, and he selected for the husband of Marie the Constable Colonna, one of the chief Italian nobles, in spite of her own extreme reluctance to such exile from France as this union implied. She had not lacked other lovers, and among them there was one—the Prince Charles of Lorraine—who might perhaps have won her; but it would seem as if the queen-mother

were eager to remove her from the court, and that Mazarin obeyed the queen's wishes.

When the time came for the marriage (which took place by proxy), Marie had the anguish of seeing herself as it were expelled from France by the king, though with all imaginable honors, paid to her as her uncle's niece. "She endured her suffering," Madame de la Fayette says, "with much firmness and even with dignity; but at the first place where she rested after leaving Paris she was so overcome by her sorrow, and so exhausted by the extreme constraint she had put upon herself, that she was almost obliged to remain there." But she continued her way sorrowfully to Milan, where the constable met her and conveyed her to his Roman palaces.

Her life now for some ten years has little trustworthy record. It is said that her husband thought her past conduct gave grounds for his trusting her to her own guidance, and that he permitted her unusual freedom of life. This happy state of things did not, with or without reason, last indefinitely, and *la connétable* became fearful of the consequences of her husband's jealousies. In 1672, her sister Hortense, whose marriage¹ had taken place just before her own, came flying to Rome, as a refuge from *her* husband. But shortly the two sisters escaped together, disguised as men, and after a wild voyage of eight days from Civita Vecchia disembarked on the shores of Provence. Thence they made their way to Aix. It was at the moment of one of the "residences"

there of Madame de Grignan with her husband, and she had the charity to provide them with clothes, saying, as Madame de Mazarin reports, that "we were traveling like true heroines of romance, with many jewels and no clean linen." Madame de Sévigné wrote to her daughter (June 20, 1672): "The description that you give me of Madame Colonna and her sister is . . . a wonderful picture. The Comtesse de Soissons and Madame de Bouillon [their youngest sister] are furious against these mad creatures, and say that they must be confined; they are violently opposed to this strange wildness. It is thought that the king desires not to offend M. le Connétable, who is certainly the greatest nobleman in Rome."

Finding themselves extremely uncomfortable, Hortense very soon, and later Marie, left France again. And poor Marie, like her sister Olympe ten years subsequently, wandered from the Low Countries to Spain, and from one convent to another, and from one lover to another, with occasional attempts at life with her husband, until his death in 1689. It is believed that she afterward again returned to France, but the last years of her life were passed in perfect obscurity, though it is probable that she continued to live till 1715. Another extraordinary disappearance of one of these splendid stars! She died, perhaps, at Madrid. Saint-Simon says of her: "She was the maddest, and at the same time the best, of these Mazarins; *"pour la plus galante, on auroit peine à décider."*

Hope Notnor.

¹ Her husband was Armand de la Porte, Duc de la Meilleraye. The cardinal made him

his principal heir, and he assumed the name and arms of Mazarin.

THE TRAGIC MUSE.

XXXI.

IF Peter Sherringham was ruffled by some of Miriam's circumstances, there was comfort and consolation to be drawn from others, beside the essential fascination (there was no doubt about that now) of the young lady's own society. He spent the afternoon, they all spent the afternoon, and the occasion reminded him of a scene in *Wilhelm Meister*. Mrs. Rooth had little resemblance to Mignon, but Miriam was remarkably like Philina. Luncheon was delayed two or three hours; but the long wait was a positive source of gayety, for they all smoked cigarettes in the garden and Miriam gave striking illustrations of the parts she was studying. Sherringham was in the state of a man whose toothache has suddenly stopped — he was exhilarated by the cessation of pain. The pain had been the effort to remain in Paris after Miriam came to London, and the balm of seeing her now was the measure of the previous soreness.

Gabriel Nash had, as usual, plenty to say, and he talked of Nick Dormer's picture so long that Sherringham wondered whether he did it on purpose to vex him. They went in and out of the house; they made excursions to see how lunch was coming on; and Sherringham got half an hour alone, or virtually alone, with the object of his unsanctioned passion — drawing her publicly away from the others and making her sit with him in the most sequestered part of the little graveled grounds. There was summer enough in the trees to shut out the adjacent villas, and Basil Dashwood and Gabriel Nash lounged together at a convenient distance, while Nick's whimsical friend tried experiments upon the histrionic mind. Miriam confessed that, like all comedians,

they ate at queer hours; she sent Dashwood in for biscuits and sherry — she proposed sending him round to the grocer's in the Circus Road for superior wine. Sherringham judged him to be the factotum of the little household: he knew where the biscuits were kept and the state of the grocer's account. When Peter congratulated the young actress on having so useful an associate, she said, genially, but as if the words disposed of him, "Oh, he's blissfully practical." To this she added, "You're not, you know;" resting the kindest, most pitying eyes on him. The sensation they gave him was as sweet as if she had stroked his cheek, and her manner was responsive even to tenderness. She called him "Dear master" again, and sometimes "Cher maître," and appeared to express gratitude and reverence by every intonation.

"You're doing the humble dependent now," he said: "you do it beautifully, as you do everything." She replied that she did n't make it humble enough — she could n't; she was too proud, too insolent in her triumph. She liked that, the triumph, too much, and she did n't mind telling him that she was perfectly happy. Of course, as yet, the triumph was very limited; but success was success, whatever its quantity; the dish was a small one, but it had the right taste. Her imagination had already bounded beyond the first phase, unexpectedly brilliant as this had been: her position struck her as modest compared with a future that was now vivid to her. Sherringham had never seen her so soft and sympathetic; she had insisted, in Paris, that her personal character was that of the good girl (she used the term in a fine loose way), and it was impossible to be a better girl than she showed herself on this pleasant afternoon. She

was full of gossip and anecdote and drollery ; she had exactly the air that he would have liked her to have — that of thinking of no end of things to tell him. It was as if she had just returned from a long journey, had had strange adventures and made wonderful discoveries. She began to speak of this and that, and broke off to speak of something else ; she talked of the theatre, of the newspapers, and then of London, of the people she had met and the extraordinary things they said to her, of the parts she was going to take up, of lots of new ideas that had come to her about the art of comedy. She wanted to do comedy now — to do the comedy of London life. She was delighted to find that seeing more of the world suggested things to her ; they came straight from the fact, from nature, if you could call it nature : so that she was convinced more than ever that the artist ought to *live*, to get on with his business, gather ideas, lights from experience — ought to welcome any experience that would give him lights. But work, of course, *was* experience, and everything in one's life that was good was work. That was the jolly thing in the actor's trade — it made up for other portions that were odious : if you only kept your eyes open nothing could happen to you that would not be food for observation and grist to your mill, showing you how people looked and moved and spoke, cried and grinned, or writhed and dissimulated, in given situations. She saw all round her things she wanted to "do" — London was full of them, if you had eyes to see. Miriam demanded imperiously why people did n't take them up, put them into plays and parts, give one a chance with them ; she expressed her sharp impatience of the general literary stupidity. She had never been chary of this particular displeasure, and there were moments (it was an old story and a subject of frank raillery to Sherringham) when to hear her you might have

thought there was no cleverness anywhere but in her disdainful mind. She wanted tremendous things done, that she might use them, but she did n't pretend to say exactly what they were to be, nor, even approximately, how they were to be handled : her ground was rather that if *she* only had a pen — it was exasperating to have to explain ! She mainly contented herself with declaring that nothing had really been touched : she felt that more and more as she saw more of people's goings-on.

Sherringham went to her theatre again that evening, and he made no scruple of going every night for a week. Rather, perhaps I should say, he made a scruple ; but it was a part of the pleasure of his life during these arbitrary days to overcome it. The only way to prove to himself that he could overcome it was to go ; and he was satisfied, after he had been seven times, not only with the spectacle on the stage, but with his own powers of demonstration. There was no satiety, however, with the spectacle on the stage, inasmuch as that only produced a further curiosity. Miriam's performance was a living thing, with a power to change, to grow, to develop, to beget new forms of the same life. Peter Sherringham contributed to it, in his amateurish way, and watched with solicitude the fate of his contributions. He talked it over in Balaklava Place, suggested modifications, variations worth trying. Miriam professed herself thankful for any refreshment that could be administered to her interest in Yolande, and, with an effectiveness that showed large resource, touched up her part and drew several new airs from it. Sherringham's suggestions bore upon her way of uttering certain speeches, the intonations that would have more beauty or make the words mean more. Miriam had her ideas, or rather she had her instincts, which she defended and illustrated, with a vividness superior to argument, by a happy

pictorial phrase or a snatch of mimicry ; but she was always for trying ; she liked experiments and caught at them, and she was especially thankful when some one gave her a showy reason, a plausible formula, in a case where she only stood upon an intuition. She pretended to despise reasons and to like and dislike at her sovereign pleasure ; but she always honored the exotic gift, so that Sherringham was amused with the liberal way she produced it, as if she had been a naked islander rejoicing in a present of crimson cloth.

Day after day he spent most of his time in her society, and Miss Laura Lumley's recent habitation became the place in London to which his thoughts were most attached. He was highly conscious that he was not now carrying out that principle of abstention which he had brought to such maturity before leaving Paris ; but he contented himself with a much cruder justification of this inconsequence than he would have thought adequate in advance. It consisted simply in the idea that to be identified with the first public steps of a young genius was a delightful experience. What was the harm of it, if the genius was real ? Sherringham's main security was now that his relations with Miriam had been frankly placed under the protection of the idea of legitimate extravagance. In this department they made a very creditable figure, and required much less watching and pruning than when it was his effort to fit them into a worldly plan. Sherringham had a sense of real wisdom when he said to himself that it surely should be enough that this momentary intellectual participation in the girl's dawning fame was a charming thing. Charming things, in a busy man's life, were not frequent enough to be kicked out of the way. Balaklava Place, under this genial sanction, became almost idyllic : it gave Peter the pleasantest impression he had ever had of London.

The season happened to be remarkably fine ; the temperature was high, but not so high as to keep people from the theatre. Miriam's "business" visibly increased, so that the question of putting on the second play underwent some reconsideration. The girl insisted, and showed in her insistence a temper of which Sherringham had already observed some splendid gleams. It was very evident that through her career it would be her expectation to carry things with a high hand. Her managers and agents would not find her an easy victim or a calculable force ; but the public would adore her, surround her with the popularity that attaches to a humorous, good-natured princess, and her comrades would have a kindness for her, because she would n't be selfish. They too would form, in a manner, a portion of her affectionate public. This was the way Sherringham read the signs, liking her whimsical tolerance of some of her vulgar playfellows almost well enough to forgive their presence in Balaklava Place, where they were a sore trial to her mother, who wanted her to multiply her points of contact only with the higher orders. There were hours when Sherringham thought he foresaw that her principal relation to the proper world would be to have, within two or three years, a grand battle with it, making it take her, if she let it have her at all, absolutely on her own terms : a picture which led our young man to ask himself, with a helplessness that was not exempt, as he perfectly knew, from absurdity, what part *he* should find himself playing in such a contest, and if it would be reserved to him to be the more ridiculous as a peacemaker or as a heavy auxiliary.

"She might know any one she would, and the only person she appears to take any pleasure in is that dreadful Miss Rover," Mrs. Rooth whimpered, more than once, to Sherringham, who recognized in the young lady so designated

the principal complication of Balaklava Place.

Miss Rover was a little actress who played at Miriam's theatre, combining with an unusual aptitude for delicate comedy a less exceptional absence of rigor in private life. She was pretty and quick and clever, and had a fineness that Miriam professed herself already in a position to estimate as rare. She had no control of her inclinations; yet sometimes they were wholly laudable, like the devotion she had formed for her beautiful colleague, whom she admired not only as an ornament of the profession, but as a being of a more fortunate essence. She had had an idea that real ladies were "nasty;" but Miriam was not nasty, and who could gainsay that Miriam was a real lady? The girl justified herself to Sherringham, who had found no fault with her; she knew how much her mother feared that the proper world would n't come in if they knew that the improper, in the person of pretty Miss Rover, was on the ground. What did she care who came and who did n't, and what was to be gained by receiving half the idiots in London? People would have to take her exactly as they found her—that they would have to learn; and they would be much mistaken if they thought her capable of becoming an idiot, too, for the sake of their sweet company. She did n't pretend to be anything but what she meant to be, the best general actress of her time; and what had that to do with her seeing or not seeing a poor ignorant girl who had lov— Well, she need n't say what Fanny had. She had met her in the way of business—she did n't say she would have run after her. She had liked her, because she was n't a stick, and when Fanny Rover had asked her, quite wistfully, if she might n't come and see her, she had n't bristled with scandalized virtue. Miss Rover was not a bit more stupid or more ill-natured than any one else: it would

be time enough to shut the door when she should become so.

Sherringham commended, even to extravagance, the liberality of such comradeship; said that of course a woman did n't go into that profession to see how little she could swallow. She was right to live with the others so long as they were at all possible, and it was for her, and only for her, to judge how long that might be. This was rather heroic on Peter's part, for his assumed detachment from the girl's personal life still left him a margin for some forms of uneasiness. It would have made, in his spirit, a great difference for the worse that the woman he loved, and for whom he wished no baser lover than himself, should have embraced the prospect of consorting only with the cheaper kind. It was all very well, but Fanny Rover was simply a *cabotine*, and that sort of association was an odd training for a young woman who was to have been good enough (he could n't forget that—he kept remembering it, as if it might still have a future use) to be his wife. Certainly he ought to have thought of such things before he permitted himself to become so interested in a theatrical nature. His heroism did him service, however, for the hour: it helped him by the end of the week to feel tremendously broken in to Miriam's little circle. What helped him most, indeed, was to reflect that she would get tired of a good many of its members herself, in time; for it was not that they were shocking (very few of them shone with that intense light), but that they could be trusted in the long run to bore you.

There was a lovely Sunday, in particular, that he spent almost wholly in Balaklava Place—he arrived so early—when, in the afternoon, all sorts of odd people dropped in. Miriam held a reception in the little garden and insisted on almost all the company's staying to supper. Her mother shed tears to Sher-

ringham, in the desecrated house, because they had accepted, Miriam and she, an invitation — and in Cromwell Road too — for the evening. Miriam decreed that they should n't go: they would have much better fun with their good friends at home. She sent off a message — it was a terrible distance — by a cabman, and Sherringham had the privilege of paying the messenger. Basil Dashwood, in another vehicle, proceeded to an hotel that he knew, a mile away, for supplementary provisions, and came back with a cold ham and a dozen of champagne. It was all very Bohemian and journalistic and picturesque, very supposedly droll and enviable to outsiders; and Miriam told anecdotes and gave imitations of the people she would have met if she had gone out: so no one had a sense of loss — the two occasions were fantastically united. Mrs. Rooth drank champagne, for consolation; though the consolation was imperfect when she remembered that she might have drunk it (not quite so much, indeed) in Cromwell Road.

Taken in connection with the evening before, the day formed, for Sherringham, the most complete revelation he had had of Miriam Rooth. He had been at the theatre, to which the Saturday night happened to have brought the fullest house she had yet played to, and he came early to Balaklava Place, to tell her once again (he had told her half a dozen times the evening before) that, with the excitement of her biggest audience, she had surpassed herself, acted with remarkable intensity. It pleased her to hear it, and the spirit with which she interpreted the signs of the future, and, during an hour he spent alone with her, Mrs. Rooth being up-stairs and Basil Dashwood not arrived, treated him to specimens of fictive emotion of various kinds, was beyond any natural abundance that he had yet seen in a woman. The impression could scarcely have been other if she had been playing wild

snatches to him at the piano: the bright, up-darting flame of her talk rose and fell like an improvisation on the keys. Later, all the rest of the day, he was fascinated by the good grace with which she fraternized with her visitors, finding the right words for each, the solvent of incongruities, the right ideas to keep vanity quiet and make humility gay. It was a wonderful expenditure of generous, nervous life. But what Sherringham read in it above all was the sense of success in youth, with the future large, and the action of that force upon all the faculties. Miriam's limited past had yet pinched her enough to make emancipation sweet, and the emancipation had come at last in an hour. She had stepped into her position, divined and appropriated everything it could give her, become, in a day, a really original contemporary. Sherringham was of course not less conscious of that than Nick Dormer had been when, in the cold light of his studio, he saw how marvelously she had changed.

But the great thing, to his mind and, these first days, the irresistible seduction of the theatre, was that she was a rare incarnation of beauty. Beauty was the principle of everything she did and of the way, unerringly, she did it — an exquisite harmony of line and motion and attitude and tone, what was most general and most characteristic in her performance. Accidents and instincts played together to this end and constituted something which was independent of her talent or of her merit, in a given case, and which in its influence, to Sherringham's imagination, was far superior to any talent and to any merit. It was a supreme infallible felicity, a source of importance, a stamp of absolute value. To see it in operation, to sit within its radius and feel it shift and revolve and change and never fail, was a corrective to the depression, the humiliation, the bewilderment of life. It transported Sherringham from the vulgar hour and

the ugly fact; drew him to something which had no reason but its sweetness, no name nor place save as the pure, the distant, the antique. It was what most made him say to himself, "Oh, hang it, what does it matter?" when he reflected that an *homme sérieux* (as they said in Paris) rather gave himself away (as they said in America) by going every night to the same theatre, for all the world to stare. It was what kept him from doing anything but hover round Miriam — kept him from paying any other visits, from attending to any business, from going back to Calcutta Gardens. It was a spell which he shrank intensely from breaking, and the cause of a hundred postponements, confusions and incoherences. It made of the crooked little stucco villa in St. John's Wood a place in the upper air, commanding the prospect; a nest of winged liberties and ironies, hanging far aloft above the huddled town. One should live at altitudes when one could — they braced and simplified; and for a happy interval Sherringham never touched the earth.

It was not that there were no influences tending at moments to drag him down — an abasement from which he escaped only because he was up so high. We have seen that Basil Dashwood could affect him at times like a piece of wood tied to his ankle, through the circumstance that he made Miriam's famous conditions — those of the public exhibition of her genius — seem small and prosaic; so that Sherringham had to remind himself that perhaps this smallness was involved in their being at all. She carried his imagination off into infinite spaces, whereas she carried Dashwood's only into the box-office and the revival of plays that were barbarously bad. The worst was that it was open to him to believe that a sharp young man who was in the business might know better than he. Another possessor of superior knowledge (he talked, that is, as if he knew better than any one) was Gabriel

Nash, who appeared to have abundant leisure to haunt Balaklava Place, or, in other words, appeared to enjoy the same command of his time as Peter Sherringham. Our young diplomatist regarded him with mingled feelings, for he had not forgotten the contentious character of their first meeting or the degree to which he had been moved to urge upon Nick Dormer's consideration that his talkative friend was probably an ass. This personage turned up now as an admirer of the charming creature he had scoffed at, and there was something exasperating in the quietude of his inconsistency, of which he had not the least embarrassing consciousness. Indeed, he had such fantastic and desultory ways of looking at any question that it was difficult, in vulgar parlance, to have him; his sympathies hummed about like bees in a garden, with no visible plan, no economy in their flight. He thought meanly of the modern theatre, and yet he had discovered a fund of satisfaction in the most promising of its exponents; so that Sherringham more than once said to him that he should really, to keep his opinions at all in hand, attach more value to the stage or less to the interesting actress. Miriam made infinitely merry at his expense and treated him as the most abject of her slaves: all of which was worth seeing as an exhibition, on Nash's part, of the imperturbable. When Sherringham mentally pronounced him impudent he felt guilty of an injustice — Nash had so little the air of a man with something to gain. Nevertheless he felt a certain itching in his boot-toe when his fellow-visitor exclaimed, explicatively (in general to Miriam herself), in answer to a charge of tergiversation: "Oh, it's all right; it's the voice, you know — the enchanting voice!" He meant by this, as indeed he more fully set forth, that he came to the theatre, or to the villa in St. John's Wood, simply to treat his ear to the sound (the richest then to be heard on

earth, as he maintained) issuing from Miriam's lips. Its richness was quite independent of the words she might pronounce or the poor fable they might subserve, and if the pleasure of hearing her in public was the greater by reason of the larger volume of her utterance, it was still highly agreeable to see her at home, for it was there that the artistic nature that he freely conceded to her came out most. He spoke as if she had been formed by the bounty of nature to be his particular recreation, and as if, being an expert in innocent joys, he took his pleasure wherever he found it.

He was perpetually in the field, sociable, amiable, communicative, inveterately contradicted but never confounded, ready to talk to any one about anything, and making disagreement (of which he left the responsibility wholly to others) a basis of intimacy. Every one knew what he thought of the theatrical profession, and yet it could not be said that he did not regard its members as the exponents of comedy, inasmuch as he often elicited their foibles in a way that made even Sherringham laugh, notwithstanding his attitude of reserve where Nash was concerned. At any rate, though he had committed himself on the subject of the general fallacy of their attempt, he put up with their company, for the sake of Miriam's accents, with a practical philosophy that was all his own. Miriam pretended that he was her supreme, her incorrigible adorer, masquerading as a critic to save his vanity, and tolerated for his secret constancy in spite of being a bore. To Sherringham he was not a bore, and the secretary of embassy felt a certain displeasure at not being able to regard him as one. He had seen too many strange countries and curious things, observed and explored too much, to be void of illustration. Peter had a suspicion that if he himself was in the *grandes espaces* Gabriel Nash probably had a still wider range. If among Miriam's associates Basil Dashwood dragged

him down, Gabriel challenged him rather to higher and more fantastic flights. If he saw the girl in larger relations than the young actor, who mainly saw her in ill-written parts, Nash went a step further and regarded her, irresponsibly and sublimely, as a priestess of harmony, with whom the vulgar ideas of success and failure had nothing to do. He laughed at her "parts," holding that without them she would be great. Sherringham envied him his power to content himself with the pleasures he could get; he had a shrewd impression that contentment was not destined to be the sweetener of his own repast.

Above all Nash held his attention by a constant element of unstudied reference to Nick Dormer, who, as we know, had suddenly become much more interesting to his cousin. Sherringham found food for observation, and in some measure for perplexity, in the relations of all these clever people with each other. He knew why his sister, who had a personal impatience of unapplied ideas, had not been agreeably affected by Mr. Nash, and had not viewed with complacency a predilection for him in the man she was to marry. This was a side by which he had no desire to resemble Julia Dallow, for he needed no teaching to divine that Gabriel had not set her intelligence in motion. He, Peter, would have been sorry to have to confess that he could not understand him. He understood, furthermore, that Miriam, in Nick's studio, might very well have appeared to Julia a formidable power. She was younger, but she had quite as much her own form, and she was beautiful enough to have made Nick compare her with Mrs. Dallow even if he had been in love with that lady — a pretension as to which Peter had private ideas.

Sherringham, for many days, saw nothing of the member for Harsh, though it might have been said that, by implication, he participated in the life of Balaklava Place. Had Nick given Julia

tangible grounds, and was his unexpectedly fine rendering of Miriam an act of virtual infidelity? In that case, in what degree was Miriam to be regarded as an accomplice in his defection, and what was the real nature of this young lady's esteem for her new and (as he might be called) distinguished ally? These questions would have given Peter still more to think about if he had not flattered himself that he had made up his mind that they concerned Nick and Miriam infinitely more than they concerned him. Miriam was personally before him, so that he had no need to consult, for his pleasure, his fresh recollection of the portrait. But he thought of this striking production each time he thought of his enterprising kinsman. And that happened often, for in his hearing Miriam often discussed the happy artist and his possibilities with Gabriel Nash, and Gabriel broke out about them to Miriam. The girl's tone on the subject was frank and simple; she only said, with an iteration that was slightly irritating, that Mr. Dormer had been tremendously kind to her. She never mentioned Julia's irruption to Julia's brother; she only referred to the portrait, with inscrutable amenity, as a direct consequence of Peter's fortunate suggestion that first day at Madame Carré's. Gabriel Nash, however, showed such a disposition to expatiate, sociably and luminously, on the peculiarly interesting character of what he called Dormer's predicament, and on the fine suspense which it was fitted to kindle in the breast of discerning friends, that Peter wondered, as I have already hinted, if this insistence were not a subtle perversity, a devilish little invention to torment a man whose jealousy was presumable. Yet on the whole, Nash struck him as but scantily devilish, and still less occupied with the prefigurement of *his* emotions. Indeed, he threw a glamour of romance over Nick; tossed off such illuminating yet mystifying references to him that Sher-

ingham found himself capable of a magnanimous curiosity, a desire to follow out the chain of events. He learned from Gabriel that Nick was still away, and he felt as if he could almost submit to instruction, to initiation. The rare charm of these unregulated days was troubled—it ceased to be idyllic—when, late on the evening of the second Sunday, he walked away with Gabriel, southward, from St. John's Wood. For then something came out.

XXXII.

It mattered not so much what the doctors thought (and Sir Matthew Hope, the greatest of them all, had been down twice in one week) as that Mr. Chayter, the omniscient butler, declared with all the authority of his position and his experience that Mr. Carteret was very bad indeed. Nick Dormer had a long talk with him (it lasted six minutes) the day he hurried to Beauchlere in response to a telegram. It was Mr. Chayter who had taken upon himself to telegraph, in spite of the presence in the house of Mr. Carteret's nearest relation and only surviving sister, Mrs. London. This lady, a large, mild, healthy woman, with a heavy tread, who liked early breakfasts, uncomfortable chairs and the advertisement-sheet of the Times, had arrived the week before and was awaiting the turn of events. She was a widow and lived in Cornwall, in a house nine miles from a station, which had, to make up for this inconvenience, as she had once told Nick, a delightful old herbaceous garden. She was extremely fond of an herbaceous garden; her principal interest was in that direction. Nick had often seen her—she came to Beauchlere once or twice a year. Her sojourn there made no great difference; she was only an "Urania, dear," for Mr. Carteret to look across the table at when, on the close

of dinner, it was time for her to retire. She went out of the room always as if it were after some one else; and on the gentlemen "joining" her later (the junction was not very close) she received them with an air of gratified surprise.

Chayter honored Nick Dormer with a regard which approached, without improperly competing with it, the affection his master had placed on the same young head, and Chayter knew a good many things. Among them he knew his place; but it was wonderful how little that knowledge had rendered him inaccessible to other kinds. He took upon himself to send for Nick without speaking to Mrs. Lendon, whose influence was now a good deal like that of a large occasional piece of furniture, which had been introduced in case it should be required. She was one of the solid conveniences that a comfortable house would have; but you could n't talk with a mahogany sofa or a folding screen. Chayter knew how much she had "had" from her brother, and how much her two daughters had each received on marriage; and he was of the opinion that it was quite enough, especially considering the society in which they (you could scarcely call it) moved. He knew, beyond this, that they would all have more, and that was why he hesitated little about communicating with Nick. If Mrs. Lendon should be ruffled at the intrusion of a young man who neither was the child of a cousin nor had been formally adopted, Chayter would undertake to see that the decencies were observed. He had indeed a slightly compassionate sense that Mrs. Lendon was not easily ruffled. She was always down an extraordinary time before breakfast (Chayter refused to take it as in the least admonitory), but she usually went straight into the garden (as if to see that none of the plants had been stolen in the night), and had in the end to be looked for by the footman in some out-of-the-way spot behind

the shrubbery, where, plumped upon the ground, she was doing something "rum" to a flower.

Mr. Carteret himself had expressed no wishes. He slept most of the time (his failure at the last had been sudden, but he was rheumatic and seventy-seven), and the situation was in Chayter's hands. Sir Matthew Hope had opined, even on his second visit, that he would rally and go on, in a certain comfort, some time longer; but Chayter took a different and a still more intimate view. Nick was embarrassed; he scarcely knew what he was there for from the moment he could give his good old friend no conscious satisfaction. The doctors, the nurses, the servants, Mrs. Lendon, and above all the settled equilibrium of the square, thick house, where an immutable order appeared to slant through the polished windows and tinkle in the quieter bells, all represented best the kind of supreme solace to which the master was most accessible.

For the first day it was judged better that Nick should not be introduced into the darkened chamber. This was the decision of the two decorous nurses, of whom the visitor had had a glimpse, and who, with their black uniforms and fresh faces of business, suggested a combination of the bar-maid and the nun. He was depressed, yet restless, felt himself in a false position and thought it lucky Mrs. Lendon had powers of placid acceptance. They were old acquaintances; she treated him with a certain ceremony, but it was not the rigor of mistrust. It was much more an expression of remote Cornish respect for young abilities and distinguished connections, inasmuch as she asked him a great deal about Lady Agnes and about Lady Flora and Lady Elizabeth. He knew she was kind and ungrudging, and his principal discomfort was the sense of meagre information and of responding poorly in regard to his unin-

teresting aunts. He sat in the garden with newspapers and looked at the lowered blinds in Mr. Carteret's windows; he wandered around the abbey with cigarettes, and lightened his tread, and felt grave, and wished that everything were over. He would have liked much to see Mr. Carteret again, but he had no desire that Mr. Carteret should see him. In the evening he dined with Mrs. Lendon, and she talked to him, at his request, and as much as she could, about her brother's early years, his beginnings of life. She was so much younger that they appeared to have been rather a tradition of her own youth; but her talk made Nick feel how tremendously different Mr. Carteret had been at that period from what he, Nick, was to-day. He had published, at the age of thirty, a little volume (it was thought wonderfully clever) called *The Incidence of Rates*; but Nick had not yet collected the material for any such treatise. After dinner Mrs. Lendon, who was in full dress, retired to the drawing-room, where, at the end of ten minutes, she was followed by Nick, who had remained behind only because he thought Chayter would expect it. Mrs. Lendon almost shook hands with him again, and then Chayter brought in coffee. Almost in no time afterwards he brought in tea, and the occupants of the drawing-room sat for a slow half-hour, during which the lady looked round at the apartment with a sigh and said, "Don't you think poor Charles had exquisite taste?"

Fortunately, at this moment, the "local man" was ushered in. He had been up-stairs, and he entered, smiling, with the remark, "It's quite wonderful—it's quite wonderful." What was wonderful was a marked improvement in the breathing, a distinct indication of revival. The doctor had some tea, and he chatted for a quarter of an hour in a way that showed what a "good" manner and how large an experience a

local man could have. When he went away Nick walked out with him. The doctor's house was near by, and he had come on foot. He left Nick with the assurance that in all probability Mr. Carteret, who was certainly picking up, would be able to see him on the morrow. Our young man turned his steps again to the abbey and took a stroll about it in the starlight. It never looked so huge as when it reared itself into the night, and Nick had never felt more fond of it than on this occasion, more comforted and confirmed by its beauty. When he came back he was readmitted by Chayter, who surveyed him in respectful deprecation of the frivolity which had led him to attempt to help himself through such an evening in such a way.

Nick went to bed early and slept badly, which was unusual with him; but it was a pleasure to him to be told almost as soon as he came out of his room that Mr. Carteret had asked for him. He went in to see him, and was struck with the change in his appearance. He had, however, spent a day with him just after the New Year, and another at the beginning of March, so that he had perceived the first symptoms of mortal alteration. A week after Julia Dallow's departure for the Continent Nick had devoted several hours to Beaulere and to the intention of telling his old friend how the happy event had been brought to naught—the advantage that he had been so good as to desire for him and to make the condition of a splendid gift. Before this, for a few days, Nick had been keeping back, to announce it personally, the good news that Julia had at last set their situation in order: he wanted to enjoy the old man's pleasure—so sore a trial had her arbitrary behavior been for a year. Mrs. Dallow had offered Mr. Carteret a conciliatory visit before Christmas—had come down from London one day to lunch with him, but only

with the effect of making him subsequently exhibit to poor Nick, as the victim of her whimsical hardness, a great deal of earnest commiseration in a jocose form. Upon his honor, as he said, she was as clever and "specious" a woman (this was the odd expression he used) as he had ever seen in his life. The merit of her behavior on this occasion, as Nick knew, was that she had not been specious at her lover's expense: she had breathed no doubt of his public purpose and had had the feminine courage to say that in truth she was older than he, so that it was only fair to give his affections time to mature. But when Nick saw their sympathizing host after the rupture that I lately narrated, he found him in no state to encounter a disappointment: he was seriously ailing, it was the beginning of worse things, and it had not been difficult to evade a challenge. Nick went back to town after this excursion saddened by Mr. Carteret's now unmistakably settled decline, but rather relieved that he had not been forced to make his confession. It had even occurred to him that the need for making it might not come up if the ebb of his old friend's strength should continue unchecked. He might pass away in the persuasion that everything would happen as he wished it, though indeed without enriching Nick on his wedding-day to the tune that he had promised. Very likely he had made legal arrangements in virtue of which his bounty would take effect in the right conditions and in them alone. At present Nick had a larger confession to treat him to—the last three days had made the difference; but, oddly enough, though his responsibility had increased, his reluctance to speak had vanished: he was positively eager to clear up a situation over which it was not consistent with his honor to leave a shade.

The doctor had been right when he came in after dinner; it was clear in the morning that Mr. Carteret's power of

picking up was by no means at an end. Chayter, who had been in to see him, refused austere to change his opinion with every change in his master's temperature; but the nurses took the cheering view that it would do their patient good for Mr. Dormer to sit with him a little. One of them remained in the room, in the deep window-seat, and Nick spent twenty minutes by the bedside. It was not a case for much conversation, but Mr. Carteret seemed to like to look at him. There was life in his kind old eyes, which would express itself yet in some further wise provision. He laid his liberal hand on Nick's with a confidence which showed it was not yet disabled. He said very little, and the nurse had recommended that the visitor himself should not overflow in speech; but from time to time he murmured, with a faint smile, "To-night's division, you know—you must n't miss it." There was to be no division that night, as it happened, but even Mr. Carteret's aberrations were parliamentary. Before Nick left him he had been able to assure him that he was rapidly getting better, that such valuable hours must not be wasted. "Come back on Friday, if they come to the second reading." These were the words with which Nick was dismissed, and at noon the doctor said the invalid was doing very well, but that Nick had better leave him alone for that day. Our young man accordingly determined to go up to town for the night, and even, if he should receive no summons, for the next day. He arranged with Chayter that he should be telegraphed to if Mr. Carteret were either better or worse.

"Oh, he can't very well be worse, sir," Chayter replied, inexorably; but he relaxed so far as to remark that of course it would n't do for Nick to neglect the House.

"Oh, the House!" Nick sighed, ambiguously, avoiding the butler's eye. It would be easy enough to tell Mr. Car-

teret, but nothing would have sustained him in the effort to make a clean breast to Chayter.

He might be ambiguous about the House, but he had the sense of things to be done awaiting him in London. He telegraphed to his servant and spent that night in Rosedale Road. The things to be done were apparently to be done in his studio: his servant met him there with a large bundle of letters. He failed that evening to stray within two miles of Westminster, and the legislature of his country reassembled without his support. The next morning he received a telegram from Chayter, to whom he had given Rosedale Road as an address. This missive simply informed him that Mr. Carteret wished to see him, and it seemed to imply that he was better, though Chayter would n't say so. Nick again took his place in the train to Beauclere. He had been there very often, but it was present to him that now, after a little, he should never go again. All that was over — everything that belonged to it was over. He learned on his arrival — he saw Mrs. Lendon immediately — that his old friend had continued to pick up. He had expressed a strong and a perfectly rational desire to talk with Nick, and the doctor had said that if it was about anything important it was much better not to oppose him. "He says it's about something very important," Mrs. Lendon remarked, resting shy eyes on him while she added that *she* was looking after her brother for the hour. She had sent those wonderful young ladies out to see the abbey. Nick paused with her outside of Mr. Carteret's door. He wanted to say something comfortable to her in return for her homely charity — give her a hint, which she was far from looking for, that, practically, he had now no interest in her brother's estate. This was impossible, of course. Her absence of irony gave him no pretext, and such an allusion would be an insult

to her simple discretion. She was either not thinking of his interest at all, or she was thinking of it with the tolerance of a mind trained to a hundred decent submissions. Nick looked for an instant into her mild, uninvestigating eyes, and it came over him, supremely, that the goodness of these people was singularly pure: they were a part of what was cleanest and sanest in humanity. There had been just a little mocking inflection in Mrs. Lendon's pleasant voice; but it was dedicated to the young ladies in the black uniforms (she could perhaps be satirical about *them*), and not to the theory of the "importance" of Nick's interview with her brother. Nick's arrested desire to let her know he was not dangerous translated itself into a vague friendliness and into the abrupt, rather bewildering words, "I can't tell you half the good I think of you." As he passed into Mr. Carteret's room it occurred to him that she would perhaps interpret this speech as an acknowledgment of obligation — of her good-nature in not keeping him away from the rich old man.

XXXIII.

Mr. Carteret was propped up on pillows, and in this attitude, beneath the high, spare canopy of his bed, presented himself to Nick's picture-seeking vision as a figure in a clever composition or a novel. He had gathered strength, though this strength was not much in his voice; it was mainly in his brighter eye and his air of being pleased with himself. He put out his hand and said, "I dare say you know why I sent for you;" upon which Nick sank into the seat he had occupied the day before, replying that he had been delighted to come, whatever the reason. Mr. Carteret said nothing more about the division or the second reading; he only murmured that they were keeping the newspapers for him. "I'm rather behind — I'm rather

behind," he went on; "but two or three quiet mornings will make it all right. You can go back to-night, you know — you can easily go back." This was the only thing not quite straight that Nick saw in him, — his making light of his young friend's flying to and fro. Nick sat looking at him with a sense that was half compunction and half the idea of the rare beauty of his face, to which, strangely, the waste of illness now seemed to have restored some of its youth. Mr. Carteret was evidently conscious that, this morning, he should not be able to go on long, so that he must be practical and concise. "I dare say you know — you have only to remember," he continued.

"You know what a pleasure it is to me to see you — there can be no better reason than that."

"Has n't the year come round — the year of that foolish arrangement?"

Nick thought a little, and asked himself if it were really necessary to disturb his companion's earnest faith. Then the consciousness of the falsity of his own position surged over him again, and he replied: "Do you mean the period for which Mrs. Dallow insisted on keeping me dangling? Oh, that's over."

"And are you married — has it come off?" the old man asked, eagerly. "How long have I been ill?"

"We are uncomfortable, unreasonable people, not deserving of your interest. We are not married," Nick said.

"Then I have n't been ill so long," Mr. Carteret sighed, with vague relief.

"Not very long — but things *are* different," Nick continued.

The old man's eyes rested on his, and Nick noted how much larger they appeared. "You mean the arrangements are made — the day is at hand?"

"There are no arrangements," Nick smiled: "but why should it trouble you?"

"What then will you do — without

arrangements?" Mr. Carteret's inquiry was plaintive and childlike.

"We shall do nothing — there is nothing to be done. We are not to be married — it's all off," said Nick. Then he added, "Mrs. Dallow has gone abroad."

The old man, motionless among his pillows, gave a long groan. "Ah, I don't like that."

"No more do I, sir."

"What's the matter? It was so good — so good."

"It was n't good enough for her," Nick Dormer declared.

"For her? Is she so great as that? She told me she had the greatest regard for you. You're good enough for the best, my dear boy," Mr. Carteret went on.

"You don't know me; I *am* disappointing. Mrs. Dallow had, I believe, a great regard for me, but I have forfeited her regard."

The old man stared, at this cynical announcement; he searched his companion's face for some attenuation of the words. But Nick apparently struck him as unashamed; and a faint color coming into his withered cheek indicated his mystification and alarm. "Have you been unfaithful to her?" he demanded, considerably.

"She thinks so — it comes to the same thing. As I told you a year ago, she does n't believe in me."

"You ought to have made her — you ought to have made her," said Mr. Carteret. Nick was about to utter some rejoinder when he continued: "Do you remember what I told you I would give you, if you did? Do you remember what I told you I would give you on your wedding-day?"

"You expressed the most generous intentions; and I remember them as much as a man may do who has no wish to remind you of them."

"The money is there — I have put it aside."

"I have n't earned it — I have n't earned a penny of it. Give it to those who deserve it more."

"I don't understand — I don't understand," Mr. Carteret murmured, with the tears of weakness coming into his eyes. His face flushed and he added: "I'm not good for much discussion; I'm very much disappointed."

"I think I may say it's not my fault — I have done what I can," returned Nick.

"But when people are in love they do more than that."

"Oh, it's all over!" Nick exclaimed; not caring much now, for the moment, how disconcerted his companion might be, so long as he disabused him of the idea that they were partners to a bargain. "We've tormented each other and we've tormented you; and that is all that has come of it."

"Don't you care for what I would have done for you — should n't you have liked it?"

"Of course one likes kindness — one likes money. But it's all over," Nick repeated. Then he added: "I fatigue you, I knock you up, with telling you these uncomfortable things. I only do so because it seems to me right you should know. But don't be worried — everything will be all right."

He patted his companion's hand reassuringly, he leaned over him affectionately; but Mr. Carteret was not easily soothed. He had practiced lucidity all his life, he had expected it of others, and he had never given his assent to an indistinct proposition. He was weak, but he was not too weak to perceive that he had formed a calculation which was now vitiated by a wrong factor — put his name to a contract of which the other side had not been carried out. More than fifty years of conscious success pressed him to try to understand; he had never muddled his affairs and he could n't muddle them now. At the same time he was aware of the necessity

of economizing his effort, and he evidently gathered himself, within, patiently and almost cunningly, for the right question and the right induction. He was still able to make his agitation reflective, and it could still consort with his high hopes of Nick that he should find himself regarding the declaration that everything would be all right as an inadequate guarantee. So, after he had looked a moment into his companion's eyes, he inquired —

"Have you done anything bad?"

"Nothing worse than usual," laughed Nick.

"Everything should have been better than usual."

"Ah, well, it has n't been that — that I must say."

"Do you sometimes think of your father?" Mr. Carteret continued.

Nick hesitated a moment. "You make me think of him — you have always that pleasant effect."

"His name would have lived — it must n't be lost."

"Yes, but the competition to-day is terrible," Nick replied.

Mr. Carteret considered this a moment, as if he found a serious flaw in it; after which he began again: "I never supposed you were a trifler."

"I am determined not to be."

"I thought her charming. Don't you love her?" Mr. Carteret asked.

"Don't ask me that to-day, for I feel sore and resentful. I don't think she has treated me well."

"You should have held her — you should n't have let her go," the old man returned, with unexpected fire.

His companion flushed, at this, so strange it seemed to him to receive a lesson in energy from a dying octogenarian. Yet after an instant Nick answered, modestly enough, "I have n't been clever enough, no doubt."

"Don't say that — don't say that," Mr. Carteret murmured, looking almost frightened. "Don't think I can allow

you any mitigation of that sort. I know how well you've done. You are taking your place. Several gentlemen have told me. Has n't she felt a scruple, knowing my settlement on you was contingent?" he pursued.

"Oh, she has n't known — has n't known anything about it."

"I don't understand; though I think you explained somewhat, a year ago," Mr. Carteret said, with discouragement. "I think she wanted to speak to me — of any intentions I might have, in regard to you — the day she was here. Very nicely, very properly, she would have done it, I'm sure. I think her idea was that I ought to make any settlement quite independent of your marrying her or not marrying her. But I tried to convey to her — I don't know whether she understood me — that I liked her too much for that, I wanted too much to make sure of her."

"To make sure of me, you mean," said Nick. "And now, after all, you see you have n't."

"Well, perhaps it was that," sighed the old man, confusedly.

"All this is very bad for you — we'll talk again," Nick rejoined.

"No, no — let us finish it now. I like to know what I am doing. I shall rest better when I do know. There are great things to be done; the future will be full — the future will be fine," Mr. Carteret wandered.

"Let me say this for Julia: that if we had n't been sundered her generosity to me would have been complete, she would have put her great fortune absolutely at my disposal," Nick said, after a moment. "Her consciousness of all that naturally carries her over any particular distress in regard to what won't come to me now from another source."

"Ah, don't lose it," pleaded the old man, painfully.

"It's in your hands, sir," reasoned Nick.

"I mean Mrs. Dallow's fortune. It

will be of the highest utility. That was what your father missed."

"I shall miss more than my father did," said Nick.

"She'll come back to you — I can't look at you and doubt that."

Nick shook his head slowly, smiling. "Never, never, never! You look at me, my grand old friend, but you don't see me. I am not what you think."

"What is it — what is it? *Have* you been bad?" Mr. Carteret panted.

"No, no; I'm not bad. But I'm different."

"Different?"

"Different from my father — different from Mrs. Dallow — different from you."

"Ah, why do you perplex me?" moaned the old man. "You have done something."

"I don't want to perplex you, but I *have* done something," said Nick, getting up.

He had heard the door open softly behind him and Mrs. Lendon come forward with precautions. "What has he done — what has he done?" quavered Mr. Carteret to his sister. She, however, after a glance at the patient, motioned Nick away, and, bending over the bed, replied, in a voice expressive at that moment of a sharply contrasted plenitude of vital comfort —

"He has only excited you, I am afraid, a little more than is good for you. Is n't your dear old head a little too high?" Nick regarded himself as justly banished, and he quitted the room with a ready acquiescence in any power to carry on the scene of which Mrs. Lendon might find herself possessed. He felt distinctly brutal as he heard his host emit a soft, troubled exhalation of assent to some change of position. But he would have reproached himself more if he had wished less to guard against the acceptance of an equivalent for duties unperformed. Mr. Carteret had had in his mind, characteristically, the

idea of an enlightened agreement, and there was something more to be said about that.

Nick went out of the house and stayed away for two or three hours, quite ready to consider that the place was quieter and safer without him. He haunted the abbey, as usual, and sat a long time in its simplifying stillness, turning over many things. He came into the house again at the luncheon-hour, through the garden, and heard, somewhat to his surprise and greatly to his relief, that Mr. Carteret had composed himself, promptly enough, after their agitating interview. Mrs. Lendon talked at luncheon much as if she expected her brother to be, as she said, really quite fit again. She asked Nick no embarrassing question; which was uncommonly good of her, he thought, considering that she might have said, "What in the world were you trying to get out of him?" She only told our young man that the invalid had very little doubt he should be able to see him again, about half past seven, for a *very* short time: this gentle emphasis was Mrs. Lendon's single tribute to the critical spirit. Nick divined that Mr. Carteret's desire for further explanations was really strong and had been capable of sustaining him through a bad morning — capable even of helping him (it would be a secret and wonderful momentary victory over his weakness) to pass it off for a good one. He wished he might make a sketch of him, from the life, as he had seen him after breakfast; he had a conviction he could make a strong one, and it would be a precious memento. But he shrank from proposing this — Mr. Carteret might think it a sort of bravado. The doctor had called while Nick was out, and he came again, at five o'clock, without our young man's seeing him. Nick was busy, in his room, at that hour: he wrote a short letter which took him a long time. But apparently there had been no veto on a resumption of talk, for at half past seven

the old man sent for him. The nurse, at the door, said, "Only a moment, I hope, sir?" but she took him in and then withdrew.

The prolonged daylight was in the room, and Mr. Carteret was again established on his pile of pillows, but with his head a little lower. Nick sat down by him and began to express the hope that he had not upset him in the morning; but the old man, with fixed, expanded eyes, took up their conversation exactly where they had left it.

"What have you done — what have you done? Have you associated yourself with some other woman?"

"No, no; I don't think she can accuse me of that."

"Well, then, she'll come back to you, if you take the right way with her."

It might have been droll to hear Mr. Carteret, in his situation, giving his views on the right way with women; but Nick was not moved to enjoy that diversion. "I've taken the wrong way. I've done something which will spoil my prospects in that direction forever. I have written a letter," Nick went on; but his companion had already interrupted him.

"You've written a letter?"

"To my constituents, informing them of my determination to resign my seat."

"To resign your seat?"

"I've made up my mind, after no end of reflection, dear Mr. Carteret, to work in a different line. I have a project of becoming a painter. So I've given up the idea of a political life."

"A painter?" Mr. Carteret seemed to turn whiter.

"I'm going in for the portrait, in oils: it sounds absurd, I know, and I only mention it to show you that I don't in the least expect you to count upon me." Mr. Carteret had continued to stare, at first; then his eyes slowly closed and he lay motionless and blank. "Don't let it trouble you now; it's a long story; when you get better I'll

tell you all about it. We'll talk it over amicably, and I'll bring you to my side," Nick went on, hypocritically. He had laid his hand on Mr. Carteret's again: it felt cold; and as the old man remained silent he had a moment of exaggerated fear.

"This is dreadful news," said Mr. Carteret, opening his eyes.

"Certainly it must seem so to you, for I've always kept from you (I was ashamed, and my present confusion is a just chastisement) the great interest I have always taken in the" — Nick hesitated, and then added, with an intention of humor and a sense of foolishness — "in the pencil and the brush." He spoke of his present confusion; but it must be confessed that his manner showed it but little. He was surprised at his own serenity, and had to recognize that at the point things had come to now he was profoundly obstinate and quiet.

"The pencil — the brush? They are not the weapons of a gentleman," said Mr. Carteret.

"I was sure that would be your view. I repeat that I mention them only because you once said you intended to do something for me, as the phrase is, and I thought you ought n't to do it in ignorance."

"My ignorance was better. Such knowledge is n't good for me."

"Forgive me, my dear old friend. When you are better you will see it differently."

"I shall never be better now."

"Ah, no," pleaded Nick, "it will do you good, after a little. Think it over quietly, and you will be glad I've stopped being a humbug."

"I loved you — I loved you as my son," moaned the old man.

Nick sank on his knee beside the bed and leaned over him tenderly. "Get better, get better, and I will be your son for the rest of your life."

"Poor Dormer — poor Dormer," Mr. Carteret softly wailed.

"I admit that if he had lived I probably should n't have done it," said Nick. "I dare say I should have deferred to his prejudices, even if I thought them narrow."

"Do you turn against your father?" Mr. Carteret asked, making, to disengage his arm from the young man's touch, an effort in which Nick recognized the irritation of conscious weakness. Nick got up, at this, and stood a moment looking down at him; and Mr. Carteret went on: "Do you give up your name, do you give up your country?"

"If I do something good my country may like it," Nick contended.

"Do you regard them as equal, the two glories?"

"Here comes your nurse, to blow me up and turn me out," said Nick.

The nurse had come in, but Mr. Carteret managed to direct to her an audible, dry, courteous "Be so good as to wait till I send for you," which arrested her, in the large room, at some distance from the bed, and then had the effect of making her turn on her heel with a professional laugh. She appeared to think that an old gentleman with the fine manner of his prime might still be trusted to take care of himself. When she had gone Mr. Carteret went on, addressing Nick, with the inquiry for which his deep displeasure lent him strength: "Do you pretend there is a nobler life than a high political career?"

"I think the noble life is doing one's work well. One can do it very ill, and be very base and mean, in what you call a high political career. I have n't been in the House so many months without finding that out. It contains some very small souls."

"You should stand against them — you should expose them!" stammered Mr. Carteret.

"Stand against them, against one's own party?"

The old man looked bewildered, a moment, at this; then he broke out:

"God forgive you, are you a Tory — are you a Tory?"

"How little you understand me!" laughed Nick, with a ring of bitterness.

"Little enough — little enough, my boy. Have you sent your electors your dreadful letter?"

"Not yet; but it's all ready, and I sha'n't change my mind."

"You will — you will; you'll think better of it, you'll see your duty," said the old man, almost coaxingly.

"That seems very improbable, for my determination, crudely and abruptly as, to my great regret, it comes to you here, is the fruit of a long and painful struggle. The difficulty is that I see my duty just in this other effort."

"An effort? Do you call it an effort to fall away, to sink far down, to give up *every* effort? What does your mother say, heaven help her?" Mr. Carteret pursued, before Nick could answer the other question.

"I have n't told her yet."

"You're ashamed, you're ashamed!" Nick only looked out of the western window, at this; he felt himself growing red. "Tell her it would have been sixty thousand; I had the money all ready."

"I sha'n't tell her that," said Nick, redder still.

"Poor woman — poor dear woman!" Mr. Carteret whimpered.

"Yes, indeed; she won't like it."

"Think it all over again; don't throw away a splendid future!" These words were uttered with a recovering flicker of passion. Nick Dormer had never heard such an accent on his old friend's lips. But the next instant Mr. Carteret began to murmur, "I'm tired — I'm very tired," and sank back with a groan and with closed lips.

Nick assured him, tenderly, that he

had only too much cause to be exhausted, but that the worst was over now. He smoothed his pillows for him and said he must leave him, he would send in the nurse.

"Come back — come back," Mr. Carteret pleaded, before he quitted him; "come back and tell me it's a horrible dream."

Nick did go back, very late that evening; Mr. Carteret had sent a message to his room. But one of the nurses was on the ground this time, and she remained there, with her watch in her hand. The invalid's chamber was shrouded and darkened; the shaded candle left the bed in gloom. Nick's interview with his venerable host was the affair of but a moment; the nurse interposed, impatient and not understanding. She heard Nick tell Mr. Carteret that he had posted his letter now, and Mr. Carteret flashed out, with an acerbity which savored still of the sordid associations of a world he had not done with, "Then of course my settlement does n't take effect!"

"Oh, that's all right," Nick answered, kindly; and he went off the next morning by the early train — his injured host was still sleeping. Mrs. Lendon's habits made it easy for her to be present, in matutinal bloom, at the young man's hasty breakfast, and she sent a particular remembrance to Lady Agnes and (when Nick should see them) to the Ladies Flora and Elizabeth. Nick had a prevision of the spirit in which his mother, at least, would now receive hollow compliments from Beauclere.

The night before, as soon as he had quitted Mr. Carteret, the old man said to the nurse that he wished her to tell Mr. Chayter that, the first thing in the morning, he must go and fetch Mr. Mitton. Mr. Mitton was the first solicitor at Beauclere.

Henry James.

MATERIALS FOR LANDSCAPE ART IN AMERICA.

FOR the existence of a school of beautiful landscape art in a country it is necessary that the landscape itself should be beautiful. However good may be the natural endowments of the artist, and however excellent his technical accomplishments, he cannot produce works that shall have permanent interest unless the landscape from which he draws his inspiration present elements that will finely touch the imagination, exalt the feelings, and strongly appeal to the cultivated sense of beauty. It is not the true office of the landscape painter to render upon canvas the commonplace, or to reproduce the deformities, whether of nature or art, that may chance to make up or to form a part of any given scene. The indiscriminating delineation of the features of earth and sky, of human habitation or other work of the hand of man, is not his business. His function is to lay hold of beauty where it exists in the visible world, and so to set it forth that it shall impress the beholder and quicken his admiration for the beautiful.

The landscape art of this country at the present time too often suggests a poverty of material, and shows that the artist has misapprehended his function. A vigorous and effective realistic treatment is often employed in setting forth subjects that possess no characteristics which should at all commend them to the artist's regard. Of the many landscapes annually displayed in our exhibitions, very few whose materials are drawn from native sources fail conspicuously to exhibit elements that are displeasing to a sensitive eye. The fine choice and graceful treatment of a subject, which, with a true artist, constitute the fundamental part of his art, are rarely met with. It could, indeed, hardly be otherwise under the conditions that

now environ the painter in America; for our civilization has reached a stage in which the beautiful is little understood or cared for. The familiar and habitual sight of what is ugly inevitably induces an insensitiveness to ugliness; and with a people so little used as we are to the sight of what is beautiful and graceful in our surroundings, the finer artistic instincts have little opportunity to develop. Hence it is that the unselecting portrayal of common things, with the piquant force of modern methods, too often passes for all that landscape art should be. To an apprehension of the fact that it ought to be much more than this a large proportion of the public will probably awaken slowly. Great changes in ideas must take place before we shall generally appreciate the better functions of art, and recognize the spiritual and material conditions which favor its development. We are not yet, as a people, conscious of what we lack. The widespread and rapidly spreading interest and activity in what passes for art are regarded as indications that the fine arts are flourishing among us; and in the department of landscape painting it is thought that we possess upon our own continent all the necessary materials for the development of native talents, while the vast extent and varied character of our natural scenery afford, it is often remarked, peculiar and almost unparalleled advantages.

But this view of the matter indicates an imperfect apprehension both of the true function of the landscape painter and of the kind of influences which are necessary to produce him. The artist's business is not, as I have said, to portray the commonplace or the merely natural. No skill in depicting even the grandest scenes will suffice for art. It

is the artist's business to lay hold of and to present a kind of beauty which does not exist in mere natural scenery, — a beauty which is the result of human influence. The human element is essential. Of the impressions received from the many phases of beauty in landscape, those are the most satisfying and the most enduringly pleasant which, in one way or another, exhibit the marks of a human presence, and bespeak a human energy acting in sympathy with nature. Nature pure and simple, the wild, untamed wilderness, does not so much attract or so long hold our admiration. The sense of loneliness and of savageness which wild scenes, however sublime and impressive, induce renders them oppressive and repellent if long dwelt upon, while scenes of rural and pleasant industrial life are permanently enjoyable. What scenes possessing a graceful humanized aspect, such as might stimulate a truly artistic feeling and endeavor, have we in America? Taking the general aspect of the country at present, it can hardly be said that such scenes are numerous. Here and there, in out-of-the-way places, bits of landscape may be found which offer features that may well tempt the artist's pencil. In such places the smartness and crudeness of our suburban settlements do not offend the eye, while the savageness of the primitive wilderness, and the hard conditions that pertain to the life and surroundings of the pioneer, have given place to an easy rural existence, in which the combined charms of nature and of human abode reach some of their most fascinating aspects. In the old Dutch settlements of New York, a substantial though rude style of building prevailed in which there were attractive elements of the picturesque. Houses wrought of the native stone, with roofs of tile, having hospitable porches shaded by creeping vines or climbing roses to shelter their doorways, with bright bits of garden hard

by, and groups of embowering trees, — all bespeaking an ameliorated and contented life, — existed in numbers along the banks of the Hudson a quarter of a century ago, and some of them still remain. The human conditions suggested by such objects, if not of the highest interest, are entirely agreeable, and by them the expression of the landscape is softened and beautified. At the village of Leeds, near the Hudson, a stone bridge yet spans a stream of considerable width, which in design and construction is as good as a rustic bridge can be. It consists of five arches, which differ in the widths of their spans in agreement with the conformation of the river bed. The main channel of the stream is about sixty feet wide, and flows by the town of Leeds on the hither side. From the nearer bank, which is somewhat high, a small arch is thrown out to a massive pier planted at the edge of the deep water. From this pier a great arch springs, clearing at once the whole channel, and three lesser arches carry the roadway over the shoal bottom to the opposite shore. The varying widths of the arches necessitate a variation in their heights; and the line of the roadway over them, rising over the great arch, and gradually subsiding as it traverses the lesser ones, describes a curve of much though quite unstudied beauty. In the spring freshets this bridge is subjected to enormous force of rushing floods and pushing ice-fields. To meet this strain ponderous wedge-shaped breakwater projections are built out on the up-stream sides of the piers, while strong buttresses of rectangular section are set against them on the down-stream sides. Its materials, gathered on the spot and taking on a natural enrichment of moss, lichen, creeping vine, and weather-stain, together with the simple logic of its form, which answers perfectly all the conditions that require to be met, give it an expression of sympathy with the natu-

ral features with which it is associated. Such an object adds a subtle charm to the landscape of which it forms a part, enhancing the value of everything in its neighborhood. Without it, the scene, though peculiarly graceful, with background of gentle hill range, opposed by stretch of rolling meadow lands, interspersed with fine groups of trees, and traversed by the sheeny, winding stream, would lack more than half its attractiveness. In the absence of this or some kindred object, the human element would be too remotely suggested to impress the mind in a lively and affecting manner.

An object of human handiwork equal in interest to the bridge at Leeds is, in this country, hardly elsewhere to be found. Stone bridges are, indeed, occasionally met with, but it would be difficult to find another which should so completely fulfill the conditions that make a structure of this kind delightful to the eye of an artist and to all persons susceptible to artistic impressions. No object has more effect on the landscape, either for good or for ill, than a bridge. No country can be devoid of material for pictures that has good bridges. A well-constructed stone bridge is always better than any other kind of bridge; yet wooden bridges often possess a character that is both interesting and picturesque. The great timber bridges that yet remain, of an earlier time, in the Middle and New England States are sometimes good objects of their kind; but the common and more recent type of covered wooden bridge is an ugly thing wherever it occurs. Such a bridge, instead of lending an added grace, is enough to spoil the finest scene. Its rigid lines have no affinity with the living contours of natural things, and its slight construction is painfully suggestive of premature decay. The best wooden bridges, from a picturesque point of view, are perhaps the log bridges of our mountainous regions.

Some of these, sagging gracefully when of a single span, or rising in a gentle curve when two lengths of logs (supported in mid-stream by a rough timber framework) are necessary, and provided with a rustic railing, are suitable enough to the half-wild scenes in which they occur. But all such wooden contrivances have a temporary and makeshift look, and hence they can never have that effect, as of integral parts of the landscape, which belongs to substantial structures of stone.

An object of great artistic value sometimes connected with the older farmsteads of New York and Pennsylvania is a simple contrivance for sheltering hay. It consists of a square-hipped roof of boards or thatch, supported by tall posts which pass through its four corners, and are provided with movable pegs on which the roof rests at any convenient height which the quantity of hay to be covered may require. One or more of these objects add greatly to the picturesqueness of the group of farm buildings and appurtenances. The hay-stack is also sometimes seen grouped with the barns and sheds, and it is always a beautiful object.

The New England farmstead is rarely so agreeable to the eye as that of the old Dutch settlements of New York. Its less substantial materials and the usual absence of those marks of restful enjoyment which in many cases characterize the Dutch farm dwelling make it generally less interesting in appearance. Weathered clapboards and shingles exhibit little of that richness that beautifies old walls of stone; and the marks of decay which soon appear in wooden structures built so thinly as those of this country usually are give an unpleasant sense of transiency, and often suggest a degree of discomfort which is no necessary part of the picturesque. Where the building has been kept in good repair by paint the quality of the picturesque is still more wanting; for

nothing can be more out of harmony with the character of any natural surface than an expanse of painted wood such as the smart New England farmhouse exhibits. The general expression of the New England farmstead is too often one of cheerless unthrift. The slatternly confusion of unhoused and ill-used implements, of uncovered wood-pile and scattered odds and ends of rubbish, make up a scene which bespeaks a shiftless and uninteresting existence, and affords little material for the imagination or the pencil of the artist. Nor is the more general view of the New England farmstead much more enticing than the nearer view. The group of dwelling, barns, and sheds, often without shade trees, presents few agreeable lines or proportions, while its hard angularities and uniform blank surfaces offer nothing that the eye can rest upon with comfort. But there are happy exceptions to this dreary type. Old farmsteads are sometimes met with that have a much more attractive character and expression. When the house is substantial and unpainted, or when it shows only the worn traces of that dark-red color which was long ago the fashion, while yet the general condition remains unimpaired; when some mantling vine is trained about the doorway, and allowed to wander over window-heads, along the eaves, or up the corners, throwing the grace of its free growth over its monotonous baldness of design; and when great elms fling their branches protectingly over it, and partly conceal its sharp angularity and that of the boarded barns and offices, a scene is presented that may well arrest the eye of the lover of the picturesque. The generous, homely New England farmhouse of long ago, with its thrifty and independent tenants, had a character all its own and one of high worth, even from the artist's point of view. In its full integrity it can hardly now be found, though something of its character may still occasion-

ally be seen in the more retired rural districts.

Other buildings of interest, forming marked features in the landscape, are becoming year by year less frequent than they formerly were. The saw-mill by the side of a running stream, with its dam and sluiceway and its litter of logs and sawn planks, may yet sometimes be seen; but the grist-mill with its great water-wheel, and the wind-mill with its spreading sails, are hardly any longer to be found.

Of village architecture we have never had any in the country worthy of the name. There is not a village in the land whose streets, so far as their buildings are concerned, would ever tempt a painter of discernment to linger and make drawings. Village church-building is with us especially unpleasing. A singular baldness, absence of proportion, and general box-like character mark the structures in which New Englanders gather for religious worship. The parsimony and indifference to the needs of the future, which have largely forbidden a thorough and substantial mode of domestic building, are, as a rule, equally apparent in the village church and the village school-house. The better class of older dwellings — the manorial houses of the Hudson and the colonial mansions of New England — are the best examples of house-building that the country affords. They are, however, generally neither substantial enough in material nor fine enough architecturally to make them conspicuously interesting as pictorial objects.

After bridges and other buildings, few things of man's workmanship add more to the beauty of rural landscape than roadways and fences. These are often both picturesque and graceful in a high degree, though they rarely, with us, exhibit that thoroughness of construction which gives to such things their best character. A rural roadway which follows the ups and downs and ins and

outs of the natural conformation of the land cannot be otherwise than beautiful in its lines and surfaces; and when its sides are clothed with a spontaneous growth of vegetation, few things to be seen in this country are more lovely. Its long stretches of approximately direct course present charming perspectives, and its sweeping curves are of the most subtle character. The loose stone walls with which the greater portion of our farm lands are inclosed harmonize well with our scenery. Their slight construction is in keeping with the prevailing character of rustic workmanship, and the rapidity with which they yield to the influences of frost — falling away from the mason's rigid line in all manner of accidental curves — soon allies them with the free forms of nature, and renders them agreeable to the eye of the artist. Such objects cannot, however, excite the interest that we should feel in better pieces of workmanship after they had, with the lapse of time, become modified in form by settlement and deflection. We are more impressed with the influences of nature upon a thing that has been wrought with care and thoroughness than we can be by the untimely distortion, however picturesque, of a thing that never had any substantial character. Thus the wavy line of the coping of a wall that has withstood the vicissitudes of a century has a significance, as well as a beauty, which does not inhere in one that has been thrown out of shape by the frosts of half a dozen winters. The various kinds of wooden field fencing that are common throughout the country, the stump fences of remote regions and the post and rail fences of the older farming districts among them, are often picturesque enough in their way, but they are generally less pleasing than stone walls.

The grass-grown by-roads and those which lead from the farmstead to the remote portions of the farm, fenced in one or the other of these ways, are often

rich in materials for the artist; and well-chosen passages of them feelingly wrought into pictures may, especially when animated by figures or animals, constitute a refreshing and delightful form of landscape art of subordinate character.

The inland landscape of America exhibits few other objects of human work that can much interest the painter, with exception of the farm implements that are more or less conspicuous in rural landscape. Carts, wagons, ploughs, and other farm tools are interesting and telling things in the foreground when they are homely enough in character to mate well with rural scenes. Nothing, for instance, could be more attractive of its kind than the ox-cart that was in use in the remote parts of New England before the advent of the railway. Its ponderous wheels with enormous hubs and felloes, wrought entirely without iron; its great tongue of hard wood, split and divided into a Y-shape at the end that was attached to the axle; and its hay-rack, which in its season replaced the ordinary body, made up an object of a highly fascinating and picturesque character.

Besides rural buildings, roadways, and implements, the cultivated lands of the farmer have a large share in humanizing the aspect of the landscape. Without the broad reaches and various checkerings of cultivated fields, meadows, and fallows, lying out upon the alluvial levels, stretching over the fertile uplands, and making openings on the flanks of hill ranges, the mere habitations and other appurtenances of man would make little impression upon the face of nature. Nothing so much contributes to the production of what may be called a smiling landscape as a generous system of agriculture; and the districts where such agriculture exists will usually be those which will offer the most material for beautiful landscape art. The regularity of arrangement of well-ordered farm

crops affords lines that pleasantly oppose the free lines of nature, without too much formality. Many other things may, of course, offer opposing lines; the geometric forms of buildings have this value, among others. But the trim rows of herbage in field or garden, yielding, as they do, to the modeling of the earth's surface, and modified by perspective, furnish a kind of picturesque order whose value is too often overlooked by the landscape painter.

The forms of trees that have grown up in cultivated lands, along roadways, and about the habitations of man derive a character from the circumstances of their growth that differs widely from that of trees grown in a wild forest. What may be called the ideal, or typical, forms of the oak, the elm, the maple, the ash, and the beech, for instance, may be regarded as in a measure the product of human industry, since without the clearing of the forest and the cultivation of the soil they would not be what they are. Such tree-forms contribute largely, therefore, to the humanized aspect of the landscape. The trees of America have a beauty which is peculiar to them. When grown under favorable conditions, they are remarkable for elastic grace of structure and for brilliancy of verdure. The most conspicuous of them, and the tree which is, perhaps, the most generally attractive to the artist, is the elm; and when not too weak in its ramification, as it is sometimes apt to be, it is certainly one of the grandest and most beautiful of natural objects. In New England it often attains enormous size, and it is, happily, almost everywhere to be found, exhibiting a great variety of magnificent shapes. The elm is the favorite and characteristic roof-tree of the older New England homesteads, and hence, more than any other, it is suggestive of human associations. The oak is now more rarely met with in fine condition and developed growth. Few of these

noblest of trees, which formerly existed in considerable numbers, have been spared by the axe of the ship-builder. But a fine oak may yet occasionally be seen, and, with its well-massed head of dark foliage, its vigorous branching, its mighty trunk, and its giant grip of the earth, it stands altogether unrivaled among the sylvan materials of landscape art. The maples, though generally less fine than the typical forms of elm and oak, are yet often very admirable trees. Indeed, a well-favored rock maple possesses some of the best characteristics of both the elm and the oak. Somewhat like the elm, its mode of growth is graceful and elastic, while, in common with the oak, its foliage hangs in heavy, compact, and beautifully modeled masses. Such is usually its symmetry and density that its branches are apt to be almost entirely hidden in a rounded head of leafage; but when somewhat of its internal anatomy is exposed to view, it becomes to the landscape draughtsman one of the best of trees. The full-rounded and robust ash may also rank among trees of the first order, from the artist's point of view. Its smooth and stately bole, and its finely radiating yet sufficiently strong mode of ramification, commend it highly to the admirer of sylvan beauty. No tree is more intimately associated with human life than the apple-tree, and few trees are more picturesque or of more varied charm at different seasons. In its time of bloom it is unrivaled in fairness by anything that grows; and in its full fruitage it again presents a beauty that is hardly surpassed. Under all conditions, whether of culture or neglect, it is agreeable to the eye, and suggestive of service both to the æsthetic and to the material wants of man. The half-wildness of an old rocky apple orchard possesses a pathetic fascination for the artist, and tempts his pencil by many admirable groupings.

Very fascinating scenes are presented

by those vast reaches of salt marsh lands that occur along our coast at the mouths of rivers. These are often rich in delightful pictures; especially at the time when they are dotted with hay-ricks and animated groups of laborers. One of the most charming objects to be seen in these regions is the hay-boat wending inland through tortuous channels, propelled by oars or by a picturesque square of weather-beaten sail. Such scenes present few discordant elements, and may almost be taken just as they are and wrought into beautiful designs.

The materials of landscape art need not, of course, consist always of objects which are the most perfect of their kind. Things in themselves imperfect must usually enter more or less abundantly into all art, as they do into all natural scenes; but to be highly interesting a landscape subject must possess governing features that are excellent and beautiful. If the total impression received from a landscape view is not one of beauty, it is unfit to be a subject of art. The mind and the eye cannot dwell with healthy pleasure upon deformity and ugliness. The naked, poverty-stricken dwellings and the pinched aspect of things that meet the eye in many dreary tracts of the country can afford little material for painting. The higher hills and mountain ranges have not yet, in this country, been ennobled by the addition of architectural works of a permanent character, such as might enhance their natural beauties of outline, and give them a visible connection with the life of man. Hence, whatever their grandeur, they do not possess their utmost charm, nor furnish such materials as they might for pictures. In their natural wildness they may make good backgrounds to the various scenes of human life that find place in the valleys and lowlands, but as main subjects they are not enough humanized to serve the purposes of the painter of right feeling.

In addition to the inanimate things which make up a beautiful landscape, the figures of men and animals are, of course, necessary to complete its charm. The visible presence of appropriate figures not only gives life to a scene, but it gives also both the forms and the colors that are needed to oppose and enliven the forms and colors of common nature. The human figure ought to be to the landscape painter the object for the sake of which everything else exists. Nothing so enhances all other charms of nature; and landscape art which fails to exhibit man as its crowning interest falls short of its fullest function. No high degree of beauty in human form is now commonly to be met with; but the natural movements of even ordinary men, women, and children have often a grace that artists, at the present time, are rarely enough alive to. In landscape figures the picturesque is too often sought without reference to the graceful; but to the discerning eye the graceful is an essential element of the picturesque. Most landscape painters are singularly indifferent to this quality. If the artist only succeeds in getting his figures natural in movement, he is usually satisfied, and in general the artistic public is equally so. But the artist's true function is no more fulfilled by being simply natural in delineation of the figure than it is by being simply natural in the rendering of the various features of the landscape itself.

Three things have operated strongly against the general appreciation of beauty in American art, especially as regards the figure. The first is the lack of familiar acquaintance with works of art in which beauty is set forth. Our country possesses very little of such art; and example is necessary to quicken and to guide the painter during his forming period. The second is the strength of the realistic idea which animates the artistic activities of our time

largely to the exclusion of the more fundamental principles of design. And the third is the influence of photography, especially instantaneous photography. This last process, by arresting positions of the body that do not naturally impress the eye, has lately familiarized us with the most ungraceful attitudes, and has given a fresh impetus to the unselecting habit, which is a bane of our present schools of painting.

The greatest obstacle to progress in the art of figure painting as connected with landscape is, perhaps, the absence of appropriate costume. Farm laborers, both men and women, are, in New England, usually clad in the most negligent and unpicturesque manner. Nevertheless, figures of more or less interest are not altogether wanting; and the ordinary operations of husbandry give occasion to a great variety of actions and groupings which often present excellent materials for pictures, even though the costumes be not in themselves of interest.

To the discriminating eye even the most ungainly figure in action will frequently assume attitudes of more or less gracefulness. For these the artist should be ever watchful, though to arrest them his pencil will require much practice. He should feel that without grace no figure is, in general, worth drawing. To an eye exercised in discerning beauty the figure of a man swinging a scythe or pitching hay, for instance, will almost constantly exhibit movements as beautiful as any of those that have been embodied in the finest Greek sculpture. By catching these movements the artist may give to his design a character which will greatly raise its value. It is true that the grace which rustic figures show may sometimes be not so plainly marked, and in many instances a figure may be good for a picture, to which, standing by itself, we might hardly apply the term grace. But anything verging upon real ugliness of pose will distinctly lower the

value of the design in which it occurs as a conspicuous element. The grace whose importance I am here insisting upon is that simple, quiet grace that is entirely natural and unconscious. No undue emphasis of this quality is desirable, of course; but that beauty which is inherent in everything that is at all worth the artist's labor ought, above all things, to be brought out in the treatment of the human figure.

The figures of animals form a class of picturesque objects which are always available, and though the trappings of beasts of burden are not, in this country, any more than rustic costumes, of a highly picturesque aspect, the animals themselves are always worthy subjects of the artist's skill. The ox-team before the plough or the hay-cart, the draft-horse in his harness, and the varied groupings of cattle and sheep present an ever ready resource by which the landscape painter is often enabled to convert an otherwise indifferent scene into one of interest.

We have thus far considered only those materials for landscape which are offered by rural scenes; but the departments of what may be called industrial, urbane, and elegant life ought hardly less to supply subjects for the painter. In these departments, however, our country is deplorably deficient in picturesque interest, except in our inland water-ways and sea-coast scenes, both of which often exhibit a good deal that is admirably suited to the purposes of the painter. The slow-sailing craft and towed groups of barges that transport bulky merchandise up and down the Hudson, and the fishing and carrying sloops and schooners that ply from port to port along the sea-board, are nearly always fascinating objects; and so, also, are the many varieties of smaller sailing and rowing boats that are used for common service, — the yawl of the transport craft, for instance, and the dory of the fisherman.

The operations of fishing and lading afford thousands of admirable subjects for the painter, notwithstanding that in the construction of wharfs and buildings the elements of the picturesque are not abundant. Wharfs and the buildings connected with them are hardly ever built of material substantial enough to take on, with the lapse of time, that mellowing touch of nature that is so essential to beauty. As in the New England farmhouse, the thin boarding and shingling of sea-port dwellings and storehouses generally exhibit either the marks of premature decay, or else those monotonous expanses of crude paint which are a torture to the eye; while the piles and planks of wharfs and piers fail, equally, to have that expression of solidity which should be a prime quality in such works, and which would contrast agreeably with the buoyant and elastic grace of boats and rigging. In the stead of wholesome picturesqueness a slatternly and squalid aspect is apt to result, and the value to the artist of the good elements in boats, fishing-gear, and kindred objects is thereby greatly lessened.

Other industries than those of fishing and water transport rarely, at the present time, supply interesting materials for pictures that can be classed under the head of landscapes. The post-coach, with its picturesque accompaniments, has passed away with the conditions to which it was suited, and the convenient and now indispensable steam railway is certainly not a thing of pictorial interest. Its cuttings and embankments, its iron bridges and machine-shops, are cruel scars upon the face of nature which no feeling eye can regard without pain. Without indulging in any sentimental or unreasonable denunciation of the great mechanical activities of our time and country, of which the railway is the most conspicuous, but rather admitting their advantages within reasonable limits, it may yet be said that they

are destructive of landscape beauty. At least they are so when constructed as they now are in America, with reckless disregard of everything but the commonest utilitarian and financial ends.

It is conceivable that a railway should be carried through a given territory without seriously injuring its beauty. If, instead of pursuing the directest course at any sacrifice of natural features, care might be exercised to follow the lines that would harm them least; if the cuts and other inevitable disfigurements were healed, as far as might be, by turfing and planting; and if, in the place of unsightly and dangerous skeleton bridges of iron, well-designed and strongly-built bridges of solid and safe masonry were employed, the railway might not be the offense to the eye that it now is. With the increase of appreciation of the worth of beauty, which is not to be despaired of, it is possible that the railway may, in time, be thus improved. Certainly, if it is not, it will, at its present rate of growth, so disfigure the face of the whole country as to make it uninhabitable for men of refined sensibilities. The preservation of natural beauty is one of the first conditions of the development of taste. Protection against its destruction is therefore a matter of national importance equal to any other, and without which no schemes of art education can be of much avail. In its present form, the railway, and all that it stands for, is a potent agency for the defeat of any efforts that may be made to diffuse those artistic tastes which help to raise a people out of the barbarism of vulgar interests.

The streets of our cities are almost wholly devoid of picturesque beauty. The dull and oppressive monotony of the brick and stone walls of the plainer dwellings and warehouses, and the pretentiously ornate character and incongruous juxtapositions of others, ren-

der our street scenes, for the most part, repellent to the feeling eye. Of the newer styles of building little need here be said, because, were they even beyond criticism as examples of architecture, they could, on account of their newness, furnish no material to the painter. A degree of age is necessary to render any object of human work that holds a place in the landscape artistically interesting; for in such objects the artist's interest does not attach to the things themselves only, but also to the conditions to which the influences of nature may have brought them. To be nobly picturesque, a structure must, of course, be intrinsically noble, — like the Leeds bridge, — and the artist of feeling will appreciate this character; but in its brand-new state hardly any object can be a good subject for painting. Even Leeds bridge, in the days of its newness, must have largely lacked the charm that now commends it to our admiration.

The same disregard for what is agreeable to the eye that makes the railway so ugly has operated to deprive our older cities of nearly all that was once architecturally interesting, or had become historically significant. No inherent excellence of character or memorableness of association seems now to avail against the demolition of a structure that may happen to stand in the way of any commonplace utility. The old Hancock house in Boston was, for instance, a conspicuously good example of substantial building, in which picturesqueness had been secured in a natural and unaffected way. Though it was not a great work of art, it was yet a thoroughly good one of its kind; and it was an object upon which the eye might always rest with pleasure. One street view in Boston had, a few years ago, considerable beauty that was chiefly owing to the Paddock elms, which grouped so well with the tower and spire of Park Street Church, and cast their pleasant shade over the now glaring

sidewalk of Tremont Street. The commonplace ugliness of another street view is still largely made up for by the ivied tower of the Old South meeting-house, whose preservation has recently, by a narrow chance, been secured by private munificence. These and many other instances that will occur to everybody show something of the nature of the obstacles to the growth of taste and the cultivation of the fine arts which beset our civilization. Without an appreciation for things that are excellent and memorable sufficient to protect them from wanton destruction, and without the presence of such things, no great school of art ever did or ever can flourish.

A few things of excellent character, though of modest pretensions, which have attained age enough to give them something of a picturesque charm as well as historic interest, still exist among us. Some of the older college buildings in Cambridge have a quiet dignity of aspect, arising from both excellence of design and the mellowing touch of time. Old Harvard and Massachusetts halls, Holden Chapel, and Hollis and Stoughton are well proportioned, reasonable, and substantial buildings, which, while not to be classed as beautiful examples of architecture, are entirely agreeable objects to look upon, and will remain so as long as they last. Few buildings are met with in any of our older towns and cities which are nearly so good as these; and their quiet expression ought to furnish a useful lesson to our rising architects. Very different and very much better would have been the present aspect of this seat of learning, had the whole town assumed and retained a character such as buildings so substantial and dignified as these would have imparted to it. With such a style of building, and with the suburbs and river banks kept free from unnecessary disfigurements, Cambridge would be a far pleasanter place than it now is to live in.

Materials for art would not be wanting in a town of such character; and the conditions most favorable to art are the same that are most favorable to all the best interests and enjoyments of men. Our general indifference to these conditions is amazing, as the scattered rubbish, staring advertisements, and monstrous ugliness in building which disfigure the suburbs of all our larger towns too undeniably attest. These are no necessary part of the industrial progress by which it is sometimes sought to excuse them. They are signs of an indifference and an insensitiveness that do us little credit as an enlightened people.

In our public parks and in the pleasure grounds of the wealthy, the artist will find good subjects less frequently than might be the case were the art of the landscape gardener better understood among us. The value of straight lines on level ground, and the almost inevitable weakness of sinuous paths and roadways that are not governed in their course by natural undulations of surface or by obstacles either natural or artificial, seem to be not generally enough recognized. All imitation of the freedom of nature, the formation of artificial mounds, rockeries, cataracts, and kindred fancies, are apt to be bad in effect. We may terrace a hillside, and conduct a stream through walled channels, let it fall from ledge to ledge of good masonry, and shoot in fountain spray into marble basins, with good effect. An artist may revel in artificial works of this kind when once they have been enough touched by nature to take off their brand-newness; but imitations of the features of wild and free nature are tolerable only on the stage. A park or garden is properly an artificial thing, and it is generally most effective and delightful when all its arrangements are frankly and reasonably so. As a rule, on level ground, right lines and geometric curves are the most suitable for

paths and flower-plots. In Boston, the Common and the Public Garden afford illustration, on the one hand of a mode of laying out which is reasonable and effective, and on the other of a mode which is weak and ineffective. A painter may find good subjects for his pencil in the Common, but he will not find many in the Public Garden. The filigreed cast-iron railings which often inclose our public parks are unsightly objects which cannot be made to harmonize with anything beautiful. Plain or simply ornamented wrought-iron railings would be in no way offensive to the eye. Inclosure of some sort all such grounds ought to have. The fashion of leveling fences is objectionable because it takes away that expression of security and seclusion which are among the first requisites of pleasure grounds, whether public or private. A fence need never be a disagreeable object. On the contrary, it is, when reasonably designed and well constructed, a pleasant feature in any scene where it has a use. One of the most agreeable of all fences is the living hedge, for which we have so wide a variety of suitable shrubs that it is a wonder it is not more generally employed.

It is singular that in our parks, where the exigencies of economy and utility cannot be urged, a well-designed and well-constructed bridge of stone should so rarely appear. The discordant constructions of painted iron which so often do duty as bridges in public pleasure grounds invariably destroy the effect of every scene in which they occur, and, together with the mediocre statuary conspicuously mounted on showily ornate pedestals, do incalculable mischief in vulgarizing the public taste, while they drive to despair the artist in search of materials for pictures.

Subjects like the foregoing embrace about all that the Middle and New England States now afford which are at all suited to the purposes of the landscape

painter. Other regions of the country, with exception, perhaps, of some portions of the South, hardly, I suppose, possess as much material for the artist. The vast regions of the West, though in many parts rich in varied and magnificent scenery, are as yet, for the most part, too newly settled to have attained the conditions that are essential to the painter. On the whole, though good subjects for painting are to be found in the older parts of the country, yet the discriminating admirer of landscape beauty cannot fail to feel that they are of very limited range, while those of a highly interesting kind are comparatively few. The scenes that most commonly meet our eyes, in our daily walks, are not such as to awaken artistic enthusiasm. This is not because our civilization is new. Picturesque material was far more abundant with us when it was newer. It is rather because we, at this

time, in our treatment of nature, practically do not regard its beauty as of equal importance with the material services which it can be made to yield.

Under these conditions, it behooves those of us who value beauty, and all that it stands for, to do what we can to extend its appreciation. We ought to be modest in our estimate of the landscape art now produced, and to recognize the fact that its real improvement must necessarily be slow. The artist cannot be independent of the conditions which surround him. The most that he can do is to gather what is best out of them. It behooves him to cultivate a spirit of discrimination in all that he delineates. By a habit of choice according to his apprehensions, a critical spirit, growing more and more just by exercise, will be formed in him, whereby the character of his art will be proportionately raised.

Charles H. Moore.

A PROBLEM.

Too old for heat from days of youthful prime;
 Too young for light beyond this sort of time;
 Too wise to follow guides who once deceived;
 And trust the creeds in cruder years believed;
 And yet too ignorant of the higher ways
 Beyond the boundary of his earthly day—
 Can men or angels find a place for him,
 Some phase of being as his eyes grow dim,
 Where past and future rays shall meet and blend
 To warm and brighten ere his journey end?
 Where Age can say, "Earth's youth, thy heat is mine;
 And thou, O Life to come, my Light divine!"

Christopher P. Cranch.

MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF.

GUSTAVE FLAUBERT, at ten years of age, had a premonitory sense of life which was like the smell of the soup through a hole in the cover of the tureen: it took away his appetite. To Mademoiselle Marie Bashkirtseff, who opened a pair of charming eyes upon the world in 1860, in the government of Poltava, Little Russia, and who had the odor of life wafted to her nostrils a few years, or months, later, the soup-fragrance was in the highest degree appetizing, stimulating as the smell of battle to the war-horse of tradition. "From the time that I began to think," she confides to us, "from the time I was three years old (and I remained at the breast till three and a half), I had aspirations towards indefinable grandeurs." The dates are deliciously Gallic, but may be accepted without protest, particularly as the record extends too far back for accurate verification. That a child should stretch hands for the moon, or a girl regard the universe as a commissariat for the supply of wealth, incense, happiness to her own pretty person, is no novel phase of history; were it new it would lose thereby much of its piquancy and significance. Shy little Hetty, alone in the Poyser attic, tied on her beads in the same faith; and the dreams, air-castles, imperious demands upon life, which a Parisian princess of the Ukraine heaps up in her journal have that adorable touch of nature which makes them kin to many a vagrant fancy buzzing unrecorded in other pretty or less pretty heads. There is individuality, too, and to spare, in this journal of Marie Bashkirtseff, — a book which came out in Paris a year ago, but does not seem yet to have caught the ear of its right public in this country, where the demand for such untranslated *sauce piquante*, though small, is not unappreciative. It has the

interest not alone of dreams and caprices, but of poignant realities; it is not alone the outspoken wit, longing, and opinions of a girl writing for her own heart, and poisoning for her public at the same moment, but the self-revelation of a gifted and forceful nature, working itself out through successive phases of a life which, concentrated into a few short years, leaves an impression almost complete in its distinctness.

Marie Bashkirtseff, who began to think and to aspire at so early an age, and who wrote the last word of her life-story at an hour when most workers are still upon the threshold, was the daughter of a small provincial land-owner in Little Russia, her paternal grandfather being an officer who had risen to the rank of general in the Crimean War. Her mother was of higher position, a Babanine, of older nobility and supposed Tartar origin, "of the first invasion," says Marie, shrugging her shoulders at the tradition. She was a beauty who married at one and twenty, "after refusing very desirable offers," and who, after two years of the society of M. Bashkirtseff, returned to the Babanine household with her two children, Marie and a brother, Paul. Marie was brought up by her grandmother, who idolized her, and her aunt, "younger than mamma, but not pretty, sacrificed by everybody, and sacrificing herself to all."

After the death of the grandmother, her mother, who had yearnings after the gay world, managed to effect a migration of the family to foreign soil. They set out in May, 1870: grandfather, mamma and aunt, Dina, — a cousin, daughter of a son of the Babanines who seems to have married beneath him, — Marie, Paul, and a family doctor and friend, Walitsky, "a Pole free from exaggerations of patriotism," who seems

to have undertaken, with some measure of success, the rôle of peacemaker in the household. They went to Vienna, and luxuriated for a month in the shops and theatres; then to Baden-Baden, in the height of the season, just before its gayeties were eclipsed by the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War. It was there that Marie caught her first glimpse of the world and of fashion, and was "tortured by vanity." From Baden-Baden they went to Geneva, and thence to Nice, where they were established for some years, and where the published journal (preceded, we are told, by other efforts) opens in January, 1873, its author and heroine being twelve years old.

At Baden-Baden, on the promenade and at the races, she had seen the Duc de H., apparently a typical and more or less prominent member of the society of that watering-place, and later of that of Nice. She had not spoken to him; but her imagination, prematurely active, and craving a part in the brilliant scene before her, had entrusted to him the leading rôle in its drama. Two years later the candle still burns before his image. If she had been a Boston girl, the object of this exalted sentiment would probably have been an older person of her own sex, a pretty Sunday-school teacher or an unhappy society woman; but her surroundings are not of the New England character, and Marie is too ambitious to waste her dreams. She will have no *lever de rideau*, but must plunge at once into the drama.

"Aunt Sophie is still playing; the music reaches me at intervals and penetrates all my being. I have no lessons to learn for to-morrow; it is Sophie's birthday. O God, give me the Duc de H.! I will love him and make him happy. I will be happy too. I will do good to the poor. It is a sin to believe that one can purchase the mercies of God by good works, but I do not know how to express myself."

The lessons, the Duc de H., and

the good God make a curious company throughout these early pages. She prays on her knees, with tears, that she may make the duke's acquaintance. She can hardly believe that God will leave so ardent a desire unfulfilled. "Three times already he has heard and answered me. The first time, I asked for a game of croquet, and my aunt brought me one from Geneva; the second time, I implored his aid in learning English. I prayed and wept so hard that I seemed to see an image of the Virgin in the corner of my room which promised me success."

She is invited by an English lady to spend Sunday with her children, and after dinner she sings to the young people in the gloomy *salon*. "They were all in such ecstasies that they began to embrace me frightfully, — *affreusement*, — there is no other word for it." She is enchanted with this admiration, even from children, and the thought comes to her, What if others should admire also?

"I was born for triumphs and emotions; therefore the best thing for me to do is to become a singer. If the good God will only *preserve, strengthen, and enlarge* my voice" (the italics are her own, as well as the definiteness of the prayer), "I shall have in that way the triumph for which I thirst. Thus I should have the satisfaction of being celebrated, known, admired; and thus I may be able to obtain the man I love. If I remain where I am, there is little hope of his loving me; he will not even know that I exist; but when he sees me in the midst of glory and triumph!"

A little later she concludes that she will have to be "either the Duchess of H. — that is what I desire the most (for God sees how I love him) — or a celebrity of the stage;" and she balances the two careers carefully, deciding, however, in favor of the duchess. Meagre as are the materials of her novel, there is no lack of intensity in the style. She goes

back in memory to the day at Baden-Baden when she sat near the duke's mistress at the races, and heard his name mentioned, while "my heart gave a throb which I did not then understand." Afterwards, in the street, she caught his eye fixed upon her for an instant, and interpreted his mocking look into "What an absurd little girl!" "And I was absurd in my little silk frocks; I was ridiculous! I refrained from looking at him. And then whenever I met him my heart knocked so hard against my chest that it hurt me. I do not know whether any one else has had that experience, but I am afraid that my heart will be heard beating. I used to believe that the heart was only a piece of flesh, but I see now that it is in communication with the mind. I understand now the phrase 'It made my heart beat.' Before, when I heard it at the theatre, I thought of it without comprehension; now I recognize emotions which I have myself experienced. The heart is a piece of flesh which communicates by a little string with the brain, which in its turn receives information from the eyes or the ears; and thus it is the heart which speaks, because the string becomes agitated and makes it beat faster than its wont, and sends the blood to the face."

We get glimpses of the whole French environment — *le monde et demi* — in this infantile diary. She sees the photograph of the duke's mistress, and pays tribute to her beauty. "But in ten years she will be faded; in ten years I shall be grown. I should be more beautiful if I were taller." This is a long way from the idyl of Pet Marjorie, but a certain mixture of intensity and naive precocity recalls that happier child-journal and clears the air for us. Besides, young as she is, Marie has weighed her world, and subscribed unhesitatingly her allegiance to virtue and religion. She will marry and love nobody but her husband. If her brother marries, he

must love his wife, and be faithful to her. She thinks of the temptations which will assail him when he grows up, of the need of his having a profession, and decides that when that time arrives she will write to him every Sunday, not letters of advice, but letters of a comrade, to help and encourage him. Alongside of the budding coquette, the embryo prima donna, there is a sweet little woman, well grown for her age, in Marie.

The Duc de H. romance ends like other novels with a marriage. She goes through the regulation amount of suffering, and steels herself to forget him, which time will enable her to do. No one has ever suffered so much, and yet she can read and write. And there are other grievances, less important, but more irritating.

"Tuesday, October 21. We come in; they are already at dinner, and we get a little reprimand — *un petit savon* — from mamma for having eaten between meals. A breeze ruffles the sweet family life. Paul is scolded by mamma; grandpapa tries to stop mamma, meddling with matters which do not concern him, and thus annihilating Paul's respect for mamma. Paul goes off muttering between his teeth, like a servant. I go out into the corridor to beg grandpapa not to embarrass the administration, but to let mamma do as she will; for it is a crime to set children against their parents simply from want of tact. Grandpapa became indignant: that made me laugh; such squalls always make me laugh, and afterwards I am filled with pity for all those unfortunate people who have no misfortunes, and who make their life a martyrdom for want of something to do. *Mon Dieu*, if I were ten years older! If I were only free! But what can one do when one is bound hand and foot by aunts, grandpapa, lessons, governesses, and one's family? What a paraphernalia, *mille trompettes!*"

At fifteen, the *quinze ans* of French poetry, she is blooming into beauty. "My hair, in a Psyche knot, is redder than ever. . . . My photographs can never do me justice; the color is lacking and my freshness. The whiteness of my skin is my principal beauty." The portrait given as a frontispiece, with her cheek resting on her clasped hands, shows rounded contours and a childish seriousness of expression. She is looking out yearningly, but not with that bitterness of longing which we find in her journal.

"In every opera I find something of myself; the most ordinary words go to my heart. Such a state would do honor to a woman of thirty. But at fifteen, to have nerves, to cry like an idiot at every stupid, sentimental phrase! . . . I should like to possess the talent of all the authors who ever wrote, to be able to give an adequate idea of my profound despair, of my wounded vanity, of all my thwarted desires. Let me only long for something and it is enough; nothing comes."

After all, the miseries of youth are not entirely reserved for a sickly little Flaubert, with the growing burden of French realism on his childish shoulders. A coquettish, pretty Marie, in "little silk frocks," with a mile-long list of expectations and demands to present at the court of heaven, has her share of them; for to her also the specific which fills the horizon for most people was only a part. Behind all these catalogued desires — she prays for a pony and the Duc de H. in the same breath — there is an immense, undefined craving, the passion for another image; a feat of personification on her part more real than the effigy of the duke. It is life that she is in love with, — life in large capitals, with all the meaning that can be compressed into the word. This little Talma of ten, ready to recognize and portray emotions which she has herself experienced; this inquiring spirit of

twelve who demands a physiological explanation of the beating of her heart; this sentimentalist who doubts "whether any one else has had that experience," has a leaven of the artist within her. She has generalized early; her dream is half a reality to her. An Italian who comes up now and then in the journal, a certain Doria, said of her at fifteen, "I have never seen such a life-fever," — *une telle fièvre de vie*. It is a fever which consumes her from the first. Life will not come to her fast enough. She cannot wait. What if it should not come at all? She must seize, anticipate, invent it, if need be.

She is fifteen, beautiful, with hair of a Titian red, and a resemblance, as she tells us, to the blonde woman painted by Paul Veronese as an embodiment of Venice; and yet nothing has happened. She compares herself, with an information which has a very second-hand air, to Hagar in the desert waiting for some one, — apparently for a kindred spirit. But at last a ray of light comes. The entry for New Year's Day, 1876, is dated Rome, and at Rome she finds a lover. He sings at her window in troubadour fashion, and is afterwards brought to the house and introduced regularly, with a hint of his desirability. Pietro A. (the name occurs now and then in full), the nephew of Cardinal A., a charming fellow, "with a mustache of twenty-three," flings himself at her feet with all the passion of his nationality, eats the violets from her bouquet and the threads of silk which she pulls out of the fringe on her dress. The real drama has begun. Marie takes her cue quickly. But she will not commit herself. She does not forget that she is made for the most superb fortune.

"Saturday, March 18. I have not had a moment alone with A.; it is so tiresome. I love to hear him tell me that he loves me. Since his disclosure I have been thinking, with my elbows

resting on the table. I am in love, perhaps. It is when I am tired and half asleep that I believe myself to be in love with Pietro. Why am I vain? Why am I ambitious? Why do I reason so much? I am incapable of sacrificing to a moment of pleasure whole years of grandeur and contented vanity.

"Yes, say the novelists, but this moment of pleasure will illuminate with its rays a whole existence! Ah, no, indeed! To-day I am cold and in love, to-morrow I shall be warm and not in love. On such changes of temperature hang the destinies of men. In taking leave, A. said 'Good-night' and took my hand, which he held in his, asking a dozen questions to gain time. I told mamma about it at once. I tell her everything."

She is enchanted with her new toy, and will pull all the wires.

"March 20. I behaved foolishly this evening. I talked to the creature in a corner, and gave him every reason to believe in things that will never be. . . . I listen mockingly to his outpourings from the height of my proud indifference, and at the same time allow him to take my hand. I take his with an almost maternal air, and if he were not reduced to idiocy by his passion for me, as he says is the case, he would see that while driving him away with my words I hold him back with my eyes. And while declaring that I will never love him, I love him, or at least I behave as if I did. I say all sorts of things to him. Any other man would be content, — any older man, at least, — but not he; he tears a napkin, breaks two paint-brushes, destroys a picture."

It is delightful to be able to look down from a height of indifference, to matronize a desperate lover, to yield one's self to the charm of the moment in happy consciousness of a loftier fate waiting behind the curtain of to-morrow; but the medal has a reverse side. It is one thing to coquet with one's desires; another, not to be desired. The

cardinal will not hear of the match. Pietro is dependent upon allowances from the family purse, and exhibits all the Italian docility to the demands of his relatives, even allowing himself to be shut up for a time in a convent. Marie is furious. She returns to Nice. There are promises of letters, of a visit to Nice, which remain unfulfilled. Negotiations are begun between the families. Away from Pietro, mademoiselle is no longer quite indifferent to impassioned speeches. Excitement is lacking. She goes back to Rome with her aunt, and sees him again "by chance." He rises to the occasion with a renewed ardor. The flirtation takes a leaf from American literature, or perhaps from the Italian of an earlier day: she accords him a short interview at midnight at the foot of the staircase in the palazzo, the ground floor of which is unoccupied. In this damp trysting-place there is a holding of hands, a conversation, which is transferred in all its youthfulness and sentiment to the diary, and — a kiss, on which the modern Juliet makes her escape, thinking it is like a scene of some novel that she has read, and wondering if she can be really in love, and if she will always love to play the part of critic to her own drama. This time she does not tell mamma.

A few more negotiations and heart-burnings, and the page is turned over. The cardinal will not be moved. Marie leaves Rome; and the impression which is strongest and most lasting in her mind is that of Rome itself, of its monuments and its pictures. She wonders if the ancients have sucked the world dry, if the human mind has nothing left to achieve. For the rest she is unhappy, but that also is a part of life. Already in her loneliness at Nice she had declared her ardor for life to be no mere love of pleasure. "But I love life; I love its disappointments as well as its pleasures. I love God, and I love his world with all its meannesses, and in

spite of all its meannesses, and perhaps because of all its meannesses."

Love being out of the question for the time, at least, Marie determines to bend all her energies to getting settled in life through a suitable — that is to say magnificent — marriage. She assumes the responsibility herself, with the readiness with which a man undertakes to make a fire; recognizing the inefficiency, in a matter requiring so much tact and delicacy, of the rest of the family. For this purpose, and also with a view to effecting a reconciliation between her parents, — for a touch of the missionary spirit is part of her mental outfit as a nineteenth-century maiden, — she goes to Little Russia, to stay with her father and make acquaintance with her native land. The episode is entertaining, but not fertile in results. No ideal match presents itself; she cannot make up her mind to the dreariness of the country, the absence of conversation. She likes to hear people talk about the ancients and about science, and Poltava is not a centre of intellectual life and activity.

The other mission, though partially successful, is an ultimate failure. Her father — her *fichu père*, as she calls him in her ultra-colloquial style — figures in her acute and unreserved portraiture as a sort of semi-respectable Lapidoth. She brings him back to her mother, and they remain together a short time in Paris; but the cord soon snaps again, and he takes his departure, having borrowed freely of his daughter's pocket-money. "My father is gone!" she writes on the 26th of November, 1876. "For the first time in four months I can breathe freely."

To have the responsibility of her own establishment in life is to a European girl the extreme of loneliness and of self-dependence. But Marie has a deeper problem to contend with. To control in some manner that *fièvre de vie*, to reduce the temperature, to bring all those

tossing ambitions and desires into some clear purpose, to organize a discipline that has not been forced upon her from without, — all this has to be done, and she is not blind to the necessity. "The Slavonic character," she says in her preface, "scrawled over with French civilization and novel-reading, is a curious product." It needs no further testimony than her own journal to show that the French civilization is not the whole story. This precocious little creature, devoured by vanity and living all her days in an unwritten novel, is tormented by the falseness of her situation. "I am not even writing my own language!" she exclaims somewhere. "I am making all sorts of mistakes." One of the most curious evidences of foreign French in the early pages of the journal is a tendency to italicize words and syllables, with an emphasis which the intonations of the language would not allow in speaking; as when she writes, at the time of the duke's marriage, "*C'était une douleur mouillée, et c'est une douleur sèche.*" But she has no other language equally at her command, and French is from the first that of her thoughts. She is constantly posing, and yet continually longing for reality. She cannot wait for her romance to grow, and yet she must have it a true one; she pulls it up by the roots, and is tormented at its instability. She knows that the affair with Pietro is all a play, and puts in notes to beg the reader not to believe in what she writes; at the same time she would fain have it real. The only poignant and true note in the episode is in the remorse which follows the kiss given — offered, as we learn afterwards — to Pietro. It comes in again and again, like a thought that rankles.

"He believed that it was a simple matter for me, that it was not for the first time, that it was a habit! Vatican and Kremlin! I shall suffocate with rage and shame!"

This poor little life, moulded before-

hand by restlessness and anticipation, has to be brought into accord with its present and made a reality. Marie has none of those outside helps which come in one form or another to the young of either sex, no person to guide or sympathize with her studies, no religious or intellectual influence directly at hand. But there is a streak of natural uprightness in her, an ever-growing enthusiasm for art, and there is that declared love of life and of God's world "with all its meannesses." Success must lie before her, for the element of success is within; but it is not to be gained without effort, and the temperature is not likely to be lowered by the proceeding. She clings a little to the old idea of the stage, and makes a visit *incognita* to Wartel, who hears her sing, and pronounces the organ a fine one, dwells upon the necessity of hard work, but promises that she shall succeed, that in three years she will be fitted for a career. But in this direction there is only disappointment. A throat trouble, which is the precursor of a more serious difficulty, and in fact the beginning of the end, carries away her voice. Hope has to be given up, and it never revives.

"Tuesday, May 29 [1877]. The more I advance towards the old age of my youth, the more I wrap myself in indifference. Few things agitate me, and everything used to agitate me; so much so that in reading over my past I attach too much importance to trifles, seeing how they made my blood boil at the time. . . . I have been turning over the A. episode; it is really surprising how well I reasoned. I am astonished and filled with admiration. I had forgotten all those clear perceptions and true conclusions. I was anxious lest people should believe in a (past) passion for Count A. . . . It is a year since that time, and I was really afraid of having written nonsense. No, truly, I am quite pleased. Only I do not understand how I could behave so foolishly and reason so well.

I am obliged to tell myself that no counsel in the world would have hindered me from doing anything whatever, and that experience was needed."

"*La vieillesse de ma jeunesse*" is a bit of felicity in expression which suggests Sophie Arnauld's "*les heureux jours où j'étais si malheureuse.*" Marie has wisely begun her adjustment to the present by acceptance of the past. But the past is also to be laid aside. Dramatic and effective in her earnestness as well as in her poses, she draws up a paper of resolutions which rounds off deliciously the first volume of her journal. It is italicized throughout, with an emphasis of capitals. The date is September 6, 1877.

"*I am resolved to remain in Paris, to study there, and to make excursions from there in the summer to watering-places. All dreams are exhausted; Russia has failed me; and I have been soundly punished. I feel that the moment has at last come to STOP. With my natural aptitudes, in two years I shall make up for the time I have lost. Therefore, in the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, so be it; and may the divine protection be with me. This is not an ephemeral decision, like all the rest, but a final one.*"

We find ourselves in a different atmosphere in the second volume. True there is a whiff of sulphur in the air; the first day is spent in tears; there is the old fever and rage: but underneath all we are aware of a strong current of resolution; we feel a power which grows daily, an intellectual perception and force which is constantly gaining. She enters the Julian studio, is well received there from the first, and is assured that by the end of the winter she will be able to execute very fair portraits. She deducts at once from the praise bestowed anything which may be due to her position, or to the fact that as a society girl nothing is expected of her. She takes

account in the first week of her own powers and prospects.

"All my companions draw better than I do, but no one of them produces so good a likeness. What makes me believe that I shall do better than they is that, appreciating their merits, I feel that I should not be content with their achievement, whereas beginners generally think, If I could only draw like such or such a one! They have had practice, study, experience, but these middle-aged women will never do better than they do now. Those who are young . . . draw well and have time before them, but no future. I may not succeed myself, but it could only be because of my impatience. I could kill myself for not having begun four years ago. I feel that it may be too late."

Her first "*académie*" wins warm praise from the artist who visits the studio, M. Tony Robert-Fleury, who pronounces it astonishing for a beginner, and hints at *des dispositions tout à fait extraordinaires*. From him she receives encouragement throughout, as well as from her master, Julian. She works incessantly, feverishly, pursued by the phantom of those four lost years. There are feuds in the studio, gusts of jealousy to be met: she herself is swayed by them. Her judgment of the work about her had been too hasty; one, at least, of her fellow-students has talent enough to be a dangerous rival.

"Breslau had many compliments from Robert-Fleury, I had none. . . . I have been working just two weeks, excepting of course the two Sundays. Two weeks! Breslau has been working two years at the studio, and she is twenty years old, while I am seventeen; then Breslau had drawn a great deal before coming here."

Time, like life, is personified in her mind: it stands over her like a vision. Everything is going well, but when will the goal be reached? "Time is more terrible, more enervating, more crushing, when there are no other obstacles." She

clenches her fist, shuts her teeth, and battles with the idea.

"Sunday, February 24. I will go to the studio, and I will prove that one succeeds when one has the will, and when one is desperate, bruised, and infuriated, as I am."

After a comparatively short period of study she has acquired a vigorous, "almost brutal" style, an endowment well calculated to hold its own in a Parisian studio. She reads Zola, and subscribes her allegiance to realism and the modern spirit. "Ah! for us of this day who have read Balzac and who read Zola what enjoyments of observation!" She is investigating, expanding in every direction, and the results are tumbled pell-mell into the journal: we have discussions on Kant and Epictetus, readings in Roman history ("Up to this moment," she cries, "I have never loved anything but Rome!"), and aphorisms on marriage. In regard to this vexed question she comes to the tranquil resolution, "I will try first to achieve the marriage of my dream. If that fails, I will marry, like the rest of the world, by means of my dowry." Religious speculations and fervors alternate with art gossip, flirtations, and ennui. Often her remarks show great insight, nearly always — and this amid all caprices and air-castles — a direct perception, an *empoignement* of the object itself, a truth of feeling which has not come to her at second-hand. The effect throughout is that of rapid talk, charming, witty, variable, sympathetic, excited, — talk in which we seem to hear the voice, and see the lithe little figure, the auburn head on which at twenty she discovers two gray hairs, the *figure d'enfant* which prevents her from looking as old as she feels.

Alas! it was not for nothing that she found time terrible in its shortness, and clung with both hands to life. Throughout the volume we watch the inroads of the disease, destroying as resolutely, as impetuously, as its victim seeks to build.

The fever is no longer wholly mental ; to the exaltations and depressions of temperament are added the alternate hopefulness and depression of consumption. At first we read of colds, of laryngitis, of medical examinations, courses of treatment, orders to this and that watering-place, and anxieties on the part of her family. She resents these things fiercely, shutting herself up with her work, yet reproaching herself bitterly for her coldness to those who love her : to her mother, whom she adores, "and yet we cannot remain together two hours without exasperating each other almost to tears ;" and to the aunt who "believes that I do not love her, and when I think of the life made up of sacrifices of this heroic creature I burst into tears ; she has not even the consolation of being loved like a good aunt !" One of the most distressing of her symptoms is a growing deafness caused by the throat disease. "The wind in the branches, the murmur of waters, the rain falling on the panes, the low tones of the voice, — I shall hear nothing of all that!" She pushes on with her work, determined to make a position, to do something for her fame, before the end comes. She has two favorite ideas for pictures : one of a studio interior, in which the model, in the absence of the artist, is seated astride a chair smoking a cigarette, and looking at the skeleton with a pipe in its mouth ; the other is one to which she recurs again and again as "my picture." "What I want to do is something which I feel profoundly ; I am held by it heart and head, and have been for months, for nearly two years. I do not know that I shall be strong enough this winter to do it well. . . . It is when Joseph of Arimathea has buried the body of Jesus and the stone has been rolled before the sepulchre : all have departed, the night is falling, and Mary Magdalen and the other Mary remain alone seated before the sepulchre. It is one of the greatest moments of the sublime drama, and one of the least hackneyed in art.

There is in it a grandeur, a simplicity, something awful, touching, and human ; a sort of formidable calm, the exhaustion of grief." This is after a journey to Spain, made for her health, when she has seen Velasquez and Ribera, and comprehended more things in painting than ever before. But the strength to do is fast ebbing.

"Wednesday, January 26. Tuesday, on coming home from the studio, I was seized with fever, and remained till seven o'clock without a light, shaking in my arm-chair, half unconscious, and always with my picture before my eyes."

Not her favorite picture, which is never painted. She waits for more strength and opportunity, and in the mean time paints for the Salon a group of street boys. The various influences about her are evidently beginning to blend and to crystallize into an aim and manner of her own. Strongest of all, stronger even than Zola, is an influence which was a pronounced one at the moment in French studios, that of the latest and youngest talent of the higher school of French painting, — Bastien-Lepage. She is penetrated by his pictures. She notes certain defects in them from the first, the monotony of the greens, the tendency of the landscape to come forward, to the injury of the figures ; but the truth, the poetry, of these idyls of realism is an inspiration to her.

"I come back to the street. . . . I dare not attempt the country ; Bastien-Lepage is sovereign there ; but for the street there has been as yet no Bastien. And in our garden one can paint almost everything."

She is introduced to Bastien-Lepage at his studio. A little later he goes to see her pictures. His brother Emile appears to be already a friend of the Bashkirtseff household.

"Sunday, December 17 [1882]. The real, the only, the unique, the great Bastien-Lepage came to-day.

"I received him in a flutter of excite-

ment, awkward and confused, enervated and humiliated at having nothing to show him.

"He stayed more than two hours after having looked at all the pictures in every corner; only I hindered him from seeing, being nervous and laughing at the wrong moment. The great artist is full of kindness: he tried to calm me, and we talked of Julian, who is the cause of this immense discouragement."

"Saturday, February 24. Do you know, I think continually of Bastien-Lepage: I have got a habit of repeating his name, and I avoid repeating it before people, as if I were guilty. And when I speak of him, it is with a sort of tender familiarity, which seems to me natural, considering his talent, but which might be misinterpreted.

"What a pity, mon Dieu, that he cannot come often, like his brother!

"And on what footing? As a friend! What! Do you know what friendship is? Ah! for my part, I could adore my friends if they were great men, not only from vanity, but from perception, on account of their qualities, of their intellect, of their talent, their genius: it is a race apart; get beyond a certain commonplace mediocrity, and we find ourselves in a purer atmosphere, a circle of the elect with whom one could join hands and dance a round in honor of — What am I saying? Do you know, really, Bastien has a charming head.

"I am afraid of painting in his manner. I copy nature very sincerely, it is true, but I think always of his painting. . . . But then a gifted artist loving nature sincerely and endeavoring to reproduce her will always resemble Bastien."

Is it a note of deeper feeling repeated with the old indomitable accent of girlish folly? Is it part of that ardent enthusiasm which has never really "loved anything but Rome," of that exaltation for art, that passion for passion, that delight in living, which inspires such a passage as this?

"It seems to me that nobody living loves *everything* as I do, — art, music, painting, books, the world, dresses, luxury, noise, quiet, laughter, sorrow, melancholy, *blague*, love, cold, sunshine; all seasons, all atmospheric states; the still plains of Russia and the mountains which surround Naples; snow in winter, the autumn rains, spring and its madness, the serene summer days and beautiful nights with brilliant stars. . . . I adore and delight in them all. Everything presents itself to me in an interesting or sublime light: I want to see everything, to have everything, to embrace everything, to be confounded with the whole, and to die, since I must die, in two years or in thirty years, — to die with ecstasy in order to experience this last mystery, this end of all things or the divine beginning.

"This universal love is not a consumptive's dream: I have always been thus, and I remember exactly ten years ago I wrote (1874), after having enumerated all the charms of the various seasons: 'It is in vain that I attempt to make a choice; all seasons are beautiful, all the year, the whole of life. I must have the *whole*! The *rest* will never content me. I must have all nature, beside which everything else is poor. In short, everything in life gives me pleasure, I find everything good, and while demanding happiness I find myself happy in being wretched. My body weeps and cries out, but something which is above me rejoices to live, in spite of all!'"

This is written not far from the end. The intimacy with Bastien-Lepage deepens; the two families see each other often.

"Saturday, September 13. We are friends: he is attached to us; he esteems me, he likes me. I interest him. He said yesterday that I am wrong to torment myself; that I ought to consider myself very fortunate. No woman, he said, had had the success that I have, after so few years of work."

The Salon of 1884 affords her first real triumph. Her picture is accepted, talked about, praised, reproduced in the newspapers. But it gains her no medal, and disappointment succeeds to triumph. She sits down and counts up the results of life, the reason for her failures. Her second volume, like her first, must be finished effectively.

"Friday, August 1. When I serve you up touching phrases, do not let yourself be taken in by them.

"Of the two parts of me which are seeking to live, one says to the other, 'Why don't you experience something, *sapristi!*' And the other, who endeavors to be touched, is always ruled by the first, by the looker-on in me, who is at his post of observation and absorbs the actor.

"Will it always be thus?

"And love?

"Do you know, it seems to me that becomes impossible when one sees human nature under the microscope. They are happy who see no more than is necessary.

"Shall I tell you? Well, I am neither a painter, nor a sculptor, nor a musician, nor a woman, nor a daughter, nor a friend. All reduces itself in me to subjects of observation, of reflection, of analysis. A look, a face, a sound, a joy, a grief, are immediately weighed, classified, recorded. And when I have said or written I am satisfied."

From the period of the little silk frocks and the long list of desires, from the longing to be understood, she has come to sacrifice everything for the sake of understanding. But there is still the same insatiable spirit. She cannot get near enough to her object. If love is impossible, — though we must not take her even here too literally, — the loneliness is gone. She speaks herself, somewhere, of her lack of pathos, of her never finding the pathetic note. It is a fact, yet one which has its origin in her very passion for truth. After arranging a

pose, a touching effect, she pushes away with both hands the pity it inspires; she will have no light on it but the clearest.

The story of these closing days has all the features of a finished *dénoûment*. She knows her Dumas *filis* too well not to perceive the dramatic effects of the situation, yet she is true to her watchword of realism. She has longed to feel the whole experience of death, to study it as she studies life. She moves towards it with the spectacle before her in another, who is going through the same ordeal; it is a question which will reach the goal first. Bastien-Lepage, like herself, is dying by inches. As long as she is able she goes to see him, getting scolded affectionately if she is absent a day beyond her usual time. But the visits, brightened at first by happy art-talks, grow more and more sad.

"He is going, and he suffers greatly. When one is there it is like being detached from the earth; he is already in a region above us; there are days when I am conscious of a similar condition. One sees people, they talk to you, one answers, but one no longer belongs to the earth, — a quiet indifference, not painful, a little like the dream that comes from opium. In short, he is dying. I only go there from habit: it is his shade, I also am half shadow; of what use is it?

"He does not particularly feel my presence; I can do nothing. I have not the gift to call life into his eyes. He is pleased to see me. That is all.

"Yes, he is dying, and it hardly matters to me: I cannot explain it; it is something which is going from me. . . .

"Thursday, October 16. I have terrible fevers, which leave me exhausted. I pass the whole day in the *salon*, going from arm-chair to lounge. Dina reads novels to me.

". . . I cannot get out, but poor Bastien-Lepage is able to go out; he has himself brought here, installed in an

arm-chair, with his legs stretched out on cushions, and with me beside him in another chair, and so we remain till six o'clock.

"I am dressed in a mass of lace and plush, all white, but of different whites; Bastien-Lepage's eye dilates upon it with pleasure. 'Oh! if I could only paint!' he says. . . .

"Monday, October 20. Notwithstanding the magnificent weather, Bastien-Lepage comes here instead of going to the Bois. He can scarcely walk; his brother holds him under the arms, almost carrying him. And once in his arm-chair the poor fellow is breathless. Alas for us! And how many *concierges* have perfect health! Emile is an admirable brother. It is he who carries Jules on his shoulders up and down the stairs leading to their third story. I have from Dina an equal devotion. For two days my bed has been in the salon; but as the room is large and partitioned off by screens it is not noticeable. It is too hard for me to get up-stairs."

The journal breaks off, and a note tells us that Marie Bashkirtseff died eleven days later, on the 31st of October, 1884. Bastien-Lepage lingered into the following year.

Her dreams had not been realized; but in her own feverish, impetuous, clear-eyed way, Marie had found reality to be better than dream. She had determined, if she did not die young, to be a great artist; but if that fate overtook her, to have her journal published. She claims for it — she makes claims to the last —

the merit of being "the *exact*, the *absolute*, the *strict* truth." "In the first place," she says, "I wrote for a long time without any thought of being read; and in the second place, it is precisely because I hope to be read that I am entirely sincere." The reader who has followed with enjoyment this entertaining record of her follies, her caprices, her hopes and disappointments, her efforts and observations, is not likely to quarrel with it on the score of insincerity. Her affectations belong mainly to the singularly impressionable quality of her nature. One is reminded now and then of Bettina by her precocity of sentiment, her responsiveness to emotion; but the century lies between them, and the phases which Marie not only reflected but absorbed and made part of herself belong to its later decades. She had the thirst for genius; had she "the vision and the faculty"? One is hardly tempted to think so from this record; but the intellectual ardor shown in it is something distinct from a mere desire to be intellectual. M. André Theuriot, who writes some verses by way of preface to the book, speaks of the truth and beauty of her painting. His vision of her in the future as a "*blanche et pure statue*" may be taken as a fee to the conventional demands of French verse. If Marie goes a little way into the future, it will be as a very human, breathing, and rather breathless creature, charming in her whims, ready with her vote for truth, and living through her very love of life.

Sophia Kirk.

ROOSEVELT'S THE WINNING OF THE WEST.

As a subject of historical research, "the West" has recently come into prominence, it having become, by position, population, and political influence,

what Mr. Roosevelt calls "the heart of the nation." In the "standard histories" of the United States written by Eastern men, very little attention has

been given to Western history, and what little there is is, in the main, inaccurate and superficial. Before the treaty between Great Britain and France, in 1763, the history of the territory west of the Alleghanies pertained to that of Canada. Mr. Parkman has learnedly and most felicitously set forth the Discovery of the West and the Pontiac Conspiracy, which, for a year after the signing of the treaty of 1763, ravaged the frontier settlements, and was ended by the expedition of Colonel Bouquet into Ohio in 1764. The first occupation of the Illinois country by British troops occurred in October of the following year. Not until recently has the subsequent history of the West been treated with the care and scholarly use of original documents which Mr. Parkman has bestowed upon his works. The Johns Hopkins University, in its Historical and Political-Science Studies, has done some admirable work in this department of study. Books concerning the West have, nevertheless, been many, and some of them valuable; more of them, however, have been thin and sensational, and relate traditionary tales of doubtful authenticity. Their authors have been Western men of limited education, and without access to manuscript materials such as are now available to historical students.

Mr. Theodore Roosevelt is the latest writer who has entered this field, and his two volumes on *The Winning of the West*¹ will find many appreciative readers. His style is natural, simple, and picturesque, without any attempt at fine writing, and he does not hesitate to use Western words which have not yet found a place in the dictionary. He has not taken the old story as he finds it printed in Western books, but has sought for new materials in manuscript collections; and has consulted original documents in the State Department at Washington, the

Canadian Archives at Ottawa, — unrivaled on this continent for materials in Western history, — and many private manuscript collections; and he has read the printed American State Papers and Archives and the Virginia State Papers. Few writers of American history have covered a wider or better field of research, or are more in sympathy with the best modern method of studying history from original sources; and yet, in reading his narrative and noting his references, we have a feeling that he might profitably have spent more time in consulting and collating the rich materials to which he had access, and thereby have enlarged his information and modified many of his opinions.

Time is an essential requisite in producing a standard, authoritative historical work. No man, whatever may be his ability or industry, — even if he be a ranchman, — can write history in its best form on horseback. It is evident from these volumes that Mr. Roosevelt is a man of ability and of great industry. He has struck out fresh and original thoughts, has opened new lines of investigation, and has written paragraphs, and some chapters, of singular felicity; and then he has tripped on level ground where there was no need of it. The documents before him, if he had taken the time to study them, would have shown him his errors. Horace prescribed that authors should keep their manuscripts by them for nine years; perhaps half that time would be judicious in this fast age. There are indications in the text before us that copy was sent to the printers as soon as it was written; and hence the seasoning process, which is as essential in historical composition as in wood-working, has been lost. Mr. Roosevelt, in making so good a work, has clearly shown that he could make a better one, if he would take more time in doing it.

¹ *The Winning of the West.* From the Alleghanies to the Mississippi, 1769-1783. By

THEODORE ROOSEVELT. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1889.

Writers, and young writers especially, — Mr. Roosevelt is only thirty-one years of age, — are apt, in the glow of composition, to deal in sharp epithets and sneering comments concerning preceding writers who they think have erred; and these passages are commonly toned down, or, what is better, canceled, in a deliberate revision of the manuscript. Our author allows his to stand, and they look strangely on the printed page. We note a few of these instances. He says (i. 240), "Some minor historians" assert so and so; who are the *major* historians? And again (ii. 87): "A certain kind of pseudo-historian" is fond of writing about the barbarity of the British in employing Indian scalping-parties. "Only a few of the early Western historians had the least conception of the value of evidence" (ii. 159). "That a contrary impression prevails is due to the gross ignorance of the average writer" (ii. 372). The full measure of his wrath he persistently pours upon the head of James R. Gilmore (Edmund Kirke), who wrote the *Life of John Sevier* and other books of fiction, giving them the guise of biography and history. It would seem that a doubt might arise in the mind of a contemplative sporting-man, who has shot buffalo and grizzlies and owns a ranch in Montana, whether such game was worth so much powder. Of Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson's *A Century of Dishonor*, he says: "The spirit in which it is written cannot be called even technically honest. As a history it would be beneath criticism, were it not for the high character of its author" (i. 334). And again: "Some of the small Western historians who have written about George Rogers Clark have really damaged his reputation by the absurd inflation of their language; a sample of which is rendering him ludicrous by calling him 'the Hannibal of the West' and 'the Washington of the West'" (ii. 82). The "*small* Western historian" who termed Clark "the Han-

nibal of the West" was John Randolph of Roanoke, who was not a Westerner nor a historian; and the other "*small* Western historian" quoted was Governor John Reynolds, who made use of the expression in a sentence as follows: "He [Clark] was in the West what General Washington was in the East, the unrivaled champion of the Revolution; and he may be styled with great propriety *the Washington of the West*."

There is an obvious historical incongruity in comparing Colonel Clark with Hannibal or Washington; but in the connection in which the expressions were originally used — by the former writer as showing Clark's extraordinary energy and sagacity in the invasion of a foreign country, and success in wrestling with enormous physical obstacles; and by the latter as showing Clark to be the champion of the Revolution in the West — they do not exhibit quite such questionable literary taste as does the author's allusion to "*small* Western historians," which he neglected to cancel in the revision of his manuscript.

No one more highly appreciates the patriotic and heroic services of George Rogers Clark than our author, or has set them forth in more truthful or forcible language. In fact, his constant and just eulogy of Clark is one of the most creditable and striking features of the work. He says (i. 24): "Had it not been for the conquest of the Illinois towns in [1778 and] 1779, we should probably never have had any Northwest to settle. He [Clark] was the sole originator of the plan for the conquest of the Northwestern lands, and, almost unaided, he had executed his own scheme. For a year he had been wholly cut off from all communication with the home [Virginia] authorities, and had received no [outside] help of any kind. Alone, and with very slender means, he had conquered and held a vast and beautiful region, which but for him would have formed part of a foreign and hostile em-

pire; he had clothed and paid his soldiers with the spoils of his enemies [and the contributions of the French settlers, whose friendship he had won]; and he spent his own fortune as carelessly as he risked his own life. When we take into account the determined efforts of Spain and France to confine us to the land east of the Alleghanies, and then to the land southwest of the Ohio, the slavishness of Congress in instructing our commissioners to do whatever France wished, and the readiness shown by one of the commissioners — Franklin — to follow those instructions, it certainly looks as if there would not even have been an effort made by us to get the Northwest territory, had we not already possessed it, — thanks to George Rogers Clark ” (i. 89, 90).

It is a notable fact that Clark was only twenty-five years of age when he made this campaign. Clark's capture of Vincennes is also described in fitting terms as follows: “Clark, without artillery, took a heavy stockade protected by cannon and swivels, and garrisoned by trained soldiers. The boldness of his plan and the resolute skill with which he followed it out; his perseverance through the intense hardships of the midwinter march; the address with which he kept the French and Indians neutral; the masterful way in which he controlled his troops, together with the ability and courage he displayed in the actual attack, combined to make his feat the most memorable of all the deeds done west of the Alleghanies in the Revolutionary War. It was likewise the most important in its results; for, had he been defeated, we would not only have lost Illinois [the Northwest territory], but in all probability Kentucky also ” (i. 85).

The writer speaks of this as being the most memorable feat done west of the Alleghanies during the Revolutionary War. Was there one done east of the mountains, with such feeble means, which in heroism and results could equal it?

Mr. Roosevelt, by the way, has a poor opinion of the fighting done in the East. He says, “We certainly have overestimated the actual fighting qualities of the Revolutionary troops, and have never laid stress enough on the folly and jealousy with which the States behaved during the contest ” (ii. 404).

“It is idle,” says Mr. Roosevelt, “to talk of the conquest [of the Northwest] as being purely a Virginia affair ” (ii. 90). It was, nevertheless, nothing else. Clark was a Virginian, and held his commission from the governor. Three of his four companies were recruited in Virginia and western Pennsylvania, then controlled by Virginia. Their rendezvous was at Redstone, now Brownsville, thirty miles south of Pittsburgh. Redstone is wrongly located on Mr. Roosevelt's map. Not an officer in Clark's little command of one hundred and seventy men had a continental commission, nor did a man of them “care a continental” for the authority of Congress or of the great Eastern commander-in-chief. Mr. Roosevelt repeats the error when he says (i. 25), “All our territory lying beyond the Alleghanies, North and South, was first won for us by the Southwesterners [meaning probably Kentucky men] fighting for their own land.” Clark had a short residence in Kentucky, but his men, as already stated, were in the main Virginians, and had never been in Kentucky. Clark says of them, “The [recruiting] officers got only such as had friends in Kentucky, or those induced by their own interest and desire to see the country.” He had the promise of four companies from the Holston settlements in east Tennessee; but only one company came to the rendezvous at Louisville, and the men deserted when it was ascertained that the objective point of the expedition was the Illinois country. One hundred and fifty of the one hundred and seventy men in the expedition were brought by Clark from Redstone.

Virginia not only conquered the Northwest territory, but established civil government over it, and held it as a county of Virginia until January 2, 1781, when the Virginia legislature ceded the territory to the United States under certain conditions, the chief of which were that the State should be reimbursed for the expenses it had incurred in conquering the ceded territory, and that Clark, his officers and soldiers, should have a certain quantity of land given them. The United States acceded to these conditions, and in the treaty of peace of 1783 it was included within the boundaries of the United States. And yet Mr. Roosevelt says, "It is idle to talk of the conquest as being purely a Virginia affair." The saving of the Northwest from recapture by the British was also a Virginia affair, as will appear in a narrative we shall presently relate, which Mr. Roosevelt has overlooked.

Our author makes only two divisions of the West, — the Northwest and the Southwest, the Ohio being the dividing line. A more natural subdivision would be one which regarded Kentucky and Tennessee the Central West.

Mr. Roosevelt's first chapter, on *The Spread of the English-Speaking People*, has no necessary connection with his main subject, and is marred by inaccuracies which were needless if he had taken more time and judicious counsel in writing it. Bacon, whose English was better than his Latin, wrote his scientific works in Latin because it was then the language of science, and not, as our author says, through "fear lest his works should remain forever unknown to all but the inhabitants of a relatively unimportant insular kingdom;" and it can hardly yet be said that English is "now the speech of two continents."

To Mr. Roosevelt Kentucky and Tennessee are the most attractive portions of the West, and to them, the Holston, Watauga, and Cumberland settlements,

the writer has given his chief attention; and this part of the work is well done. His account of the Watauga commonwealth, formed in 1772, the first organized government west of the mountains, is an interesting contribution to our political history. The settlers there adopted a constitution, and he says "they were the first men of American birth to establish a free and independent community on the continent." Having devoted a hundred pages to the manners and customs of the Western Indians and the backwoodsmen of the Alleghanies, he begins his story of *Winning the West* at the date May 1, 1769, when Daniel Boone left his home in North Carolina to explore Kentucky. (Mr. Roosevelt uniformly omits the final *e* from the name of the Kentucky pioneer.) The same year, the Watauga settlement was made in western North Carolina, where James Robertson appeared in 1770 and John Sevier in 1772, men who became eminent in the later history of the West. In 1780 Robertson founded the settlement on the Cumberland River. The Dunmore war broke out in the spring of 1774, in which the Ohio Indians inflicted untold miseries on the frontier settlements. It raged but a few months, during which the Indians under Chief Cornstalk were defeated in a pitched battle at Point Pleasant, at the mouth of the Great Kanawha, and a peace was concluded with the Indians by Lord Dunmore.

The origin of the Dunmore war has been discussed with much partisan zeal. Mr. Jefferson, in his *Notes on Virginia*, 1787, printed what purported to be Logan's speech, in which appeared this sentence: "Colonel Cresap, the last spring, in cold blood and unprovoked, murdered all the relations of Logan, not sparing even my women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature." Jefferson accompanied the speech with the comment that Captain (not

Colonel) Michael Cresap was "a man infamous for the many murders he had committed on those much-injured people." Luther Martin, the attorney-general of Maryland, who had married a daughter of Cresap, bitterly attacked Jefferson for printing the speech and making the comment; showed that Cresap was not present when Logan's family was killed at Baker's Landing; and asserted that the speech was probably fictitious. Jefferson was greatly incensed by this attack, and went about collecting evidence to prove that the speech was genuine, and that the allegations against Cresap were true. Such of the testimony collected as answered his purpose he printed in Appendix IV. of the next edition of his *Notes*, 1800. The letters and sworn statements which did not suit his purpose he suppressed, and they are now with his papers in the State Department at Washington, having been bought by the government in 1848. One of these suppressed letters was written by George Rogers Clark, then twenty-one years of age, who was in a party with Cresap, many miles from the spot where the murder was committed. The letter proves conclusively Cresap's innocence of the charge, and states that when the report of the killing came into camp the actors were severely condemned by Cresap. Mr. Jefferson was able to assert that he did not invent the speech; that it was shown by General John Gibson in Dunmore's camp, and printed in 1774. The sister of Logan, who was killed at Baker's Landing, was Gibson's squaw. She had with her a half-breed infant, whose life was saved, and the child was brought up and educated by Gibson. Gibson asserted that the speech was made to him by Logan, in the Indian language, the two being by themselves in the woods, and that he wrote out a translation, which he showed in the Dunmore camp. It will never be known how much of the speech was Logan's and

how much of it was Gibson's. Mr. Roosevelt does not fully acquit Cresap of the charges which Jefferson and his correspondents made and insinuated against him. The record of Cresap, so far as is known, was good. When the Revolutionary War broke out, he raised a company of one hundred and thirty-two riflemen in Maryland, and marched with them to Boston in twenty-two days. He died in New York city, in October, 1775, and his tombstone is in Trinity Church graveyard.

The letter of Clark which has just been mentioned shows how the Dunmore war began, and is an important document for other reasons. Mr. Roosevelt cites it as being in "Jefferson MSS., 5th series, vol. i., Archives of State Department, Washington," where it is not easily accessible to general readers. The letter has been printed at least five times, in as many historical books which are not rare, and the reference should have been made to one of these. It is common for our author to cite manuscript collections when the document is readily accessible in print. Another instance of such citation of an important document is that of Governor Henry Hamilton's report to General Haldimand of July 6, 1781, giving his (the British) account of his campaign of 1779 and of Clark's capture of Vincennes. It is referred to as "Hamilton's 'brief account' in the Haldimand MSS.," whereas it is in print in the *Michigan Pioneer Collections*, ix. 489-516. As a "brief account" it fills eighty-five pages of folio manuscript, and twenty-seven closely printed octavo pages. Hamilton gave it no heading.

Mr. Roosevelt mentions the raid of Captain Byrd from Detroit into Kentucky, in May, 1780, which ended very abruptly; but he does not see the connection between it and larger operations frustrated on the Mississippi, the only outcrop of which was a feeble raid on St. Louis during the same month. If our author had taken more time to ex-

amine the Haldimand Collection at Ottawa, or had even read the portions of it printed in the Michigan Pioneer Collections, he would have "struck" (as he says) a mine of information which has never been used in any Western history. The Byrd raid was simply a diversion to keep George Rogers Clark busy while other affairs were secretly in progress. These matters can here be only briefly outlined.

The cabinet at London in 1779 conceived two similar schemes, one at the East, the other at the West, for bringing the Revolutionary War to a close. The one on the Eastern coast was to send a naval and military force, under Clinton and Cornwallis, to Charleston, S. C., which should subdue and ravage the Southern States, and work its way of conquest northward. The British fleet was laying siege to Charleston, while Byrd was making his raid into Kentucky. The Western project was to send a naval and military force, under General Campbell, from Pensacola up the Mississippi, — for Spain, May 8, 1779, had declared war against Great Britain, — to capture New Orleans and other Spanish settlements on the river; and meeting at Natchez a large force of Indians sent down from the North, to proceed to the recapture of the Northwest territory, Kentucky, and Tennessee from the Americans. The Indians, in their passage from the North, were to capture St. Louis and St. Genevieve on the west bank of the river.

On June 17, 1779, Lord George Germain sent to General Haldimand orders concerning the Western scheme. These were transmitted to the Western governors in a circular letter. George Rogers Clark captured one of these letters, and Governor Galvez, of New Orleans, another, or at least became possessed of the contents of it; and both took prompt measures to defeat the project. Governor Sinclair, of Michilimackinac (Mackinaw), was to furnish

the Indians; and February 15, 1780, he wrote to General Haldimand acknowledging the receipt of his lordship's requisition, and said: "I sent a war party of Indians to the country of the Sioux, to put that nation in motion under their chief, Wabasha. They are directed to proceed with all dispatch to the Natchez. I shall send other bands of Indians from thence on the same service as soon as I can safely disclose the object of their mission." Two days later he wrote that the Minomines, Puants, Sacs, and Rhenards were to assemble at the portage of the Wisconsin and Fox rivers.

March 8, Governor De Peyster, at Detroit, wrote to Sinclair, "Your movements down the Mississippi will be seconded from this place;" and to Haldimand, the same day: "I flatter myself that this early movement [the Byrd expedition] will facilitate Governor Sinclair's parties in their enterprises down the Mississippi, and be of use to General Campbell, if he has not already taken New Orleans. The Wabash Indians and some from Mackinaw have promised to amuse Mr. Clark at the Falls."

This well-devised scheme failed. Clark knew not only the general features of the scheme, but by means of spies every movement of the enemy, and was ready to meet every emergency. His activity and military sagacity were never more conspicuous than at this period. Governor Galvez, at New Orleans, also showed wonderful energy and ability. He collected a fleet and army, and proceeded to assault and capture all the British ports and garrisons on the river, including those of Natchez; and he took eight British vessels engaged in the Mobile and Pensacola public transport service. He then captured Mobile and laid siege to Pensacola. General Campbell, therefore, had other engagements in May, 1780, than to meet the Sioux Indians and other Northern tribes at Natchez.

The Indians, having no tidings from the South, appeared, May 26, before St. Louis, and here probably heard for the first time of the disasters which had befallen the British posts on the river and General Campbell at Pensacola. Clark, also, whose name was a terror to Indians, had been informed by his spies of their approach, and, with his men from the Falls, was on the opposite bank of the river, near Cahokia, twenty-four hours before the Indians appeared, ready to give his aid when summoned by the Spanish governor of St. Louis. The savages, in this emergency, were naturally undecided what to do. They made a feeble raid on the town, killing and capturing persons found outside the palisades, but not venturing to make an attack on the fortified inclosure. Some of them crossed the river and made a similar raid around Cahokia. Then all departed northward to their homes, and the Northwest territory was saved for Americans.

The Byrd expedition from Detroit was in progress during Clark's absence in the defense of St. Louis. He hurried back to Kentucky. Dressed and painted

like an Indian, he pressed his way, with two companions, through the wilderness to Harrodsburg, closed up the land office, and, drafting four fifths of the grown men, raised a thousand troops to follow the Indians. Byrd, having captured two stockades at a fork of the Licking River, retreated as expeditiously as did the Indians from St. Louis. Clark followed into Ohio, and severely punished the invaders. The great scheme of Lord Germain having failed, no further attempt was made by the British to conquer the West.

The Eastern scheme, which for a time seemed like a success, failed in the end as signally as did the Western. The battle of King's Mountain, fought on the side of the Americans by the hardy and unenrolled mountaineers of Tennessee and North Carolina, under Campbell and Shelby, turned the scale; and the proud army of Cornwallis, driven northward, was penned up at Yorktown, where it surrendered. No further attempt was made by the British to conquer the colonies on the east slope of the Alleghanies, and the war was ended.

OUTDOORS AND INDOORS.

WITH all the antagonism between science and literature of which we hear so much in the present day, there are moments when the feud is forgotten, and nooks in which the opponents may meet and be at peace. They have discovered of late a whole field of common interests and opportunities, a half-way territory of work and pleasure, where they are amicably yoked together as collaborators. The conjunction has revived the essay, which, outdone in competition by the more energetic review article or the timely newspaper column, or per-

haps "graveled for lack of matter," had languished a little, and has equipped it with new forms and subjects. Not that the personal "outdoor" — what we may call, to borrow from a language better furnished than our own with ready-printed labels, *l'histoire naturelle intime* — is an invention of the nineteenth century; but certainly at the present time it is on the top wave of its popularity and general attractiveness. Hardly since the days of Gilbert White have science and the ego — the literary ego, *bien entendu* — been on better terms.

The pleasure of the ornithologist in his pursuits, the joy of the field naturalist in unearthing a new fact about frogs, find their way into pages scarcely less subjective than those which were formerly devoted to the record of more poetic scenic raptures, or to communings with the spirit of Nature considered in the abstract. The outdoor of to-day is a species of writing in which the individuality, the mood, of the author tells equally with the fact; it is a sympathetic rendering, an interpretation of Nature even in those aspects which were formerly wont to be handed to us in the shape of unleavened statement. It affords admirable opportunities for word-painting and artistic results or for skill in book-making, and it furnishes the naturalist with an outlet for odds and ends of information, for unrelated facts and chance suggestions, — an opportunity, in short, to wander in by-ways both of research and of thought. It is distinct from the *bona fide* field-natural history, inasmuch as it adds to its portable information and heartiness of tone a finer literary flavor and a wider mental outlook; it is not obliged to present so many facts to the page as the natural history proper, and it is under a less strenuous necessity of being clever than the various tours of one's garden and the universe. The primordial type of this class of work is of course White's *Selborne*, and we will not disagree with Mr. Burroughs in his "indoor study" of the immortal old "outdoor" when he regrets that "the new books have not quite the sweetness and charm, not quite the sincerity, of that of the *Selborne* parson." After all, how inevitable is the difference! No old wine could be rarer than a forty years' note-book; and it were as vain, in these days of high pressure, to pray for the heart and eye of the parson of *Selborne* as for the simplicity of his contemporary of *Wakefield*. The very cultivation of a love for natural history puts out of the question that primal pas-

sion for it which to the parson-naturalist came not, like his religion, by apostolic or other succession, but more immediately by the gift of grace.

We cannot keep too closely to the old recipes. But Nature is not exhausted, and outdoor ingredients can be mixed agreeably in a variety of ways. In our own day Richard Jefferies has lived and died, leaving a handful of books of a distinctly fresh and individual order; literary in their idea, it is true, the work of one whose task was letters and his goad poverty; lacking, too, the sweetness and human interest of the *Selborne* letters, but giving nevertheless with a sincerity of their own both fact and interpretation. It is singular that the personal element should have shown itself so little in his writings. With youth and a sort of passionate individuality which he seems never fully to have comprehended or subdued to literary ends, he was primarily the artist, impersonal, unmoralizing, an eye and a vocabulary. His pictures are so minute that the imagination is fatigued, now and then, in following their details; each saliency stands out as if embossed; but they are so lovingly painted, with such truth of touch, such happiness in seizing the right word, everything is so fresh and so harmonized, that there is no lack of breadth or atmosphere. It is nearly impossible to avoid speaking of Jefferies as a painter, for he seems almost to take words out of literature to put them into form and color. No such chiseled, original work in this line has yet been attempted here. Our essays are of a looser texture. Our foremost writer on outdoor matters, Mr. Burroughs, is thoroughly of the literary persuasion, with a graceful style and command of his instrument, but with a vocabulary far less unusual or concentrated than that of the author of *Wild Life*.

Mr. Bradford Torrey is an ornithologist who writes in a less practiced manner than Mr. Burroughs, but with ease,

discursiveness, and a considerable charm, and he is especially happy in a certain blending of natural and personal history. His book¹ is "the harvest of a quiet eye," sober in tone, but thoroughly in keeping, with a gentle touch of humor, and with notes of observation in which we feel the naturalist, and which are evidently at first hand and made with the patience and instinct of the craftsman. It is a delightfully local book: the facts fit the outside world (and how hard it is to get facts of natural history to do that!) if applied within the proper radius; the reminiscences and the humor will come home most enjoyably to readers whose own birth fell in a certain rock-sprinkled land with a centre of intellectual integrity, and whose own youth was surreptitiously nourished on a diet of hard apples, unripe grapes, huckleberries, and a fruit which Mr. Torrey omits from his list, the congenial choke-cherry. For Mr. Torrey, like Thackeray, has his *Memorials of Gormandizing*; he has, too, his attendant spirit of boyhood, — we find one on every ferry-boat, as we get on in life, but he is not always so entertaining to an outside public of his elders as he is made in these pages. "There is a boy of perhaps ten years whose companionship is out of all reason dear to me; and nowhere am I surer to find him at my side, hand in hand, than in this same lonely road, though I know very well that those who meet or pass me there see only one person, and that a man of several times ten years."

Perhaps it is because we can so easily find our own young years in Mr. Torrey's boy, "leaning industriously" for hours over the railing of a bridge, or regaling himself in an orchard "so sequestered, so remote from any house, — especially from its proprietor's, — that it hardly seemed a sin to rob it," that we

find in him, as his author does, a kind of silent company. The book is a bit of New England reported by a New Englander, who cherishes the Yankee traits within as well as those about him, and writes without dialect, but with an undefinable relish of twang. Mr. Torrey has not a grain of Thoreau's passion for "going through a patch of scrub-oak in a bee-line;" it is not the wildness but the home quality of Nature that draws him most strongly to her; he gets lost on a mountain tramp, not "bewildered," as Daniel Boone was for three days, and does not blink the fact. He loves to identify himself with a home landscape; to cultivate the biological possibilities of his own plot of ground and get the poetic yield of his neighbor's; to turn over the soil of his mind, with a special liking for that layer of the past which has been most turned over and is become most familiar.

Although an enormous amount of labor, talent, and enthusiasm has been devoted to the identification, description, classification, and study of our American birds, perhaps more than to the bird fauna of any other country, there is still room for a considerable addition to the mass of bird literature, not alone in the line of discovery, but in the matter of bringing the birds into our every-day life and making them more generally and familiarly known. In spite of the fact that we are a practical people, we are a people of literary prepossessions, and our interest in the world about us regarded from other points of view than the immediately practical is a limited one. Partly from this cause; partly from the character of our bird population, which presents, with a large range of variety, many perplexing affinities and repetitions; perhaps also in a measure from the existence of tracts of little-visited country, even in a fairly populous region, we keep our birds at arm's-length, and are ignorant of many a blithe presence among us. Charles Kingsley quotes

¹ *A Rambler's Lease*. By BRADFORD TORREY. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1889.

the phrase "He knows his Bewick" as commonly applicable to the English school-boy, but perhaps, like Macaulay, he stretched his school-boy a little. We do not teach Audubon in our public schools; he is a classic, and we all know what becomes of classics. Wilson, too, sweet soul, is laid by. Baird, Brewer, and Ridgeway, with many other investigators, are left to professional eyes. Nor is it easy to "name all the birds without a gun." Our very names for them are apt to be laboriously descriptive and familiar only to the ornithologist. Even the musical and pretty name of the vireo, or greenlet, sticks obstinately in the books, and the delicate wood-bird, which Mr. Torrey turned to in its own haunt, and tamed in a few days so that it ate from his hand while sitting on its nest, is very likely a stranger to the majority of his non-professional readers. The story of this "woodland intimacy" is a little idyl in natural history and a lesson in the patience and tact required by the naturalist, though we hope there will not be too many endeavors towards a literal repetition of the feat, which might be unfavorable to the peace of vireo households. Mr. Torrey speaks, by the way, of the solitary vireo as probably not exhibiting any marked race peculiarity as to timidity or fearlessness; but Dr. Brewer has an account of a female of this species which, at first very shy, in time "became more familiar, and would not leave her nest unless I attempted to lay hands on her;" and a sort of confidence and trustfulness, as well as close devotion to the nest, appears to be a general vireo trait. Our own memory of bird's-nesting days, when the birds were, alas! apt to be, as Mr. Torrey says of the school-boy's collection of eggs, "unnamed, misnamed, and nameless," affords record of a vireo, probably the yellow-throated, which sat confidently on its neatly woven cup, suspended in an alder bush, and looked at the intruder, standing but a cane's-length away, with a

glance so gentle, so feminine, as seemed to lessen the inaccessibility of the bird mind to the human.

For the task spoken of above, of domesticating the native birds, so to speak, in the native life and landscape, Mr. Torrey has special qualifications, both as observer and writer. His book is mel-
lowed and pleasant, and its only dull feature is a tendency to repeat now and then in the set terms of moralizing what he has just indicated in racy parable,—to point the moral without adorning the tale. But these digressions are brief withal, like the *longueurs* in the couplet of the French poet, and would not be noticeable were it not that a reader likes to have an author with whom he finds himself on such good terms put a little faith in him.

Mr. Abbott's volume¹ is a naturalist's note-book, kept by the calendar, with a typical day selected from each month and set apart, with its meteorological aspects, its botanical and zoölogical facts, duly chronicled and compared. His observations are scrappy and miscellaneous, but the book is so full of matter, the author has turned over so many stones, that it can hardly fail to be of value to the outdoor student, if only for the many lines of investigation which it opens or suggests. It is a good stimulus to looking, a book with which to compare one's own observations, though the sarcasms thrown out in advance by the author for the benefit of students whose inquiries may lead them to a conclusion differing from his are fairly tough rods in pickle. The field naturalist of some years ago used to have an enduring target for his scorn in "the book naturalist;" Mr. Abbott has elected "the critic" to that post of honor. Under the circumstances it would be a delicate matter to venture upon any comment on his observations, any technical criticism of which should of course

¹ *Days Out of Doors*. By CHARLES C. ABBOTT. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1889.

be left by a merely literary reviewer to the professional naturalist. Mr. Abbott's hunting-ground is New Jersey, central New Jersey apparently, with excursions coastward, giving a fair range of river, marsh, and pine barren, all well-stocked ground for the naturalist. He is an enthusiast about birds. "No other form of life has the same importance to the Rambler. I have seen mammals under the most instructive conditions, and followed in their wake thousands of reptiles, fishes, and insects; but my motive then was always simple curiosity, a desire to learn something of their ways of life, and little chagrin was mine if my labor went for naught. It is different when I meet with birds. Then my enthusiasm is all aroused, and pleasure or pain predominates as they venture near me or hold back in fear." His jottings on the coming and going of birds, particularly of non-migratory birds, a matter of especial interest, are among the most valuable parts of his book. He watches them in storms; notes the singing of a bluebird in a momentary lull of the March blizzard in 1888, and the flitting from branch to branch, on new-fallen snow, of a ruby-crowned kinglet, which "scarcely left its mark, and never a footprint, as it rested on the delicate ridges of snow." Another interesting chapter is devoted to the pine-tree lizard, and to a series of simple experiments with its pineal gland, which is a rudimentary eye, showing its sensitiveness to light. In tone and manner the book is as different as can well be from Mr. Torrey's. The only path which Mr. Abbott deliberately essays to follow is that of Thoreau, and he does not always find the blazes, though he is fairly Thoreauesque in the remark, which has truth in it, that "Nature speaks freely

to the individual, but seldom harangues a crowd."

Frogs, Boys, and other Small Deer is the title of a chapter in *Up and Down the Brooks*,¹ by Miss Mary E. Bamford, who has taken hints from the delightful but, alas! now half-forgotten pages of the Rev. J. G. Wood, and writes natural history with side thrusts, hits at the stupidity of by-standers, stories of field adventure, and personifications of bug and beast, which latter may be clear to the intelligent child, but are a trifle confusing to the adult mind. The book gives directions for a fresh-water aquarium and accounts of the objects likely to come in the dredging-net, as well as of the chief haunts of the bottom or bank of the brook, — a well-chosen company, and illustrated with very convenient little cuts.

Birds Through an Opera Glass,² published in the same series for young people, is a collection of bird-portraits tossed off with a deft and vivid touch. Miss Merriam, in going over a ground by no means untraveled, has succeeded in bringing out freshly the more salient features, and her "pigeon-hole" method of grouping the birds according to first one and then another trait, habit, or haunt ought to prove useful both for identification and characterization.

All sorts of rose-jar fragrances and antique posies of thought come to mind as we open *The Garden's Story*,³ a dainty little volume, which, not alone by its dress of vignette, tail-piece, and fine but rather pale print, or its abundant ornaments of quotation, but by various prettinesses of style, beguiles us a trifle backward from the "outdoor" of to-day to the essay in its more imitative period, what we may call the essay-loving essay. It is a year-round book, giving bits of Young People. No. 3.] Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1889.

³ *The Garden's Story; or, Pleasures and Trials of an Amateur Gardener.* By GEORGE H. ELLWANGER. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1889.

¹ *Up and Down the Brooks.* By MARY E. BAMFORD. [Riverside Library for Young People. No. 4.] Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1889.

² *Birds Through an Opera Glass.* By FLORENCE A. MERRIAM. [Riverside Library for

garden and wild-flower lore, outdoor and indoor, for every month; a medley in which the names of flowers make bouquets on every page. But familiar allusions to Dr. Talmage jar a little upon this pleasant antiquity. If Cowley and Marvell had a Dr. Talmage in their garden-world, they have not mentioned the fact or set their pages to that key.

We are so accustomed to locate Mr. Burroughs out-of-doors, and to associate him with discourse on fields and birds, that his excellence as an indoor writer is a trifle overlooked, and he has perhaps hardly received his due as a critic. The bulk of his work¹ in this line is not large, nor is his range of subjects a wide one, but he has some admirable qualifications for a critic, and we recall no writer of criticism in this country who brings to Mr. Burroughs's chosen themes an equal freshness and precision of touch. A perspective of reading is as essential to the critic as a perspective of life to the novelist; and in either case the background is apt to be furnished more or less extensively by early associations. How far these will be actually incorporated into a writer's work, or serve merely for comparison or suggestion, will depend upon temperament and upon the depth or variety of experience.

Mr. Burroughs devotes a brief chapter of the present volume to a record of his literary birth and training, but his antecedents as a writer were never obscure; they are to be read from any page. He has clung to, not forsaken, his traditions; has kept alive not alone his convictions, but the spirit of discipleship in which they were formed. He stands for an idea, like Mr. Howells; a circumstance which may tend to limit the scope of a critic, but within that range is tolerably sure to enhance the depth and value of his work. Mr. Bur-

roughs's idea is the Emersonian one. He has lived his Emerson, we may add his Carlyle, and in dealing with books, as with life (if the distinction be needed), men write best what they have lived. One rather amusing result of this intimacy is to be seen in the turn of his sentences; a fact which he himself frankly notices, but which is really of small moment. Imitation simply as imitation will not last a lifetime, nor alone carry a writer through such careful studies as those of Mr. Burroughs, and the Emersonian sentence is not a mannerism any more than Emersonian thought is a dogma. The inadequacy of Matthew Arnold's criticism of Emerson was generally felt, and we could not have found a writer better qualified to express the grounds of this dissatisfaction, or to discuss in detail the points of view of the American thinker and his English critics, than Mr. Burroughs. And yet he has himself perhaps not quite succeeded in centralizing his Emerson. In dwelling as he does with fine perception upon the incidental and piecemeal character of Emerson's writings, he turns to find the idea which holds together all these perfected yet shuffled units, and finds it in his personality. "The design that gives unity and relevancy to these isolated paragraphs is the personality of Emerson, his peculiar type and idiosyncrasy. This is the plan, the theme, which these musical periods illustrate." True, it is there, but may it not be found also in his thought, which, apart from its moral stimulus, has a wholeness and pervading value in its constant perception of the relationships of things, its insistence upon a unity immanent throughout the entire physical and spiritual universe? This, it may be said, was part of his personality, but it was more: it was an intellectual framework, — one which may be easily overlooked in a fragmentary reading, but which remains, after all siftings are made, as a result of familiarity with his writings.

¹*Indoor Studies.* By JOHN BURROUGHS. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1889.

It is not a matter of syllogisms; but if Emerson had drawn up a system of metaphysics (as it is curious to find from his *Life* that he thought of doing), he could have added nothing to the coherency and innate gravitation of his thought.

Mr. Burroughs's essay on Matthew Arnold's criticism is an admirable paper, closely written, and showing both sympathy and perception; separating with a delicate touch Arnold's teaching and its effects, his history as a force, from the other prevailing influences in the English thought of his time. The general characterization of his genius as "standing for pure Hellenism" (the choice as well as the word is Mr. Arnold's own) is qualified by a number of more distinctive touches bringing out his "spirit of institutionalism," his "marked catholic bias," which Mr. Burroughs connects with the Hellenism by the institutional links, his "genius for definition and analysis," his "nettle-like irony" and "kind of finer common sense." Mr. Burroughs points to a curious and marked trait in Matthew Arnold when he says that "he seems to have no isolated thoughts, nothing that begins and ends in a mere intellectual concretion; his thoughts are all in the piece, and have reference to his work as a whole; they are entirely subordinated to plan, to structure, to total results." And there is a felicity of expression as well as a slant of humor in this summing up on *Friendship's Garland*:—

"It fulfills its purpose with a grace and a completeness that awaken in one the feeling of the delicious; it is the only one of his books one can call delicious."

The relation of Arnold's thoughts to Carlyle's, and his attitude as a critic towards the great representative of the Hebraic side, is appreciatively indicated by Mr. Burroughs. They were a curious pair to be working in the same hour upon the same material; and it is not

to be wondered at that Arnold, with his own mission of "sweet reasonableness," should have had little sympathy with Carlyle's vehement cry for earnestness and work. The chief mistake in his position was his attempt to ignore Carlyle, which was not unlike undertaking to proceed from one Alpine valley to another without being aware of any mountain. At the present day, when Carlyle's ideas have become incorporated into all manner of writings, and have been naively given forth, from time to time, in articles by the most strenuous opponents of his doctrines, including Mr. Arnold himself, it is not so difficult to do this; but it showed a certain failure in proportion and the historical sense on the part of one so nearly a contemporary of Carlyle and the foremost of English critics. When, in his lecture on Numbers, Mr. Arnold sketched the state of things against which Plato protested in his day, and that which brought the protest of Isaiah upon his contemporaries, then pictured the England of Past and Present, many a listener must have mentally added to his impressive "Plato was right, and Isaiah was right," "and Thomas Carlyle." The conclusion drawn, in the first person, was somehow hardly so convincing.

In his essay on Thoreau, Mr. Burroughs defends him from Mr. Stevenson's charge of being a "skulker" in a very happy manner; whether with a final success or not is a fine point of ethics to decide. The paper is written "to make the most of him,—defining and discriminating him as I would a flower, or a bird, or any other product of nature,"—and shows considerable delicacy of handling and a keen relish for his subject.

A Malformed Giant is a half criticism on Victor Hugo, bringing out humorously the Hugoesque conception, or rather personification, of nature, but requiring, to make it in any sense complete, an-

other essay, which is not even indicated in Mr. Burroughs's treatment. It is incomplete not alone because it deals merely with the obvious exaggerations and absurdities which are a stumbling-block to many among the poet's own countrymen, but because it considers him too exclusively on the side of his prose, which, though great in qualities and moments, lacks the supreme touch of mastership, and which, like his mechan-

ical and ineffective drama, is allowed with the Anglo-Saxon public to take an unwarranted precedence of a full-toned, varied, and exquisite lyric power. Mr. Burroughs's admission "that a microscopic examination of his works reveals many fine passages, green spots, idyllic touches here and there," is no adequate account of *Les Feuilles d'Automne*, *Les Chants du Crépuscule*, or *Les Châtiments*.

FRANKLIN, WASHINGTON, LINCOLN.

THE season has brought us a distinct reminder of the great American triumvirate of fame in three notable biographic works. No one of the three can be called a great book; the subject of each dwarfs the narrative; nor can we assure ourselves that either is likely to prove a classic; but they are all likely to hold a place not merely till better biographies push them aside, but probably long after writers of greater skill or more abundant opportunity have contributed fresh estimates.

The problem which confronts one who would set Franklin forth is a peculiar one. There are three tolerably distinct Franklins. There is the man whom Priestley knew, there is the friend of Sally Stevenson and Madame Brillon, and there is the diplomat whom Vergennes encountered. Yet what could these accomplished men and women of England and France know of the runaway apprentice and the Philadelphia neighbor? Mr. McMaster has found enough to say about Franklin as a man of letters; Mr. Morse has included him in his series of *American Statesmen*; ¹ if the new *Riverside Science Series* is

to include biographies, there could be no fitter subject than Franklin; and if *American Religious Leaders* is comprehensive enough to take in men who have been eminent as philanthropists or who have strongly affected the moral sense of Americans, there would be no impropriety in placing Franklin in a group which holds Jonathan Edwards and Theodore Parker.

Mr. Morse recognizes this comprehensiveness of Franklin, and the limitations under which he presents him. "Mr. Parton," he says, "has given us such an admirable biography, so exhaustive and so remarkably happy in setting the real man vividly before the reader, that I feel that I must give something between a reason and an apology for the existence of this volume. The fact is simply this: without a life of Franklin this series would have appeared as absurdly imperfect as a library of English fiction with Scott or Thackeray absent from the shelves. The volume was a necessity; and since Mr. Parton's work, even if it could be borrowed or stolen, would not fit the space, this little book has been written. No poor genie of Oriental magic was ever squeezed into more disproportionately narrow quarters than is Franklin in these four hundred

¹ *Benjamin Franklin*. By JOHN T. MORSE, JR. [*American Statesmen Series*.] Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1889.

pages; but again necessity must bear the burden of responsibility." It is very clear to the reader that Mr. Morse frankly accepted the conditions under which he was compelled to work. He was not writing a life of Benjamin Franklin; he was answering the question, What part did Franklin play as a statesman, both on the stage of the colonial development and in the broader theatre of international politics? He has compressed into fifty pages all the interesting period of Franklin's history which to the general biographer is peculiarly important, — the period of formation of character and of incipient public life; and more than once he is obliged, with manifest regret, to forego the pleasure of following Franklin's course minutely, because the subject is not intimately connected with Franklin's statesmanship. He has even generously condensed his account of the final treaty operations in Paris, out of regard for the writer who is engaged upon Jay in the *Statesmen Series*.

Although Mr. Morse has been faithful thus to the strict demands of his theme, he has by no means produced a fragmentary work. He has recognized very clearly the necessity of showing the foundation upon which were built the great structure of Franklin's public life; and his early chapters, in which he deals with the conditions of Franklin's growth and with the fundamental qualities of character, are admirable for their compact, forcible presentation of this important part of his subject. Moreover, his free, sensible view of statesmanship as something more than officialism has led him to regard Franklin's general influence over his countrymen as an integral part of his theme, so that after all the only Franklin who is conspicuously absent from the book is Franklin the physicist. The narrative gains in vigor by the necessity of com-

pression, and Mr. Morse's attitude is one of such frank yet impartial admiration as to give the reader an agreeable confidence in his candor and fairness.

The book is a vigorous one, and will materially help the student in American history to understand the very important part of the struggle for nationality which was going on at Paris during the time when Englishmen were fighting each other in America. Mr. Morse says, with great force: "We read about the horrors of the winter camp at Valley Forge, and we shudder at all the details of the vivid picture. The anxiety, the toil, the humiliation, which Franklin endured for many winters and many summers in Paris, in sustaining the national credit, do not make a picture, do not furnish material for a readable chapter in history; yet many a man would far rather have faced Washington's lot than Franklin's."

Mr. Lodge may be said to have had somewhat the same problem before him, and to have indulged his personal taste a little more in the work which he has written on George Washington¹ for the *Statesmen Series*. It would not be just to say that Washington as a statesman occupies one of the two volumes devoted to him, and Washington as a soldier the other, but it is quite evident that if Mr. Lodge had been willing to confine himself to a study of Washington as a statesman he could have compressed his work into a single volume. We think such a course would not only have made his book a fitter member of a series, but would have enhanced its value; for it would have enabled the author to expend his strength upon that part of his subject where his work is strongest, and where he comes least into comparison with writers of general history. A large part of Mr. Lodge's first volume is necessarily a recapitulation of familiar facts

volumes. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1889.

¹ *George Washington*. By HENRY CABOT LODGE. [*American Statesmen Series*.] In two

in the history of the war for independence.

Dismissing, however, all consideration of the book which Mr. Lodge did not choose to write, and asking only how far he has succeeded in writing a deliberate life of Washington, independent of any series, we can take genuine pleasure in so spirited a piece of work. It can scarcely be called a critical biography. There is little evidence that Mr. Lodge has searched for his material beyond the nearest and most tangible documents. It is rather the work of a man at home in the general field of American history, who is impressed with the importance of this single figure, and finds the subject a convenient one also for carrying more or less comment on politics in general. He sets about his task, moreover, with an apostolic zeal which detracts from his power as a biographer. His position would have been stronger if he had not felt it necessary to divest his readers of possible false views respecting Washington. We doubt if the persons who take up his book will, as a rule, bring to the reading an artificial conception of Washington; and Mr. Lodge, by the fervor with which he continually sets up the ninepins of false Washingtons in order to bowl them over, may leave in the minds of some an uneasy apprehension lest his hero was as priggish, as cold, as hard, and as unlovable as so-called popular notions make him out to be. He doth protest too much. If Mr. Lodge, assuming a tolerably common acquaintance with the history in which Washington was so commanding a figure, had expended his strength in setting Washington forth clearly and humanly, ignoring the necessity of combating false views in set terms, he might have made a book less like a tractate, and more like a piece of literature.

In saying this we are simply expressing the superiority of constructive biography over polemical treatises. Mr.

Lodge shows so clearly that he understands Washington, he has so acute a judgment when dealing with the public questions by which Washington was tested, that he might easily have rested his case upon a luminous statement of the situation; the strength of his position would have been such, and he would have been so sure of the general sympathy of his readers, that the laborious defense which he makes might well have been spared. Much that he says again and again and reiterates in a summary is interesting, but somewhat superfluous. The conclusions which he reaches should have been the conclusions of his years of study, and have formed the reason for his book: lying in his mind, they might have given point to his interpretation of Washington's life; published, they tend to draw the reader away from Washington to a consideration of what Mr. Lodge thinks about Washington. Washington is a very great subject, — too great to serve as a saddle for a rider.

For current reading, however, this work is unmistakably interesting, and as criticism which is necessarily temporary it will serve most excellent ends. In fact, it is so close to the time that the reader fresh from recent political lessons will occasionally read passages which serve as footnotes to contemporary history. How capital, for example, is this characterization of party methods in the early days of the republic! "Jefferson knew that Hamilton and all who fought with him were as sincerely in favor of a republic as he himself was; but his unerring genius in political management told him that he could never raise a party or make a party-cry out of the statement that, while he favored a democratic republic, the men to whom he was opposed preferred one of a more aristocratic caste. It was necessary to have something much more highly seasoned than this. So he took the ground that his opponents were monarchists, bent on establishing a monarchy in this

country, and were backed by a 'corrupt squadron' in Congress in the pay of the treasury. This was of course utter rubbish, but it served its purpose admirably. Jefferson, indeed, shouted these cries so much that he almost came to believe in them, and sympathetic writers of this day repeat them as if they had reality, instead of having been mere noise to frighten the unwary." Mr. Lodge could not have written more to the point if he had been describing the tactics of extreme party men of this day when screaming "free-trade" and "British gold" at every one who thinks it time to overhaul the war-tariff. And when one comes upon such a passage as this: "He [Washington] was as far removed as possible from that highly virtuous and very ineffective class of persons who will not support anything that is not perfect, and who generally contrive to do more harm than all the avowed enemies of sound government," — rather odd result to proceed from a "very ineffective" class — one, pleased with the subtleties of historical research, might set himself to calculating the date when Mr. Lodge penned the sentence. We wish, by the way, that while he was engaged in annotating 1789 with 1889 he had had more to say about Washington's views on office-seekers and appointments to office. There is a letter of the President's which cannot be quoted too often. It will be long before it is hackneyed.

We are disposed to think that the most valuable contribution which Mr. Lodge has made to the Washington literature is in the interpretation which he has made of the facts of our history which throw light upon the personality of Washington. His account, for example, of the Virginian aristocracy is altogether admirable, and helps to an appreciation of the elements which combined in the education of Washington. He could not be called a man of the people in the sense that Jackson was, or Lincoln; and this, we suspect, lies at

the bottom of the loose statements, which Mr. Lodge controverts with good reason and some heat, that Washington was an English country gentleman rather than an American. He belonged in the governing class, and in that division of the class which had come to its fullest maturity. When America broke away from the British Empire, there were in the chief towns representatives of the British governing class; but in Virginia a governing class had been formed on the soil out of the conditions of life, unaffected to any considerable degree by the direct interposition of British influence. It was therefore a native, and not a foreign element in American life. The foreign aristocratic element broke off from America when the schism came: the Boston and New York Tories went to Halifax and to England when they could; the native aristocratic element was and remained sturdily American.

Mr. Lodge is led to assert the Americanism of Washington in reply to statements that Lincoln was the first American, and the passage is interesting to us here and now, because it brings together the three names before us. He has been quoting Mr. Clarence King's prefatory note to Hay and Nicolay's *Life of Lincoln*, in which occurs the sentence: "Abraham Lincoln was the first American to reach the lonely height of immortal fame. Before him, within the narrow compass of our history, were but two preëminent names, — Columbus the discoverer, and Washington the founder; the one an Italian seer, the other an English country gentleman." His reply is worth giving at some length: —

"In order to point his sentence and prove his first postulate, Mr. King is obliged not only to dispose of Washington, but to introduce Columbus, who never was imagined in the wildest fantasy to be an American, and to omit Franklin. The omission of itself is fatal to Mr. King's case. Franklin has certainly a 'preëminent name.' He

has, too, 'immortal fame,' although of course of a widely different character from that of either Washington or Lincoln, but he was a great man in the broad sense of a world-wide reputation. Yet no one has ever ventured to call Benjamin Franklin an Englishman. He was a colonial American, of course, but he was as intensely an American as any man who has lived on this continent before or since. A man of the people, he was American by the character of his genius, by his versatility, the vivacity of his intellect, and his mental dexterity. In his abilities, his virtues, and his defects he was an American, and so plainly one as to be beyond the reach of doubt or question. . . . Unless one is prepared to set Franklin down as an Englishman, which would be as reasonable as to say that Daniel Webster was a fine example of the Slavic race, it must be admitted that it was possible for the colonies to produce in the eighteenth century a genuine American who won immortal fame. If they could produce one of one type, they could produce a second of another type, and there was, therefore, nothing inherently impossible in existing conditions to prevent Washington from being an American. Lincoln was undoubtedly the first great American of his type, but that is not the only type of American. It is one which, as bodied forth in Abraham Lincoln, commands the love and veneration of the people of the United States, and the admiration of the world wherever his name is known. To the noble and towering greatness of his mind and character it does not add one hair's-breadth to say that he was the first American, or that he was of a common or uncommon type. Greatness like Lincoln's is far beyond such qualifications, and least of all is it necessary to his fame to push Washington from his birthright."

¹ *The History and Personal Recollections of Abraham Lincoln*. By WILLIAM H. HERNDON, for twenty years his friend and law partner,

Mr. Lodge's stout defense of Washington's Americanism is accented throughout the book by a bitterness of tone toward England, as if one could not be a good American without hating England. Our criticism upon this feature is that it comes perilously near personal feeling, and the sympathies or antipathies of an historical writer regarding a great nation are of no importance to his readers. The personal feeling which we can value and which counts in the work is that which the author has for his subject, and it is refreshing to find so hearty and loyal an admiration as Mr. Lodge has for Washington. An impassive, scientific judgment would have gone far toward corroborating the opinions of those who have regarded Washington as a dull, cold man. When a biographer like Mr. Lodge is stirred by his subject, he has won half the battle in persuading his readers that Washington inspired his contemporaries with personal affection and admiration.

The life of Lincoln¹ which Mr. Herndon has prepared, with Mr. Weik's aid, is by no means so satisfactory a piece of work as either of the two books which we have been considering, but its very absence of form will strike the reader as an evidence of its genuineness; and as a contribution to history it is more important than Mr. Morse's Franklin or Mr. Lodge's Washington, since the establishment of a true conception of an historic figure is of more consequence than the careful re-statement of a received view or the correction of popular errors. We think we are not mistaken in looking upon Herndon's Lincoln as a most timely and valuable contribution to a just understanding of that great man, even though much of it in a preliminary form appears to have found a place originally in Lamon's Life. Considered only as a *mémoire pour servir*, it and JESSE WILLIAM WEIK. In three volumes. Chicago, New York, and San Francisco: Belford, Clarke & Co. [1889.]

is of unmistakable service. It bears the marks of patient and painstaking labor in gathering all the facts regarding Lincoln's origin and early years; and when the reader considers that Mr. Herndon was Lincoln's law partner for twenty years; that he made his acquaintance as far back as 1837; that he lived amongst Lincoln's early companions, and, so to speak, spoke the Illinois language, it is easy to see how important may be his testimony. In addition, the open-minded reader can scarcely read this artless book without feeling a growing confidence in Mr. Herndon's honesty and accuracy. The very offenses against good taste show him to be a good witness, and we do not see how any student of Lincoln's character, and especially any one who undertakes hereafter to set Lincoln forth, can avoid being strongly affected by this work.

That the book is likely to have a general circulation, unless among the President's old neighbors, we are not quite ready to believe, though it will have many charms for educated readers through the very homeliness of the narrative. Nor is it the homeliness alone, but often a graphic touch, which will arrest the attention. Here is a passage, for instance, relating to Lincoln's loneliness in domestic life: —

“Mr. Lincoln never had a confidant, and therefore never unbosomed himself to others. He never spoke of his trials to me, or, so far as I knew, to any of his friends. It was a great burden to carry, but he bore it sadly enough and without a murmur. I could always realize when he was in distress, without being told. He was not exactly an early riser, — that is, he never usually appeared at the office till about nine o'clock in the morning. I usually preceded him an hour. Sometimes, however, he would come down as early as seven o'clock, — in fact, on one occasion I remember he came down before daylight. If, on arriving at the office, I found him in, I knew instantly

that a breeze had sprung up over the domestic sea, and that the waters were troubled. He would either be lying on the lounge, looking skyward, or doubled up in a chair, with his feet resting on the sill of a back window. He would not look up on my entering, and only answered my ‘Good-morning’ with a grunt. I at once busied myself with pen and paper, or ran through the leaves of some book; but the evidence of his melancholy and distress was so plain, and his silence so significant, that I would grow restless myself, and, finding some excuse to go to the court-house or elsewhere, would leave the room.

“The door of the office opening into a narrow hallway was half glass, with a curtain on it working on brass rings strung on wire. As I passed out on these occasions I would draw the curtain across the glass, and before I reached the bottom of the stairs I could hear the key turn in the lock, and Lincoln was alone in the gloom. An hour in the clerk's office at the court-house, an hour longer in a neighboring store, having passed, I would return. By that time either a client had dropped in, and Lincoln was propounding the law, or else the cloud of despondency had passed away, and he was busy in the recital of an Indiana story to whistle off the recollections of the morning's gloom. Noon having arrived, I would depart homeward for my dinner. Returning within an hour, I would find him still in the office, — although his house stood but a few squares away, — lunching on a slice of cheese and a handful of crackers, which, in my absence, he had brought up from a store below. Separating for the day at five or six o'clock in the evening, I would still leave him behind, either sitting on a box at the foot of the stairway, entertaining a few loungers, or killing time in the same way on the court-house steps. A light in the office after dark attested his presence there till late along in the night, when, after all the world had gone

to sleep, the tall form of the man destined to be the nation's President could have been seen strolling along in the shadows of trees and buildings, and quietly slipping in through the door of a modest frame house, which it pleased the world, in a conventional way, to call his home."

Some of the incidents in this life will not be pleasant reading to those who have already constructed a Lincoln after their own imagination, and are loath to give up the shadow for the reality. But to those who wish to know the truth, at whatever cost to illusions, this work will come laden with many suggestions. It will play a large part, we are confident, in the future construction of Lincoln in the minds of men, and we suspect that it will have one significant effect. There is a disposition, expressed by Mr. Lodge, to speak of Lincoln as a typical American, or a typical Western American. Mr. Herndon's report will go far toward accenting those characteristics of Lincoln which set him by himself, and bring into high relief his marked personality, his uniqueness.

We do not suppose the time will ever come when new lives of Franklin, Washington, and Lincoln will not be offered to American readers: a few new facts will come to light, the point of view will shift, the audience will change, new forms of biographic writing and new manners in literature will arise; but, above all, these three names will always contain an inspiration, and so long as a nation lives its interest in the great characters it has produced will be undying. Buildings crumble, battlefields become populated, but art in letters and character in persons survive. And of these two, character is the more indestructible; so that it is even possible to care for Emerson's genius in his poems because of our admiration for his fine personality, while some later poet may speak a language more intelligible and more harmonious.

We can understand through these men how a people relying on tradition, and not on historical records, can come to elevate their heroes into demigods, and invest them with attributes taken from the entire series of events with which they were identified. Franklin thus becomes the personification of an optimistic shrewdness, a large, healthy nature, as of a young people gathering its strength and feeling its broadening power; Washington is the serene hero, undismayed by the failure of the hour, always confident in the success of the event; Lincoln, the sacrifice for national sin, and thus the bringer-in of national regeneration. But the clear light of a truth perpetually made more free from misconception is better than the most highly imagined myth, when character is in question; and every new historical writer who bends his endeavor to get at the exact truth regarding Franklin, Washington, or Lincoln is contributing to the slow building of just conceptions regarding men who are at once the highest product of national forces and the deepest foundation of national character.

The most interesting outcome of the celebration of Washington's inauguration, last spring, was the evidence that it elicited of the power which Washington's name possessed. No one need despair of the republic so long as that name can be uttered as a rebuke and instantly arrest the public attention. Mr. Lodge may disabuse his mind of the fear that an artificial Washington has been constructed in the popular imagination. The figure which rises to the mind is both lofty and human. Thus, too, physiologists may refer Lincoln's melancholy to a disordered liver, and Mr. Herndon may weakly imagine that he was forever brooding over his obscure origin; but the mournful, sad-eyed man who represented the nation in the hour of its agony has become too well known in the hearts of Americans

to recede into narrower limits. With equal justice the people have learned to accept Franklin for what he was; not to ignore or disregard the complacency with which he looked back upon the mean morality of his youth, but to value

the cheerfulness of his philosophy, and to see in his good citizenship the essential basis of that broad love of one's neighbor which a democratic republic always must regard as a prime requisite in its members.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

The Rock and
the Singing
Tree.

THERE lie before me, as I write, a volume of familiar music and a little manuscript book of poems. The music is that exquisite collection of instrumental lyrics, the *Lieder ohne Worte*, which to readers even of this day awaken not alone a gracious train of sound-pictures, but the suggestion, and as it were the memory, of the brief life, the genius and joyous personality, of their composer; compositions which amid all the revolutions of the musical world remain a little apart, but unchanged, because people have the habit of loving them and cannot well break it. The poems which have lately fallen in my way, and in which I have found a charming and very genuine element of interest, have a connection with the music which it is not easy to define. Written as songs to accompany its measures, they have not merely, and perhaps not quite, the character of words made to music. They are written, for one thing, without the knowledge of musical phrasing which would render them available without alteration for that purpose; yet they run closer to the theme than poems suggested, as in the case of Miss Lazarus' *Phantasies*, by musical compositions, at the same time leading us along a road-bed of their own. It is perhaps hardly a critical homage to the genius of the composer to furnish words to songs intended to convey the sense of language through another element, — to composi-

tions purposely left *ohne Worte*, — yet it has been already done in several instances, with the adaptation of the music to the voice, a process which the copy before me has not yet undergone; and if excuse is needed for the existence of these new song-words, it is to be found in the sincerity and wholeness of purpose which binds a handful of verses, technically simple and by no means flawless, to each other and to the music which inspired them. They have not been critically or deliberately brought into being, but are the record of thoughts which sang themselves in the writer's mind to a few loved and well-conned strains.

To catch the full tones of any art we must listen with our lives. We all do this instinctively more or less, giving as well as receiving, lending of our circumstance to poem or melody, and are moved by them in proportion as life has moved us. In these verses dedicated to Mendelssohn I find a synthesis of the effect of his mood upon the tide-wave of another mind in an element remote from that in which the original *Lieder* were created. The work of a New England woman living in a solitary region of the West, they show no attempt in the selection of themes to keep to such classical or romantic ideas as may be supposed to have inspired a musician cradled in the halcyon nest of German idealism; on the contrary, every stone in the new environment is brought

as if toward a monument ; all the doors of a modern life are flung open to the strains. The result is sometimes a curious sort of anachronism, as in the borrowing of Mendelssohn's music for the commemoration of such recent events as the wreck at Samoa or the death of Father Damien ; sometimes it is visible in a little over-strenuousness of tone, and in the introduction of problems possibly a little deeper and more troubled than were touched by the keys of the instrument under the fingers of the composer. All this belongs to the fact that it is a life which has listened, and has heard its steadfast purpose as well as its changing fancies played to it in music, — a life which has kept its cell somewhere apart, and distilled its labor of every day into a little drop of verse.

In the case of those compositions already associated with a name this has in all instances been adhered to, as in the Hunting Song, Consolation, and the various Gondellieder. The spirit is reproduced in these pieces with great felicity, notably in the Spinning Song, where the variations and changes of tone are made to express the idea of beguiling noises from without, while the underlying whirr of the wheel accompanies the answer of the spinner, resolutely and cheerfully keeping to her labor and to the happy home life which it sustains and symbolizes. In other instances the subject is chosen by the writer, and the music attached to a story or fancy suggested by it. No. 1, an *Andante con moto*, with its running accompaniment of playful feeling along a tenderly emphasized theme, is fitted to the Endymion story, that favorite throughout art for the cool, the elusive, the magic quality of its passion.

ENDYMION SONG.

By enchantment led away
Young Endymion doth stray.
Ever as he goes he cries,

A-i!

A-i!

Echo mockingly replies.

Dian swiftly follows after,
Hushed the silvery woodland laughter,
And, as after him she hies,

A-i!

A-i!

She with Echo mocking cries.

Now he plucks the ripe fruits from their thorns
by the way,

And he sings as he wanders a roundelay,

Till a thousand drowsy languors creep,

And he flings himself down 'neath the trees to
sleep,

To sleep.

Now Dian comes, impelled by Love,
To seek Endymion in the grove.

A tender light is in her eyes,

Unseen her maiden blushes rise,

While o'er her heart, where Love did sleep,

She feels a thousand pulses leap.

Half frightened by unwonted bliss,

She wakes Endymion with a kiss.

There is a little strain of Fretcher's sylvan note here prettily played upon an ancient fancy. There is also a Sunrise, very fresh in feeling, which I cannot quote for fear of exceeding the time allowed to a member of the Club, and a little group of mountain pictures called Monadnock, — the writer chooses, like Emerson, the mountain which holds the message of the heights for a certain quarter of New England, — which have to be omitted on the same ground. The lovely air numbered 44, with its gentle, measured movement, carried in the treble to a soft brightening as of hope, has a little word-accompaniment with something of the simplicity and inwardness of George MacDonald's lyrics.

Thy minute comes, Thy minute goes,

As used or wasted, black or rose.

I would that all my days could be

Like banks of flowers bloomed for Thee,

Wherein Thine eye, well pleased, might find

Thy sunshine glad, Thy showers kind.

The underlying plan of the song-words is the working out of the progress of a soul through pleasure, happiness, disappointment, trial, and doubt up to blessedness and the joy that comes through faith. That such a plan runs through the Mendelssohn lyrics is not to

be supposed ; there is no such order, for one thing, and to introduce it in regular sequence would require some shuffling of the numbers. But there is no attempt here to tamper with the character of the music, or to force it within the set bounds of a purpose ; the unity of idea is carried on through variety, is felt rather than enforced, and is the result of that dualism which has already been alluded to, — of the individuality and mental experience of the copyist entering as an element of sympathy and interpretation into the rendering of the master's work. In the song the title of which has been chosen by the writer as a general designation of the collection, the adaptation of a fairy-tale theme, or rather parable, to a very varied piece of music has been accomplished with sympathetic and happy result. The composition is No. 17, and its weird, fantastic quality, its transition from serenity to storm and again to hope, its thread of dream and of reality, are all woven into incident with a touch of fancy as well as of moral significance.

THE ROCK AND THE SINGING TREE.

Out from the Land of Youth at last
My heavy-freighted vessel passed.
Proudly I viewed her white sails high,
Strong was the keel did underlie.
Bravely I turned her toward the west,
No fear of danger in my breast.
Lo! in mid-ocean, far from shore,
A whirlwind down upon me bore,
And, ere I knew, my good ship sank,
And left me but a single plank,
Whereon mid sea and sky I hung,
And, drenched with water, thirsting clung.

Methought before my burning eyes
A noble Rock did sudden rise.
Kind breezes wafted me ashore ;
My ear forgot the storm-wind's roar,
As up its sheltering bank I climbed.
Celestial airs my footfalls chimed.
Lo! on its summit grew a Tree
Where song-birds fitted gay and free ;
Beneath its shade I sank to rest,
With heavenly rapture blessed.

Awaked, within that charmed ground
A balm for every wound I found :

Here for the weary blossomed rest,
For all earth's suffering strength-in-pain ;
Here blazed bright honors for the best,
And for the poorest, heavenly gain ;
And here the longing heart was filled
With joy and peace ecstatic trilled

By nesting birds that music made
Within that Tree's enchanted shade.
Ah! who, methought, would rather be
On storm-drenched plank on life's gray sea
Than, far above the waves of time,
Upon the Christ-Rock gladly climb,
And rest beneath the Singing Tree
Of Heavenly Love's felicity ?

There are many other pieces which are like hymns — or rather perhaps what hymns should be — in their religious fervor and earnestness of feeling. It is the fervor of one who through sorrow has found faith, who has believed and seen, — seen, possibly, with a little too much detail for poetic purposes, but with unmistakable insight and conviction. It is a little curious that the verses fitted to the composition known as Consolation are not the most striking of the collection, for the key-note of the whole is consolation and joy in consolation, a spirit of helpfulness and wide sympathy, the exercise of a fancy which lends itself to glad or to despondent themes, moving in many directions and with varying motions, but always under a guiding sense of serenity and trust.

— There is a small watering-place on the New England coast which owns a counterpart of Lover's amusing Barny O'Reirdon. He is a taciturn, not to say stolid villager, who finds an occupation in taking the summer boarders out in his sailboat. For want of more instructive conversation, these passengers have fallen into the way of chaffing Job for never having carried his craft across the Atlantic Ocean, and visiting the famous cities of Europe. He had never been farther from home than Boston, but these light-minded men tried to persuade him that Boston could not hold a candle to London and Paris. Job re-

A New England Barny O'Reirdon.

ceived all the gibes thrust at him in apparent unconcern, but in reality was determined to take his own time for sharpening weapons of his own. So, last March, having merely intimated to his friends and neighbors that he was going off for a little while, and might join one of those excursion parties which "go West," Job went to Boston and shipped for Liverpool.

In eight weeks he was home again, but as silent as ever. It was rumored that he had been abroad, but Job allowed any and all rumors to fly about, with no favoring breeze of his own. Little by little, however, as the summer boarders returned, the mystery of Job's wanderings was revealed. No one, I believe, has the whole story of his trip, and Job appears to have kept no log, but certain facts have come to light in this modern Odyssey.

For one thing, Job went to London. Whatever else he had in the way of luggage, he had no guide-book, never having heard of such an assistant. He had only a dim remembrance of what the summer boarders had told him; he had his village ears and eyes, his tongue being of little service, and he had an invaluable pocket-compass, by which he laid his course through the streets of London and Paris.

"Where did you stay in London, Job?" some one asked him.

"At Morley's."

"What, at Morley's Hotel, in Trafalgar Square?" much doubting Job's selection of this hostelry.

"I don't know where Trafalgar Square is. Morley's was just east of the tall pillar."

"And how did you fare at Morley's?" a little curious to know another fellow-sufferer's experience.

"I did n't get my victuals there," said Job. "I was afraid Mr. Morley would feel slighted." His querist was a little puzzled, but by a series of questions elicited the explanation that Job, not know-

ing how far he might have strayed away from Mr. Morley's when the dinner-bell rang, and having no mind to be late at his meals and so put Mr. Morley to much annoyance, nor to be absent altogether without warning and so give Mr. Morley good reason to think him rude, thought it the part of kindness to make some definite arrangement in advance. He explained the situation to the clerk in charge, who was "real kind."

Job's travels took him to Paris, where, he said, they were getting ready for a big show. As he spoke no French, his investigations were somewhat curtailed, if indeed he had it in mind to make any investigations; for the most ingenious cross-examination failed to elicit any special curiosity on his part. Did he see the Louvre and the Tuileries? He did not know them by that name, but upon having the buildings of the Louvre described to him, he allowed he had seen that place, but thought it a hospital. But what did he see? Well, he saw the shops, and he went into some of them. There were well-educated, handsomely dressed young women to wait on him; just such, Job said, with some show of enthusiasm, as you would find at Jordan & Marsh's or Houghton & Dutton's. It turns out that Job in his pea-jacket, with his compass for a guide and his close-mouthed manner, was taken for an eccentric Englishman, so that our countrymen were not credited with this unique specimen. One falls to wondering, when one thinks of Job, whether his mental make-up differed essentially from that of the North American Indian who, when exposed to all the glories of governmental civilization away from his reservation, receives impressions with a stolid, immovable countenance. Is there actually no rebound from the mind in his case?

Unwritten
Fiction.

— How often it happens that when we hear for the first time of something which appears to us very strange and unusual we find out,

almost immediately after, that all the world has known it except ourselves! Some occurrence is new in our own experience, and we are naturally led to speak of it to our friends, only to learn that to them it is no unfamiliar one. Some member of our family is taken down with an illness the very name of which we have never before heard, and no sooner is the fact mentioned than people start up right and left to give us the benefit of their knowledge of the disease in every symptom and stage of progress, and the only wonder is that we could have been ignorant of the malady so long. Some one commends to you a quiet spot which heretofore has existed for you simply as a spot upon the map, and the next day you hear of it from some one else, and the following day from a third. Instances of these coincidental testimonies to hitherto unknown fact are as numerous in every one's experience, I suppose, as in my own. It seems to prove the world smaller and human life everywhere more uniform than we sometimes fancy.

I have had an interesting addition to this experience lately. The story of a moving episode in a woman's life was told me by one who had a familiar acquaintance with the heroine, and learned the tale in all its minutæ from her own lips and those of the friends with whom she was then living. He related the romantic history at great length as it had come to his knowledge, and a very little more art in the telling would have left me as unprepared for the *dénouement* as it proved the other listeners were. He ended his recital by quoting the words in which the young heroine at last avowed to her friend and confidante that the romance was from beginning to end a fabrication, the invention of her own imagination for her amusement, to serve instead of the real drama of which her life had been empty. No doubt, too, she enjoyed the power she found herself possessed of to mystify her intimate

companions. Nor did her success throw discredit upon their intelligence; for, easy as it would have been to detect her in a fraud if they had at any moment felt reason for suspecting her of one, her cleverness lay in avoiding that danger, and never rousing the least shadow of a doubt about her statements. The imposition was carried on, I think, for the space of a year, and all the incidents of the romance were elaborated with the most careful regard to probability. Having carried it as far as it was possible to go, she then voluntarily undeceived her friends and vanished from their indignant presence; leaving no other clue to her motives than that she assigned, and no excuse for the deception in her friends' conviction of her insanity.

This curious case of moral pathology I related, a few weeks after I heard of it, to a friend, who instantly capped it with one precisely similar in kind, differing only in the incidents manufactured, and in the fact that the confession of the imposition practiced was in this instance forced upon the romancist. My friend vouched for her case as having occurred among some of her own family connections, and moreover averred her belief that such kinds of fraud were not so rare as we might hope and incline to think them to be. She spoke of her direct personal knowledge of a man whom the diseased desire of notoriety had carried to incredible lengths in the way of lying. We agreed that there is nothing new under the sun; for if anything seem new to one, he has only to compare notes with others to discover the illusion.

Are not these extreme examples, in one line of development, of the all-too-common malady of egotism? Egotism in an advanced stage is the total wreck of man or woman. Noting certain cases that have come under my observation, I have been struck with the witness they bear to the fact of a moral order in the world. Love, in the Christian scheme, is the life-giving principle, the great

spiritual force of the universe, and love is the opposite of egotism ; it clears the sight and directs the vision *outward* to grasp the whole of things in their reality and true relations, while egotism shuts the individual up into his single self, directing his narrowing vision inward, till he becomes the centre of his universe, which is no longer the real one, but the distorted creation of his

own fancy. He sees nothing as it is, but all things in their relation to his pivotal individuality ; in short, he loses his hold of the reason which is in the universe, forfeits his distinctively human privilege, and wanders blindly, lost to light and life. This, as I say, is not only a moral theory, a religious belief, but also a fact of observation and experience.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

History and Biography. In the review of Abbott's *Greece* published in the September Atlantic only the name of the English publisher was given. It is issued in America by G. P. Putnam's Sons. — *Colonial Times on Buzzard's Bay*, by William Root Bliss. (Houghton.) The appearance of a second edition of this little book gives us another opportunity to commend the painstaking and affectionate labor which has taken material somewhat scorned by the historian, or used only with unpalatable dryness, and has constructed a most readable account of a corner of New England. The new chapters on *The Squire and Impressments for the King* are distinct additions, and of a piece with the rest of the book. If we had more local historians like Mr. Bliss, town histories would not be limited for their public to bald-headed men. — *Jane Austen*, by Mrs. Charles Malden. (Roberts.) In the series of *Famous Women*, Mrs. Malden would have been hard put to it for materials if she had not availed herself of the novels. By liberal extracts she pieces out her work, which is a convenient and quietly written narrative, hardly adding to what was already accessible, but worth doing if it serves to bring new readers to Miss Austen's novels. Her treatment of Miss Austen's genius is sympathetic rather than noticeably discriminating. — *Jonathan Edwards*, by Alexander V. G. Allen. (Houghton.) The first in a new series of *American Religious Leaders*. New methods of inquiry constantly call for old subjects, and a scientific spirit in theological criticism, such as Dr. Allen employed in his work on *The Continuity of Christian Thought*, naturally turns to a great theme like Jonathan Edwards. The result is seen in a singular refreshing of what to most appears an outworn theme. *Ancient New England*

Thought in the Light of Modern Discoveries this book might have been called, and we are confident that the charm of Dr. Allen's courteous manner will win many readers who would never have had the courage to attack the subject of Jonathan Edwards through the customary books.

Education and Text-Books. *A Higher History of the United States, for Schools and Academies*, by Henry E. Chambers. (F. F. Hansell & Bro., New Orleans.) Aside from its interest as a text-book avowedly for Southern schools, this book is interesting as illustrating the temper in which a Southerner of the present generation treats the great subjects of slavery and secession, when he is instructing the young. He maintains that slavery as an economic method was sound and productive of commercial success, but he is glad it is a thing of the past ; he tries to persuade his students that the immigration into the Northern States changed the character of those States and substituted a loyalty to the Union for a loyalty to the State, but he does not explain why there was no immigration to the South. He makes the lesson of the blockade to be the need in any country of diversified industries, and in general he treats disunion as a temporary conflict of the two sections, followed by a union which he is eager to see stronger. Although the student may think this book a superficial one, he will at least recognize the fact that moderation of language has taken the place of bitterness and of sectional glorification. — *Elene*, an old English poem, edited, with introduction, Latin original, notes, and complete glossary, by Charles W. Kent. (Ginn.) A well-equipped, carefully prepared text-book, forming volume iii. of a *Library of Anglo-Saxon Poetry*. — *School Hygiene, or the Laws of*

Health in Relation to School Life, by Arthur Newsholme. (Heath.) A sensible book by an Englishman who avails himself largely of the observations of American medical men, and appears to write his book with special reference to American needs. As the laws of health in a monarchy and in a republic are identical, it ought not to be laid up against Mr. Newsholme that he is an Englishman. — *The Essentials of Method*, by Charles De Garmo. (Heath.) The author explains in his preface that he concerns himself solely with the inquiry "how we learn, and consequently how we must teach." Much that is simple enough in its application and common use is here resolved into philosophical principles. — *The Child and Child-Nature*, by the Baroness Marenholtz-Bülow. (C. W. Bardeen, Syracuse.) The author is well known as an evangelist of the Fröbel gospel, and in these essays devotes herself to an elucidation of Fröbel's principles. One difficulty which we find with these profound analyses of child-nature is their solemnity. A world conducted on Fröbel's principles might be very correct, but its play would be a matter of conscience. To think that the play of bo-peep is perilous as teaching concealment! — *Les Trois Mousquetaires*, par Alexandre Dumas, edited and annotated for use in colleges and schools by F. C. Sumichrast. (Ginn.) Mr. Sumichrast has boiled down this famous book into the space required for a text-book. What a good time young people have now with their text-books in French! Their fathers read *Télémaque*. — *Seven Thousand Words often Mispronounced*, a complete hand-book of difficulties in English pronunciation, including an unusually large number of proper names and words and phrases from foreign languages, by William Henry P. Phye. (Putnams.) A convenient and useful little book, which ought to settle a good many family quarrels. A copy should be laid on the breakfast table, by the plate of every *paterfamilias*.

Fiction. *The Pace that Kills*, by Edgar Saltus. (Belford, Clarke & Co.) There is a suicidal proclivity about Mr. Saltus's heroes which gives us a cheerful courage to believe that his books will catch the same spirit and make way with their own lives, independently of any critical stab they may receive. In this book Mr. Saltus's English is not as coruscating as usual, but his characters smell just as badly as ever. — *Trean*, or the Mormon's Daughter, by Alva Milton Kerr. (Belford, Clarke & Co.) There is no mistaking the author's sentiments, when, on the third page of his book, we read that the Mormon men "had drained the numbing upas-cup of polygamy." The story is

supposed to give an inside view of Mormonism, and describes some curious rites which we happen not to have seen mentioned elsewhere. The author is in earnest, but his anti-mormon principles are sounder than his views as to the novelist's art. — *Chata and Chinita*, by Louise Palmer Heaven. (Roberts.) A Mexican tale of love and jealousy and revenge, very involved, but containing incidentally a good many minute pictures of Mexican life and character. The author has, we think, sacrificed the dramatic element in her novel to this insatiable appetite for detail. — *A Nameless Wrestler*, by Josephine W. Bates. (Lippincott.) A story of Oregon life. The materials are not especially new, and the book is perilously near mere sensationalism, but there are touches now and then which indicate a possibility of better work from the author. — Two numbers of Harper's Franklin Square Library are *The Country*, a story of social life, and *Margaret Maliphant*, by Mrs. Comyns Carr. — *The Heritage of Dedlow Marsh*, and *Other Tales*, by Bret Harte. (Houghton.) Mr. Harte has shown a little more reserve than usual in these tales, and the result is seen in more compact and artistic work. They certainly contain the best work he has done for many a day.

Essays. Mr. Hamerton has taken the papers with which he delighted readers of *The Atlantic* and has built upon them his book, *French and English*. (Roberts.) His nicety of touch is all the more enjoyable that it is not expended on trivialities, but accompanies a frank and generous judgment of the characteristics of two great nations. The simplicity of treatment is very agreeable, and the reader knows that he is in the hands of a courteous and cultivated gentleman, not at the mercy of a statistician or doctrinaire. — *Six Portraits*, by Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer. (Houghton.) These portraits are studies of the life and work of Luca Della Robbia, Correggio, William Blake, Corot, George Fuller, and Winslow Homer. Mrs. Van Rensselaer writes with a decision which is not arrogant, and with a discrimination which is healthy and sober. It is pleasant to follow the lead of a writer who treats of artists as persons of like passions as ourselves, and not as members of a privileged class. — *Jacques Bonhomme*, by Max O'Rell. (Cassell.) The title of this book covers also three shorter papers, *A Frenchman*, yet not a Frenchman, *John Bull on the Continent*, and *From my Letter Box*. The cleverness of this little book is not due to its tiresome chase of epigrams, but to the fact that the writer is at home in his subjects, and has a knack of hitting off characteristics of his countrymen and of absentee Englishmen.